

The  
Heavenly Voice

MARGARETTA AYRES KARR



Class PS 3521

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# The Heavenly Voice

A Life of Christ in Blank Verse:  
His Work and Word in Sonnets

By

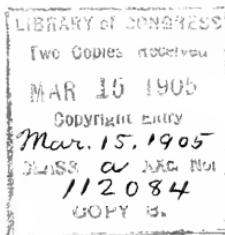
MARGARETTA AYRES KARR



PRINTED BY  
EATON & MAINS  
150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

1905

PE3351  
ASA-H8  
1905



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Entered at Stationers' Hall,  
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## TO MOTHER

To thee, companion, counselor, first friend,  
Who early sought my sinful ways to mend,  
By teachings from the book of books divine,  
To so instill a love of truth like thine.

Who brooded o'er thy child with ceaseless care,  
With selfless love, as priceless pure as rare;  
From spring of day to sunset hue of eve,  
Thine only thought how others' woes relieve.

Thy suffering years a ministry of pain,  
Thou countedst loss for higher, holier gain;  
Till God's white-wingèd messenger of peace,  
Brought thee at last a sweet, swift, sure release.

When bursting bud oped into first, fresh leaf,  
Thine angel came to garner up his sheaf;  
Transplanted to the virgin soil of God,  
To bloom with vernal freshness fair, untrod.

To thee, whose rare insight encouraged mine,  
To voice the thought by Spirit's gift divine,  
I dedicate these lowly lays truth-taught,  
To thee, O mother mine, life's love inwrought.



## PREFACE

In the sere and yellow leaf of 1899, when clouds as a thick darkness spread over the sky of the author, it pleased the Lord to bestow upon His lowly handmaiden a gift of light, to irradiate the inner and outer life with increasing glow.

Falling noiselessly, as the first droppings of a plenteous shower, it increased to the continual flow, which has uplifted a life from its littleness of human aims and selfish endeavors, to the greater and higher one of a work for God.

Obeying the gentle intimations of the Holy Spirit, it manifested itself in the lines of my first verse—"The Royal Road"—which was published within the year in a local paper. So it came with great and greater frequency and richness, sanctifying and blessing its possessor with wondrous unfolding.

The return of the lines—Thoughts On Our Lord's Prayer—when offered for publication in the following year, January 5th, 1901, wrought such discouragement and despondency in the mind of the writer, as to lead the Lord to manifest His gracious approval and encouragement that very night, in a wondrous vision of ineffable light, as from His glory, filling a window square in outline, let in as it were on the blank wall of my room, through which the rays shone on my

face, to amaze my waking sight and strengthen me with this radiant manifestation of His approval to use my spiritual gift solely for His honor and glory.

As year succeeded year with the rich fruitage of the heavenly gift, more and more were published in the church periodicals for the uplifting of other lives.

The Portraitures, Sonnets, and The Dual Life, were direct leadings and inspirations of the Holy Spirit. Upon the completion of The Dual Life it again pleased the Lord to vouchsafe His approval of its writing and publication, by a second vision, on the night of October first, 1903, which was like a window or dome of light, in the ceiling over my bed, partly covered with a large open-work grating, through which the beams of light from the uncovered portion were streaming in my face. I awoke to see this wondrous sight and to behold the grating slide, to wholly cover the window, and so to disappear.

So what was so divinely given and sanctioned for the uplifting of a soul to God, I offer without apology to a public, that will likewise be quickened to new spiritual life, and closer communion with Him from whom all blessings flow, by its study and perusal.

*Margareta Ayres Karen*

## INTRODUCTION

The Heavenly Voice comprises,—The Dual Life, The Portraitures, and The Sonnets.

The Dual Life, is a narration of the divine and human nature of Christ, in blank verse diversified somewhat by rhymed verse. It is divided into seven great divisions, and seven subdivisions. The great divisions are—The Time, The Controversy, The Mystery, The Incarnation, The Presentation, The Question, and The Mission.

The Mission, is subdivided into seven other divisions, viz: The Birth of John the Baptist, The Baptism, The Temptation, The Work, The Crucifixion, The Resurrection, and The Ascension of Christ.

The Time, opens with an anthem of praise in rhymed verse, by the choir of the heavenly host, on the rest day of creation. It treats of the rebellion and fall of Satan from power, and closes in rhymed verse, with the angels' lament over his downfall.

The Controversy, opens with a description of heaven, and treats of the converse of the angels over the fall of man, and the controversy between the Father and the Son over his redemption; closing with an ascription of praise in rhymed verse, for the redeeming love.

The Mystery, opens with a description of Nazareth, and of the Virgin Mary. It treats of her annunciation by the angel, and of her visit to Elisabeth;—to close with her magnificat in rhymed verse.

The Incarnation, opens with a description of spring and Joseph's lament over Mary's condition. It treats of the angel's visit to him, of their marriage, and visit to Bethlehem, the birth of the royal child, and the visit of the wise men to His manger; closing with the angel-song, "Glory to God in the Highest," in rhymed verse.

The Presentation, opens with a description of Jerusalem, and the edict of Herod to destroy the children of Bethlehem. It treats of the return of the holy family from Egypt, a description of the home in Nazareth, the presentation in the Temple, the testimony of Simeon, and ends in rhymed verse, with a song of praise, by the widow who lived in the Temple.

The Question, opens with an account of Christ's babyhood, and treats of the family visit to Jerusalem to keep the passover; the tarrying of Jesus in the Temple to ask and answer the doctors of the law; the question which He asked of His mother, and closes with His return to Nazareth.

The Mission being subdivided into seven divisions; the first division is,—The Birth of John the Baptist. This opens with the visit of the

angel to Zacharias in the Temple, and his return to his own abode. It treats of the birth of John, the joy of the neighbors, the naming of the child, the magnificat of Zacharias, the flight of the mother and child upon his death to the wilderness, her death and his subsequent life before his coming forth to proclaim his mission, the gathering of the people to hear his word, and ends with an apostrophe to his character.

The second,—The Baptism of Christ, opens with the description of a Sabbath morning, and treats of the coming of the Christ, and John's proclamation of His mission; Christ's baptism and heavenly attestation; and closes with an exhortation to Israel to hear and see their Lord.

The third division,—The Temptation of Christ, opens with the description of a storm in Juda's wilderness, and treats of His coming hither, His prayer and communion with the Father; His hunger and assault by Satan, and closes in rhymed verse, with an ascription of praise by the angels.

The fourth,—The Work, is the longest of any one of the divisions, and is therefore broken up into sections by some prominent incident, miracle, or saying of our Lord. This division treats of His miracles, parables and sayings during His public ministry. It opens with His reappearance after the temptation, and the commencement of His work by the calling of dis-

ciples and the miracle at Cana. It closes with His intercessory prayer, and a hymn sung by the disciples before leaving Olivet.

The fifth division,—The Crucifixion,—opens with a description of the night in Gethsemane. It treats of His prayer, the betrayal, the desertion of His disciples, the trial, and closes with the crucifixion.

The sixth division,—The Resurrection,—opens with an exhortation to earth to rejoice; and treats of His resurrection, in the open tomb, in His appearance to Mary, to the two at Emmaus, to the eleven, and to the many on the mount, and closes with His ascension into heaven.

The seventh and last of the subdivisions,—the Ascension,—opens with an ascription of praise to Christ, in rhymed verse, by all the host of heaven, as He precedes their convoy to the great white throne. It treats of the acclaiming praise of the angels, and the Father's ascription of commendation and praise to His well-loved Son; and closes with an exhortation to praise by all the archangelic host.

The Portraitures, in blank verse, are sixteen in number, and primarily portray the Christ as He appeared in angelic form, from the beginning to the close of the sacred canon. Secondarily, they portray those to whom He appeared.

*The first*, is a portraiture of Christ in creation, in His power as the Word.

*The second*, as He appeared to Hagar, in the Angel of the fount.

*The third*, of His appearance to Jacob, at the brook of Jabbok.

*The fourth*, as He appeared to Abraham, on His visit to Sodom and Gomorrah.

*The fifth*, as He appeared to Moses, in the burnless bush.

*The sixth*, as He appeared to Balaam, to bar the progress of his ass.

*The seventh*, as He appeared to Joshua, with a drawn sword to bar his way.

*The eighth*, as He appeared to Israel, to denounce them for idol-worship.

*The ninth*, as He appeared to Gideon, in His character of deliverer.

*The tenth*, as He appeared to Manoah's wife to announce the birth of Samson.

*The eleventh*, as He appeared to David, in the Angel of the plague.

*The twelfth*, as He appeared to Elijah, in His character of the Comforter.

*The thirteenth*, as He appeared to the three in the furnace, as their sympathizer and deliverer.

*The fourteenth*, as He appeared to Daniel, in His office of Consoler and prophet.

*The fifteenth*, as He appeared to Saul, on his way to Damascus.

*The sixteenth*, as He appeared to John, on the Isle of Patmos.

The Sonnets, are two hundred in number. One hundred comprise the miracles, parables, and some of the words of Christ. The other hundred treat of the love of a soul for Christ.

Following the thought of Petrarch, the father of the sonnet, that a sonnet should be a picture and a reflection, the opening of the sonnets is a word picture, the middle a miracle or parable, and the closing a reflection or deduction of the teaching.

The miracle-sonnets, are after the Italian form, and are thirty-three in number.

The parable-sonnets, forty in number, are after the English form.

The word-sonnets are twenty-seven in number, and are a combination of the Italian and English form.

The sonnets to Christ are one hundred in number, and are after the Italian form. They voice the impassioned love of a soul for Christ, using the varied and fancied characteristics of the floral world as similes and metaphors.

The writing and completion of this work has been attended by such manifestations of heavenly light, as to convince the author of the unfolding of a divine purpose in its publication.

MARGARETTA AYRES KARR.

# THE HEAVENLY VOICE

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## THE DUAL LIFE

### *The Time*

Softly through the silence stealing,  
Floating as a silvery cloud,  
Borne up by the weight of feeling,  
Ere it wax exceeding loud,  
Swells that wondrous song:  
Volume after volume pealing,  
Onward flowing as the tide,  
Sweet and sweeter more revealing,  
If it doth but ebb, subside,  
Echoing o'erlong.

Ringing through the vault of heaven,  
Glorious in recessional,  
Rounding to the sphere of seven,  
Sacred in her sole tribunal,  
Wondrous symphony:  
Space o'er space by praise upriven,  
Greatly with the grand acclaim,  
Choral unto choral given,  
In the hallelujah name:  
All in harmony.

So sang the host of heaven upon His day,  
The resting day from all His mighty works,  
Which in the fullness of His love He wrought:  
Wrought out for all of breath to praise His  
name.

The day to see was fair, surpassing fair,  
Peace reigned supreme, as calm upon the deep,  
The harmony of silence infinite;  
In which no jarring discord marred the strain,  
Nor aught disturbed the symphony of love.  
The night was as the morn, the morn as day,  
Throughout the cycle of unnumbered years.  
The archangelic host with rank and file,  
Were with the Master mind in full accord.  
No jar of will yet broke the perfect peace,  
No proud ambition's flight took soaring wing,  
To wrest supremacy from out His hand.  
As unperceiving breath of tranquil air,  
Too quiet far to float a feather's weight,  
Before the breaking of the violent storm,  
So calm, infinite calm was over all.  
Earth too was blessed with plenitude of peace,  
O'erbrooding all with love's infinitude;  
The twilight calm of nature's harmony,  
That knows nor ever knows discordant note.  
Her all of breath was vocal in His praise;  
With grand acclaim, the mountains, hills, and  
vales,  
Proclaimed in all their strength His august name;  
In tune the ocean's swell, the tinkling rill,

The giant of the wood, the bladed grass :  
From life the most minute to highest life,  
Each put endowment great to fullest use.  
The day so beauteous in the scroll of heaven,  
Closed not without the mutterings of the storm,  
So soon to break in violence and wrath ;  
A storm that shook her ramparts end to end,  
That like the quake of earth cleft wide her ranks,  
Destroyed, depleted half the heavenly host.  
Who may provoke His wrath and still abide ?  
Not surely he who brought it on his head,  
By rank rebellion 'gainst his Maker's will,  
By such ingratitude as never shown.  
O thou, chief ministrant of all the host !  
So high exalted by thy sovereign Lord,  
So greatly privileged to do His will,  
So well endowed to execute His law,  
Whose slightest nod to angels was their law,  
Whose least behest need only to be named,  
Wherefore didst strike the first discordant note,  
To mar the harmony of earth and heaven ?  
Why let ambition's rise so work thy woe ?  
Was not thy mighty power e'en great enough ?  
Would not thy will allow another's reign,  
When One, who gave thee breath, yea all thou  
hast,  
The power to will surpassing all belief,  
The power of wondrous love inbreathed in thee ?  
Alas ! alas ! that it should ever wane !  
That its last breath should issue in revolt,

Revolt from His most righteous, loving will,  
So ushering in the cursèd reign of sin,  
That hurled thee with thy kind from high estate,  
Down, down to sin's all bottomless abyss!  
How fallen thou, O mighty potentate!  
From thy first love, thy blissful, best estate!  
As all who henceforth own thy sovereign  
sway:

From such a dizzy height to such a depth,  
From perfect rest of love to hate's unrest,  
From happiness complete to misery's hell!  
How couldst thou so rebel against His will?  
If thou hadst not embroiled thy followers all,  
If thou hadst sinned and suffered but alone,  
So heinous not thy sin, nor great thy guilt:  
But thou! to whom such reach of power wast  
given,

In whom such potent influence prevails  
For good or ill, as in His creatures all,  
How couldst thou so provoke His righteous  
wrath?

Wast still too lonely in thy dread abode?  
Were thine angelic followers all too small,  
That thou from earth shouldst seek to swell thy  
ranks,

Shouldst steal disguised within that garden fair,  
Devote to innocence, to love, to heaven?  
Shouldst sin beguile the first, the holy pair,  
That in each other's smile a heaven found,  
That breathed devotion in each loving act,

That momently rejoiced to do His will?  
Shouldst lure them from the right to thy wrong  
path,  
Shouldst seek to bring thy woe upon their heads,  
Shouldst cause their banishment from such a  
place?

Was not this sin the one that banished thee,  
That nevermore to thee forgiveness gave?  
That changed thy raiment to the darkest hue,  
That for a name the prince of darkness gave?  
Was not thy good to all of ill transformed,  
When thou didst traffic first in human souls,  
When thou didst seek to compass others' woe?  
Ah me! lost souls! lost souls! who may com-  
pute?

Throughout eternal ages thee condemn!  
Will not their wail full punish thee enough?  
Nor more of mercy may for thee be found.  
The day that closed in such a darkling night,  
Of one exceeding bright still promise gave,  
Wherein the Day Star would eclipse the night,  
Would rehabilitate the heavenly host;  
With living light would re-engirdle earth:  
The cloudless day that knows no cloudy night.

Lost! lost! lost! they're slowly singing,  
Lost to us, to heaven, to glory;  
Such the angels' woeful story,  
Thro' the naves and arches ringing:  
Lost to heaven! lost to heaven!

His was such a happy calling,  
 First to strike the note of glory,  
 In the lyre of heaven's story ;  
 Now to strike the note appalling :  
 Lost to heaven ! lost to heaven !

Ours to follow such a leading,  
 Ours to praise the Lord of glory,  
 In the new, the olden story :  
 No more he the anthem heeding.  
 Lost to heaven ! lost to heaven !

Lost with all his numerous following,  
 Lost to heights of love in glory ;  
 This by far the saddest story,  
 This to give the tears for swallowing.  
 Lost to heaven ! lost to heaven !

### The Controversy

The radiant city of our roseate dreams,  
 Lieth full square beyond all mortal ken ;  
 Whose great foundations are of precious stones,  
 Whose several gates are all of purest pearl,  
 Whose streets are pavèd all with golden stones,  
 Mirroring the passing o'er of many feet :  
 Whose numerous houses are of mansion size,  
 Adorned with all that art may e'er devise,  
 Replete with all that culture can bestow,  
 Prepared by love for all that heart may wish.  
 Such cleanliness and purity prevail,

To breathe its air is life and health fore'er.  
No alleys foul, no houses dank and dark,  
Invite the curse of sin, disease and death,  
Love lifts the latch to every closèd door:  
Love rules with regnant power in every home.  
Its chief attraction now, the white-robed throng,  
Who softly flit about its shining streets,  
Who gather here, there, everywhere,  
In groups, in knots of twos, and threes, and fours,  
To talk of some great happening hereabout.  
What is the news? Why do they speak so low?  
Some seem so sad, with such dejected looks,  
Some wax indignant speak in louder tones.  
List! list! O list! what is it all about?  
One says: "Have you not heard what he hath  
done?  
The one who lately was our chief of host,  
Who taught rebellion great to some of us,  
Who now the banishment has solely caused,  
Of that once happy pair from Eden's plot?"  
Another says: "How could it happen so?  
How entrance gain to that sweet garden fair?"  
"He took a lowly guise, the serpent's dress,  
Bided his time and stole in unperceived,  
Then his suggestions, counsels did the rest.  
Alas! he taught them as he taught us here,  
To set at naught our Lord's most wise com-  
mands."  
Still others ask: "Could he not bear to see  
Such happiness, devotion, love on earth,

Such praise continual to the Lord of all,  
Such resting in His oversight and care?"

"That, that was it! his misery would not brook  
A paradise on earth; she long his trail  
Should bear, his cup of woe should sip, yea  
drink."

Anon they separate, disperse their ways,  
Their several ways to do their Lord's behest:  
The faithful of the host, who love His will,  
Who sorely grieve if aught of earth do not.

Some hie with flaming sword to shut the gates;  
The gates of paradise upon the pair,  
That lately dwelt in harmony of love.

Some haste to proffer gentle ministry  
Of cheer, such as the angels best bestow,  
To these, the sinning, sorrowing hearts of earth;  
To bid them full repent, their first works now  
Repeat, so haply mercy may they find:

Thus in their strange new life God would appear  
To bless as hitherto, with manifest  
Of highest love in still protecting care;  
Would if they lived in harmony with Him,  
Bring them at last to Paradise above.

So cheered, exhorted, they pursued the path,  
To live the godly life throughout their day.

O ye! sweet ministrants of your dear Lord,  
Who serve with perfect heart and willing mind,  
Who run upon His errands night and day,  
Who raise the fallen, cheer the drooping heart,  
Who lead the lost to penitence and prayer,

How blest your sphere! how happy is your lot!  
While ye, who 'fore the throne do daily wait,  
Conduct us hither pray, we wish to hear  
Without delay, what shall befall the race.  
So straightway we were borne before the throne,  
The great white throne with jewels rare inlaid,  
Uplifted high above the kneeling throng,  
Who with veiled faces, adoration pay;  
While One with face too bright for mortal ken,  
Is holding converse with His well-loved son.  
Thus sadly saith the shining One to Him:  
"It doth repent me sore for making man,  
For giving him the freedom of his will,  
Since it hath worked such woe to him and his,  
Since it subjected him to all the wiles,  
The subtle arts of our apostate foe;  
Since it will curse with sin the human race."  
Then He replied: "May not a way be found  
To overcome such ills with choice of will?  
A free-will service is the better far;  
A willing love is finer incense given."  
The Lord high over all, thus slowly spake:  
"One way, one only way may it be done;  
One offering but atones or will for sin;  
One sacrifice but only love doth make,  
The only one the highest love can give,  
The one to sole redeem a sinning race."  
"Name, name it not! I will such offering be;  
My life shall forfeit be for inborn sin:  
On me, on me be all its weight of wrath,

On me its depth of suffering shall entail.  
Since Thou so lov'st the race to give me up,  
My willing love shall no less measure yield,  
I give as fully as Thou givest me."

"Since Thou so willing to be offered up,  
Since we alike so love the human race,  
How best may such a purpose be wrought out,  
To bring man in our influence evermore?  
To make him pure and sweet and whole again?"  
The thoughtful Son slow answer then doth make:  
"For man to feel, to realize our love,  
I must his sorrows, trials undergo;  
Must fully know his limitations too:

His sickness, poverty, yea lack of strength;  
His temptings all, his fight with powers of ill;  
His life must wholly live from birth to death;  
Must therefore clothe me with his robe of flesh.  
I e'en must go where he need never go;  
I e'en must suffer what he ne'er may know:  
For only so will he be drawn to us,  
So only will he e'er accept for his,  
Our great, great sacrifice for sin."

" 'Tis well, my Son, no other way would do."  
Full joyously the listening angels sang:

"Redeemed! he shall redeemèd be!  
O wondrous love for fallen man,  
To lengthen out his little span,  
That he may Paradise re-see!  
Redeemed! he shall redeemèd be!"

**The Mystery**

Enfolded in the lap of hills she lay,  
A puny scraggling thing of no repute,  
A byword for the smallest wits of earth,  
A handful of the multitudes about.  
No temples rear their lofty domes in air,  
No lordly halls bespeak the mansion great,  
No coliseum's sphere for varied sports,  
No stately shrine of art in her remains:  
But here and there a cottage for her own.  
While nature lavish more in kindly gifts,  
Enmantles all her hills and vales in gay attire.  
Most beauteous is the work of her fair hands,  
Fit nesting-place to rear her choicest ones.  
The fair, fair soul that woke to fullest life,  
The finest output of her works of art,  
The maid of maidens in the country round,  
That graced the highways of her native town,  
That luster lent to every place she left,  
O bonny she to see, sweet as the rose!  
O dear was she to know, a love's fond dream!  
O pure was she, as purest pearl of sea!  
Each heart her royal throne whoe'er it be.  
Love folded her as the enwreathing hills.  
Her kindly ministrations lent such cheer,  
All knew an angel in the maiden fair.  
While he who shrined her in his heart of hearts,  
Was no less choice of nature's noblemen.  
Revered, respected by his townsmen all,

So upright, just in all his dealings, ways.  
As right was right, and wrong was wrong, with  
sin  
No compromise would he consent to make :  
Nor would he e'en a hair's breadth swerve there-  
from.  
He feared his God without a fear of man :  
A peerless mate for no less peerless maid.

No morn awoke a more auspicious day,  
Nor one more filled with promise for the race ;  
A day all glowing in its roseal tints,  
That softly closed in such a cloudless light,  
As this blest day, when heaven was knit to earth.  
She sweetly woke with morn's awakening blush,  
In praiseful prayer for God's protecting care ;  
For all the pleasures of her happy lot :  
For love's one gift, the treasure of a heart,  
A heart devote to God and her alone.  
As she her casement oped to breathe the air,  
The perfumed air from myriad roses rare,  
And listed to the early matin song  
Of ecstasy and praise from downy throats,  
She felt how good God was ; how kind to man,  
In such bestowings from His bounteous hand.  
As now she looked upon the circling hills,  
Anew enrobed in such a roseate glow,  
"The strength of the eternal hills is His,"  
She thought. "All nature praises Him,  
And why not I who have more cause for praise :

Vouchsafe Thine handmaid new the meed of  
praise.

Grant her fresh grace to do Thy will this day,  
So Thou, O Lord, mayst glorify Thyself  
In her : that in her life Thy life may see.”  
So oped the day devote to housely cares,  
To ministrations for the sick and poor,  
Which was to shut in such supernal light.  
Soprayerful was her thought throughout this day,  
Some prescience hath we wot of what should hap,  
Ere it so softly closed in hush of light :  
Ere choral vespers of the feathered host,  
Lent melody divine to listening air.  
Whilst kneeling as at morn in praiseful prayer,  
Irradiate the room with heavenly light ;  
Of all celestial lights in high excess :  
For lo ! before her stood a figure robed  
In glistening white, as brightly sparkling snow,  
With wings adroop as if from distant flight ;  
With face o'erlit with soft effulgent light :  
Who sweetly saith,—“Hail, Mary, hail ! all hail !  
So blessedè thou, so blessedè shalt thou be !”  
In trembling fear at the unwonted sight,  
And knowing not the import of his words,  
She inly wondered what they should portend.  
Then spake the angel more : “Be not afraid,  
Mary, thou hast great favor found with God.  
Behold ! thou shalt conceive and bear a son,  
Whom, Jesus, shalt thou call ; who shall be great,  
And called the Son of most high God ; to Him

Shall given be, His father, David's throne :  
He e'er shall reign o'er Jacob's house : no end  
Shall ever be to all His kingdom great.”  
But Mary saith,—“How shall this be, as I  
Know not a man?” The angel thus replied :  
“The Holy Ghost shall come on thee ; the power  
Of the Most High shall overshadow thee :  
Therefore, that holy thing, which shall be born  
Of thee, shall so be called the Son of God.  
Behold also, thy cousin 'Lisabeth,  
Is to have son in her declining days,  
For nothing, nothing is too hard for God.”  
Then Mary saith,—“Behold the Lord's hand-  
maid !  
Be unto me according to thy word.”  
O spirit sweet ! so pure, so lovesome thou ?  
So pleasing to thy God thine act of faith,  
Tho' it should blow on thee foul scandal's breath,  
Tho' it should alienate thy love's sweetheart,  
Tho' it should hurt thee with thy neighbors all,  
Thou know'st nor wouldst know any will but  
God's.  
The morrow morn no sooner dawned than forth  
She hied to see the one blest too of God.  
To sweet converse of all her hopes and fears,  
To counsel take for all the coming needs,  
To all unfold the feelings of her heart,  
To one in sympathy so full entire ;  
To one who gave her loving, joyous greet :  
“Blessèd art thou above the women all !

Wherefore should come the mother of my Lord  
To me? So blessed art thou for thy belief."  
Then Mary with the Spirit filled thus sang:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
With whom my spirit doth accord:  
My life shall e'er obey the word  
Of God my Saviour.

"My spirit hath rejoiced in Him,  
Since He o'erlooked estate so slim:  
Lo! I'll be blest to ages dim  
Through God my Saviour.

"Holy, most holy is His name:  
A mighty God! I now proclaim  
The great things done in this poor frame  
By God my Saviour.

"His mercy only is on those,  
Who fear Him to the ages close:  
By strength is scattered all the foes  
Of God my Saviour.

"The mighty have been brought but low;  
The lowly exaltation know:  
The hungry fear no need below  
Thro' God my Saviour.

"He empty sent the rich away:  
For mercy, Israel helped alway,  
To keep the word none may gainsay  
Of God my Saviour."

**The Incarnation**

Dame Nature sleeps so heavily this year,  
So close enfolded in old Winter's lap,  
She surely hath some soothing herb imbibed :  
Gay Spring hath such ado to wake her up.  
She opes her eyes, to shut them tighter still ;  
Till Spring well in despair gives o'er awhile,  
To try anew with all her wanton wiles.  
But vainly all the smiles, coquettish airs,  
Tears, copious tears but wakes and lifts her up.  
So running brooks and rills hum sweetly by ;  
The fragrant flowers awake to conscious life :  
The birds sweet warble in the sweeter air,  
Soft balmy air that wafts the gentle breeze.  
Who would not love the merry, laughing sprite ?  
Thought Mary, as she new inhales the air,  
The freshening air that breathes the life of cheer.  
Returning from her stay among the hills,  
Encouraged, cheered by one so near of kin,  
She joyous meets the friend dear, dear of heart ;  
Who hastes his chosen one to fondly greet :  
To haply say,—“We nevermore must part.”  
But when he slow reluctant leaves her side  
To thoughtfully pursue his homeward way,  
He thinks but of the change in his beloved :  
The sylph-like form so strangely altered now.  
What hath befallen whilst from him away ?  
“Ah me ! would I had bid her bide alway !  
Would I had seen her ne'er to see like this.

My heart is breaking—but I give her up.  
We two henceforth must fare our separate ways.  
We've known and loved since childhood's early  
day,  
Nor thought to part this side of Jordan's wave.  
I deemed her pure as only angels are,  
I thought her far too good to share my lot,  
But now—ah me! my heart is cleft apart!  
Life holds nor will an aftermath for me."  
But God so mindful of His suffering child,  
An angel sends to minister good cheer;  
Haply the one that to his Mary came:  
Who, when the shades of night had fallen all,  
When sleep he thought would visit him no more,  
So gently shut his sense to outer sight,  
That he might hear and know what God would  
say;  
Who thus: "Thou, Joseph, David's son, fear not  
To take for wife, thy Mary, chosen one.  
What is conceived is of the Holy Ghost.  
She shall bring forth a son, whom Jesus shalt  
Thou call. He shall from sin His people save."  
When left alone upon his tumbled couch,  
He lowly knelt in self-abasing prayer:  
"Forgive, O Lord, my great and grievous sin,  
If Thou, my hasty judgment canst condone.  
I judged not as I would be judged of Thee.  
I put away in thought my very life.  
I thought impure what Thou dost deem most  
pure.

Unworthy I of Thy forgiveness more.  
I praise Thee for the new increase of sight,  
I'll sweetly fold her in my heart of hearts,  
To cherish, hold as long as life shall last.  
I'll keep her safely as the angels keep.  
I new receive from Thee this precious charge,  
As solely Thine and mine for evermore."

No soft toned bells awoke in softer breasts,  
The note of joy on this auspicious morn,  
Save in the manly breast of one alone :  
No gay assembling of the maidens fair,  
Save nearest kinsfolk to expectant bride.  
No royal spread for all the neighbors round,  
Save ample fare for the invited ones ;  
As seemly most for such devout affair,  
As it was more of sacrament than feast ;  
A ratifying sole of covenant sweet :  
A public seal to sacred private vows.  
The morrow morn safe saw them on their way,  
The winding way o'er hills and flowery vales,  
To Bethlehem the little town so dear.  
How sweet, how sweet the converse of the two !  
How tenderly he watched and guarded her,  
Lest somewhat might befall his lovely bride !  
How blest this journey only love doth know,  
The first when two are one in name and life !  
How glorified was she in his rapt sight,  
With heaven's approving smile as her sole crown !  
As near and nearer still they drew to town,

Fresh companies met of weary travelers all;  
Who likewise came to pay Cæsarean tax,  
By him exacted of his subjects all.  
As Joseph looked upon the gathering throngs,  
That now were pouring through the wide-oped  
gates,  
His thought grew troubled more and sore per-  
plexed:  
"How should he care for his most precious  
charge?  
The shades of night were falling, O so fast!"  
But ne'ertheless he scoured the little town,  
Entrusting his beloved to friends meanwhile.  
All, all was full to flowing o'er; no room,  
No little room might he obtain for love,  
Or gold; he joined his charge with leaden heart.  
"Wherfore so downcast is thy look, dear heart?  
Canst thou not find a place?" "No, Mary, none:  
No shelter will there be for scores to-night."  
"What of the stable in the inn, will not  
That do? 'twill shelter us:" dear Mary saith.  
" 'Twill have to do, tho' sorry 'tis for thee."  
" 'Tis better than the street—let's hither haste.  
Love makes the softest couch:" sweet Mary  
thought.  
No room for princess of a royal line,  
No shelter but a stable for her head,  
No couch but one of straw for her tired frame,  
No pillow for the weary aching brow,  
No room, O earth, for these your choicest ones,

But room, yea room for all your little souls !  
When night kissed morn awake with rising blush,  
He cherub left to greet the opening day ;  
A rosy round-limbed boy of royal mien :  
A soft delight for mother sight to find.  
So sweet a babe ne'er mother thought to see,  
Nor one with more of promise for the race.  
Child of a king, forsooth a kingly child !  
The only scion of the King of kings.  
Hast thou no room, O earth, for such a child,  
Who called thee into conscious being life ?  
No room for One, who gave thee reach of room.  
Who swung thine orbit into stellar space !  
No room for thee will be in His great room.  
But who are these that now admittance seek,  
As if to audience chamber of the great,  
With marks of weary travel on their robes ?  
As Joseph gives them peace and ushering in,  
Aye welcome to his small and mean abode,  
We note their bearing grave and thoughtful mien,  
An air of reverence somewhat strange to see,  
Enfolds them as a mantle o'er and o'er.  
While one the tale of wonder o'er recounts :  
"In our far distant home beyond the hills,  
In no small town beyond the river great,  
We studied from our youth the ancient lore :  
In which were prophecies of grave import,  
To be fulfilled in this our age and time.  
We found foretold the coming of a king,  
Who should redeem His people from their sin ;

Whose righteous rule and kingdom ne'er should  
end:

And as we nightly scanned the heavens o'er,  
To read their meaning for the day and hour,  
Lo! we beheld a star ne'er seen before!

More brilliant than our eyes e'er looked upon:

It moved, then stopped as if to lead us on.

From night to night we gazed and thought  
thereon,

Until our mind was clear, our purpose one:

We e'en would follow wheresoe'er 'twould lead.

Night after night o'er mountain wild and vale,

O'er crag and torrent, rippling rill and plain,

It led nor failed to pilot us aright.

Our inspiration, our untiring lamp,

Our beckoning star throughout the darkest night,

Whose soft effulgent light the brighter glowed,

When o'er the fair Judean hills it shone.

Uncertain of the place wherein He lay,

We straight inquired of Herod for the child,

Whose kingdom's power and reign should know  
no end;

But he knew naught of Him nor of His birth:

So straight he called to him his counselors all,

And question made about the birth of Christ:

The time and place as to His coming forth.

They answer gave,—'In Juda's Bethlehem;

For thus the prophet saith: 'Thou, Bethlehem,

In Juda's land, art not her princes' least:

For out of thee shall He come forth

To rule, as Governor o'er my Israel.'  
He gave us strict command his way return  
To tell him of the child, to homage pay.  
We tarried only for the fall of night,  
When lo! our pilot-star led ever on,  
Till o'er this spot it shone as ne'er before,  
Filling our hearts with joy, surpassing joy."  
The tale full told, they all their treasures oped,  
Symbolic gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh:  
Then lowly kneeling presentation made  
Of reverent love and faith, the heart's full pay,  
Before the manger-throne of royal babe.  
List! list! the listening air how vibrant now,  
With soft melodious strain divinely sweet!  
'Tis wafted to the ear by every breeze.  
Lo! heaven to earth is giving joyous greet!  
Angelic voices swell the choral hymn,  
Angelic hearts are filled with the acclaim:

"All glory be to God most high!  
Who maketh heaven and earth so nigh;  
Bringing to men good-will and peace,  
Giving from sin the sole release:  
All glory be to God most high!

"For unto you is born this day,  
In David's city by the way,  
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord;  
A King of kings, the living Word:  
All glory be to God most high!"

### The Presentation

Enthroned in regnant power upon the hills,  
A stately queen in all the pomp of pride,  
She brooks no rival in all Palestine.  
The tides of feeling, thought about her pulse,  
The thronging crowds pace o'er her narrow  
streets:  
The marts of trade vociferous with noise,  
Proclaim the metropole of commerce wealth.  
A roseal flush of light re-lit by morn,  
Regilds with glory all the Temple-dome:  
The boastful pride of her imperious king,  
Who in his glittering palace by the way,  
Is steeped in anxious thought for what might hap,  
Should aught prove true of all the wise men  
thought.  
Full weary days have come and gone but no  
Returning one hath quelled his restless fear.  
"They've even made a mock of my request:  
Of me whose slightest nod men must obey.  
But I'll soon show who is the only king.  
I'll brook the rule of none but Cæsar's reign:  
I'll compass e'en His death before His time."  
So gave command unto his soldiers all,  
To scour the town of Bethlehem with coasts  
Thereof: to seize and slay the two years child,  
With all of under age, nor miss a one.  
O cruel, cruel king! what hast thou done?  
Was not thy cup of infamy e'en full,

That it should now o'errun with such a deed,  
A deed whose horror will outlast all time?  
Ah me! the mothers' hearts thy fear hath rent,  
The bitter anguish of the burst of love!  
Their wail and woe will sound thine own death  
    knell,  
Their moan will ever haunt thy sleepless couch.  
But naught thy cruelty avails for thee:  
He hath ere this escaped thy bloody hand.  
His Father's care hath frustrate thy desire:  
His angel hath unveiled thy treacherous plot,  
“For out of Egypt hath He called His son.”

The exiles now returning, find a home  
In Nazareth their native town most dear.  
A home embowered in fragrancy of flowers,  
A home enshrined in purity of love,  
A home enriched by infant loveliness,  
Uplit with baby prattle soft and sweet,  
Endeared by hallowed memories old and fond:  
A home where only regnant love was law,  
A home of homes to rear the child divine.  
As day by day she watches o'er her babe,  
To revel in the fondest mother-love,  
She thinks of all the wondrous days have  
    wrought,  
The joy transcending all belief and thought,  
The mystery of divine conception birth,  
The adoration of the wise men all,  
The visit of the shepherds to His stall,

The angel-chorus chanting forth His praise,  
Their care in guarding Him from hidden ill,  
All, all she pondered in her inmost thought,  
Praising anew her God for such a gift.

So ever mindful of His high estate,  
And of the rite required by Jewish law,  
She now prepares the spotless christening robe,  
And e'er the full set time be come and gone,  
Repairs with Him to near Jerusalem ;  
The mecca, shrine of every heart devout,  
The hallowed temple of the pious soul,  
To presentation make of this blest child,  
With sacrifice unto the Lord.

But who is this awaiting their approach ?  
With mien so stately, venerable, serene,  
So spiritual in look, benign in thought ;  
O'erlit with joy to now behold the One  
Long promised to his weary, waiting sight :  
For by the Spirit was revealed to him,  
He should not e'er depart this mortal life,  
Till he had seen the Lord's own Christ. Behold,  
How tenderly he holds Him in his arms !  
The look of awe upon his reverent face,  
Of speechless love to see his wish at last ;  
That he should so enfold his Lord to heart,  
Should feel the pressure of His precious form !  
He blesses God with joyous praiseful voice :  
"O Lord, now let Thy servant go in peace  
According to Thy word ; mine eyes have seen  
Thy salvation which Thou hast thus prepared

Before Thy people's face : a light to light  
The Gentiles and the glory of Israel.”  
The parents blessed he too. To Mary saith :  
“Behold this child is set for rise and fall  
Of many in Israel ; and for a sign  
Which shall be spoken against : yea, a sword  
Shall pierce through thine own soul also that  
thoughts  
Of many hearts may be revealed.” While both  
Joseph and Mary marveled at these things,  
Behold, a woman saintly, long devout ;  
So sweet of face full good to look upon,  
A widowed heart for many weary years,  
Who in the temple prays from morn till eve,  
Serving her God with singleness of heart :  
A prophet too, as Deborah of old.  
She cometh now to greet the royal child,  
To likewise praise her God for this blest sight ;  
To speak of Him to all who come her way,  
Who look for Israel's redemption great.  
Her joyous spirit thus devoutly sings :  
“Mine eyes behold this happy day,  
What I have looked to see alway,  
What takes my sorrow right away,  
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.  
“Lo ! now my soul shall rest in peace,  
From sorrow, sin a sure release,  
A joy that knows no change, surcease,  
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.”

### The Question

Sweet was the morn so odorous with bloom,  
So vocal with the melody of praise,  
The breathing air, the incense of the strain :  
So fresh the new creation of a day,  
Ere frayed and worn by progress of the hours,  
That greeting gave to her returning ones ;  
Who having all fulfilled the Jewish law,  
In Nazareth their wonted life resumed.  
Here day by day unfolded the sweet life,  
Whose coming forth the prodigy of birth,  
The orchestration of angelic choir,  
That opened out in such supernal light :  
The halo of the home throughout its life.  
The primal year of this momentous life,  
Unmarked by manifest of aught divine,  
Was as the growth of babe in any home,  
Who learns to take the first hard steps in life :  
To glad the mother-heart with first essay,  
To give the heart-delight to mother-ear,  
The—"mamma"—in the sweetest treble known.  
The years successive marked His steady growth  
In knowledge, wisdom, the appointed plan.  
A natural boy, withal a thoughtful one.  
Of serious mind, reflective too in cast :  
Of disposition sweet, yet wisely firm.  
His mother's boundless pride, unending joy.  
Instructed in the letter of the law,  
He apprehended well its sense divine,

To fully grasp the spiritual of thought.  
Brought up as other boys to know a trade,  
He learned the use of tools at Joseph's bench.  
In leisure hours He roamed His native hills,  
To 'quaint Himself with nature's handiwork.  
None knew so well the flora of the vale,  
The lilies' sweetest smile, the roses' thought.  
The fauna of the wold He knew their haunts,  
The running hare, the graceful-foot gazelle.  
If in some quiet meditative hour,  
His turn of mind might thus such queries shape :  
"Shall life be circumscribed by these small hills ?  
Shall all its purpose, scope within them lie ?  
Shall all its days be spent in use of tools,  
Or shall it take a broader, higher range ?  
Such strange new thoughts impelling wake  
within,  
Such questionings of my destiny arise ;  
This human with its needs is not the sum,  
The life divine hath far the greater call :  
I e'en must follow its behest its lead,  
Tho' it should sacrifice ambition's all."  
Such musings haply His, tho' knowing not  
As yet His mission's full extent on earth ;  
Tho' seeing through a veil the future scene :  
Tho' not acquaint with aught beyond the hills,  
That circled in their fold His native town.  
O town most wholly blest of all on earth !  
Tho' few and sparse thy scattered houses be,  
Tho' narrow, crooked, e'en thy widest streets,

Tho' thou canst boast no temple great and grand,  
Thou hast the sole Shekinah in thy midst ;  
Who breathed the air of thy refreshing hills,  
Who frequented thy squares for many years,  
Who thought and wrought His life's beginning  
here :

How sacred now the grains of all thy dust !  
How cherished in affections of the saints !

Th' awakening year was putting forth the bloom  
Of cereal, seed, and luscious ripening fruit,  
Of bud and blossom of the lily rose,  
When all His household as their custom wont,  
Went to Jerusalem to keep the feast :  
The feast of memory, sacred to the love  
Divine, that led His people like a flock,  
Beside the waters of His tenderest care.  
And lest they should forget, for such is man,  
He bade them strictly keep it year by year,  
As on the night when first they killed the lamb,  
The sacrificial lamb for all their sins,  
With bread unleavened and the bitter herb,  
The symbol of their sore affliction pain.  
The fourteenth day had come and passed away,  
When Joseph, Mary, with the boy of twelve,  
Were now returning from unleavened feast :  
Traveling in companies all for safety's sake.  
A journey's day had measured off the way,  
When Mary missed the treasure of her heart.  
She thought Him first but little way removed ;

Then heart foreboding turned upon itself:  
“Woe, woe is me, that I should see this day!  
Should let Him for a moment out my sight.  
Where hath He strayed? What hath befallen  
Him?”

She sorrowing sought of kinsfolk, friends; going  
From group to group among the companies all:  
Inquiring anxiously of all she met,  
“If they had seen or heard concerning Him.”  
But not a trace of Him could she obtain.  
“I thought Him in our company to the rear.  
Ah me! some evil hath o'ertaken Him!  
He ne'er hath strayed away like this before.  
He ne'er was wont to cause me anxious fear;  
So lovingly obedient to my will,  
So thoughtful for my comfort everywhere:  
My very light of life, my life of joy!  
But now—somewhat hath happened Him I fear!”  
Retracing to Jerusalem her way,  
Three harrowing days in fruitless search she  
spent,  
In great suspense of mind, in torturing doubt,  
In sleepless vigil on a tearless couch;  
To lastly find Him in the outer court  
Of Temple great among the doctors all;  
Answering and asking questions grave devout,  
With wisdom's clear insight amazing all;  
For none e'er spake as He. She wondering saith:  
“Why, Son, hast Thou thus dealt with us?  
Behold,

Thy father, I, have sought Thee sorrowing!"  
He saith: "How is it that ye sought me so?  
Wist ye not that I must be about my  
Father's business?" But understood they not  
As yet the question which He asked of them.  
O child, exemplar for the human race!  
In all Thy walks and ways the pattern boy,  
Tho' Thou precedence giv'st to will divine,  
Thou subject art to all Thy parents' wish;  
Thou honorest them in keeping all the law,  
By straight returning to Thy native town,  
To grow in wisdom, favor, love of God;  
To ply Thy trade for daily human needs,  
To learn more perfectly Thy Father's will,  
In sweet communion, solitary prayer:  
To 'quaint Thyself with Thy life's work and plan,  
To gather strength for all the coming years  
In waiting on Thy Father's will and way.

### The Mission

#### I

The hour of even sacrifice drew near;  
The hallowed hour of holy thought and prayer,  
In which the soul ascends on swifter wing,  
To hold communion with the God of air:  
As smoking altar burns with purer flame,  
If with it mount the prayers of all the saints.  
But who is he that 'fore the altar stands,  
With burning censer new the incense lights;

So saintly in his look, devout in mien,  
So prayerful in his thought, his act a prayer?  
'Tis one, who in his turn the office holds,  
Who long desired a scion of his race,  
Who hath grown old in service of his God,  
Who by his wife beloved is Mary's kin.  
O saint! thy prayer oft heard shall answered be,  
Thy long reproach shall be fore'er removed,  
Thou shalt not childless go down to the grave:  
For lo! one stands anear of dazzling mien,  
Majestic in his look, who 'fore the throne  
Of Holy One doth daily wait; who hath  
Somewhat to say to thee: "Thy prayer is heard;  
Fear not, O Zacharias, for thy wife  
Elisabeth shall bear to thee a son:  
And thou shalt call him John; thou shalt have joy,  
And gladness: many shall rejoice at his birth.  
He shall be great in sight of God, shall drink  
No wine nor strong drink: and he shall be filled  
From his mother's womb with the Holy Ghost.  
Many of Israel's children shall he turn  
To God the Lord: he shall before Him go  
In all Elijah's spirit, power, to turn  
The fathers' hearts unto the children all;  
The disobedient to the wisdom of  
The just: to ready make a people for  
The Lord prepared." But Zacharias saith:  
"Whereby shall I know this? I am a man  
Not young; my wife is stricken well in years."  
The angel answering saith: "I am Gabriel,

Who in God's presence stands ; to speak to thee,  
To show thee such good news, I am here sent.  
Behold thou shalt be dumb until these things  
Shall be performed, because my word believ'st  
Thou not, which shall in season be fulfilled."  
Full long the praying people wait without,  
To wonder why their priest doth not appear :  
But marvel more to see him speechless dumb,  
As he could naught but beckon unto them.  
"What's happened him ? he hath a vision seen."  
Some say, while others doubting shake the head.  
But he returns to serve his temple's course,  
Then straight repairs unto his own abode.

The monthly course of seasons three were run,  
The promise, sprouting seed, unfolding flower,  
When 'Lisabeth the favored child of God,  
A rare delight doth give to neighbors friends,  
To kinsfolk all, in showing them her son :  
The promised child of her declining days.  
How they rejoice in all her new-found joy,  
In seeing her reproach now done away !  
They greatly felt her deprivation sore :  
No childish voices echoing through the house,  
No cheer of little feet to run in, out,  
No joys and sorrows of their hearts to meet.  
"What loneliness ! ah me ! we pity her."  
But now—"How sweet your babe ! he looks like  
you."  
"No, no ! he's but his father's image true."

“Ah, now thou’lt know our joys and troubles too.  
God grant he ne’er may give thee aught but joy.”  
When it came time, according to the law,  
To do for him they gave him father’s name.  
“No, no,” his mother saith, “his name is John.”  
But all the kinsfolk saith,—“He hath no kin  
Of such a name: what doth his father say?”  
By signs they asked him, what he thought to name  
His son, for he had not recovered yet  
His speech. He saying wrote,—“His name is  
John.”  
Then marveled all for straight his tongue  
unloosed,  
Which first he wholly used in praise of God;  
As with the Spirit filled he prophesies:  
“Blessèd be the Lord God of Israel;  
He hath His people visited redeemed:  
And hath raised up in David’s house an horn  
Of salvation for us. Thou, child, shalt be  
Called the prophet of the Highest; for thou  
Shalt go before the Lord’s face to prepare  
His ways: to give knowledge of salvation  
Unto His people by the remission  
Of their sins, through the tender mercy of  
Our God; whereby the Dayspring from on high  
Hath visited us; to give light to them  
That sit in darkness and in death’s shadow:  
To guide our feet into the way of peace.”

The child of heavenly promise grew apace,

Full strong and sturdy with the growth of years ;  
But while a babe in need of tenderest care,  
For fear of losing him by instant death  
From crying edict of the cruel king,  
His mother fled to Juda's desert wild,  
To bring him up in safe seclusion there,  
To make a home in some deserted lodge :  
For Zacharias met his death at hands  
Of king whose deeds of horror filled the land.  
Brought up to trust his heavenly Father's care,  
To honor Him in keeping His commands,  
She full instilled in John her love of God :  
For she was long devout, in Israel  
A mother saintly, most revered, beloved.  
She cared for him till he could care for her ;  
Providing garments rough of hairy cloth,  
And for their food wild honey from the rock,  
With meat of locusts dressed with skillful care :  
While sparkling water from the mountain spring,  
Gave cooling drink refreshing to the taste.  
But she was passed her prime when blessed of  
God,  
While with the waxing years came waning  
strength,  
So feeling she must part from her dear boy,  
She bade him trust in God ; be always true  
To what he thought was right, nor swerve there-  
from,  
Then God would bless him all the journey  
through.

"I leave you in His care, my son, with heart  
And mind at rest. 'Tis hard for you, I know,  
But God will comfort you with all my love.  
With partings o'er we'll meet before His throne.  
Till then farewell, for a brief while, farewell."  
With face aglow she passed from him to God.  
His grief intense was stern repressed for such  
His nature was, as quiet runs the stream  
That deepest lies: but it was slow to wane.  
It left its impress on the growing lad.  
He ne'er was quite the same as 'fore her death.  
The first few years were ones of duress strain,  
In which he wrestled oft with God and oft  
Prevailed; communed with Him as friend with  
friend,  
Oft studied Him in nature's varied moods,  
To know His wrath in storms tempestuous wild,  
To see His smile in calm of tranquil skies.  
His mother's God was his thro' all the years,  
The lonely years before his coming forth  
To execute the mission of his life.

The slowly gathering throngs move on apace,  
To seize some vantage point of ground or place  
Anear the Jordan's slow and sluggish flow:  
The stalwart man, swart-hued of brawny arm,  
The slender stripling of incipient beard,  
The scholar, the religionist of schools,  
The woman plump, the mater familias,  
Children of ages all, condition, size.

What new excitement calls the people all?  
We query make of one supposed to know.  
"What! know ye not of John the Baptist then,  
Who now baptizeth all who follow him?  
A man of fiery tongue, who molds men's hearts  
As putty in his hands: who styles himself  
'The voice:' a wholly self-effacing man.  
A veil of mystery hides his life from view.  
Some say,—'He is Elias;' while others,—  
'He is the Christ:' but all, 'The prophet true.'  
But stay to hear and judge him for yourself.  
He's yonder there apart from all the rest."  
We forward press to have a nearer view:  
A slender man, ascetic in his mien,  
Enrobed in hairy garment girt with skin;  
Of iron will inflexible as steel,  
A piercing eye that looks you through and  
through,  
Reading your very thought before expressed:  
And yet withal a sweet, a saintly look,  
As if with all the Holy Spirit filled.  
Lo! now he speaks in deep stentorian tones:  
"Repent ye, for the kingdom's nigh at hand!  
Prepare the Lord's highway; make straight His  
path.  
Bring fruits for your repentance meet: trust not  
To Abram's stock, as God can children raise  
From e'en these stones. I, you baptize indeed,  
With water to repentance; but He that  
Comes after me is mightier than I,

Whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose :  
He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost  
And fire ; whose fan is in His hand. He will  
Thoroughly purge His floor and gather His  
Wheat into His garner, but the chaff will  
He wholly burn with fire unquenchable.”  
O grand heroic soul, how great art thou !  
How far thou soarest 'bove thy fellows all,  
So lost thine every thought and act to self !  
Thou livest but to glorify thy Lord,  
To turn the eyes and hearts of all to Him.  
Thou liv'st to thine ideal of what is right,  
Nor couldst thou sin condone in any life,  
Tho' it should save thee from a violent death.

### The Mission

#### II

As dies the beauteous blush upon the face,  
Leaving the tinted surface more than fair,  
Morn's coral hue hath paled to opaline,  
To creamy whiteness of the purest light.  
The freshening air from off the vernal hills,  
That breathes the sweeter life of health and cheer,  
Is tremulous with tremolo of tone  
From downy throats attunèd all to praise.  
So stilly steal the quiet waters by,  
The mirroring surface scarce a ripple stirs,  
Save undulation of indented wave.  
The fragrance of the morn is in this day,

The day of days, the sweetest of the week,  
If it of care and trial be divest;  
If all of heart be lifted up in prayer:  
Wherein from far and near the curious crowds  
Of village, hamlet, and the city great,  
Are met to hear the trenchant word of John,  
That 'lectrifies the apathy of sin.  
To be baptized of him in Jordan's wave:  
The outward symbol of the cleansèd soul.  
Lo! One draws near to rivet every eye,  
From somewhat in His port of majesty!  
Of slender build as one full young in years,  
Of quiet mien commanding in His air,  
Expressing all of sweetness in His face,  
Withal so marked by more than earthly look,  
John's answering spirit answers,—“It is He!  
‘Tis He! the Christ, the Saviour of the world!”  
So loudly John proclaims,—“Behold the Lamb  
Of God, who taketh ‘way the sin of all  
The world! ‘Tis He of whom I often said,  
After me comes a man who is preferred  
Before, for He before me was. I knew  
Him not, but that He should be manifest  
To Israel, I am come baptizing  
With water.” While Jesus standing by,  
Here saith,—“I heard of thee in Nazareth,  
Of how thou hast prepared my way before,  
In turning many to repentant life;  
And knowing that the hour was come for my  
Life’s work, I hither come to be baptized

Of thee." But John astonished saith; "I need  
To be baptized of Thee; why comest Thou  
To me?" Then Jesus saith,—"Now suffer it  
To be, for to fulfill all righteousness,  
It thus becometh us." The people list  
Awe-struck; to see Him from the water come  
Straightway; to hear Him thus familiar pray:  
"My Father, now attest Thy son, so these  
Thy people may believe on me; that Thou  
Hast sent me to their Saviour be." Straight from  
The parting clouds a light supernal breaks;  
Encircling Him as with a halo round:  
And lo! the Spirit as a dove descends  
Upon His head, while heard the vibrant air  
In tones sonorous, full: "This is my Son  
Beloved; hear Him." They quietly disperse  
Their several ways in wondering amaze  
At all their eyes had seen, their ears had heard;  
In family groups, in twos and threes they talk  
It o'er: "That we should live to see this day,  
The happiest day in all of Israel's years.  
Now shall we see the lifting of the yoke,  
That's galled and sorely chafed full many a year."  
While some,—"From Nazareth can any good  
Come out? This man's but one of us. Our  
Christ  
Shall come in power to snap the Roman chain;  
To reign o'er all of Palestine: to give  
Us right of rank." Will ye now hear His call,  
O Israel! His loving, patient call?

Or will ye disregard His kindly word,  
Till He shall speak with Sinai's awful voice?  
He hath borne long with you in all your sin,  
Tho' ye have fashioned new an idol god:  
The god of selfish greed, that blasts the soul,  
That closes it to every human need.  
Ye keep full well the letter of the law,  
But what of spirit which is all its life?  
What worth the husk without the kernel sweet?  
What worth the nut without the fruity meat?  
O Israel! will ye not see your Christ,  
The Son begotten of the love of God,  
The sacrificial Lamb for all your sins,  
Your scapegoat in the wilderness of sin?  
Or will ye shut your eyes and stop your ears,  
To perish in your multitudinous sins?

### The Mission

#### III

Long lowers the sullen tempest, ere it breaks  
In devastating fury o'er the wild;  
The shifting clouds too long restrained in leash,  
Impelled by unseen force, belch forth in fire  
And flood to desolate the former scene;  
The cleaving rock, the upturn tree depict  
The lightning stroke of Nature's wrathful hand,  
While shortly seen in halcyon blue serene  
As mirroring deep beneath, her smiling touch,  
The marks and scars attest the conflict long:

So when the troublous storms, long gathering  
rise,  
O'erwhelm the stricken soul in sorrow's flood,  
Tho' followed by the blessed balm of peace,  
The deep-cut scars are wholly ne'er effaced.  
The day succeeding such a night of storm  
In Juda's desert wild, was drear indeed;  
The desolation more intensifying:  
Showing to Nature's Lord a welcome scant,  
As He comes hither for seclusion peace;  
To seek by fasting, prayer, repose of soul:  
As holy men of old, from all apart,  
Thro' wrestling sore, found strength of faith.  
As day succeeded night, the night the day,  
In this most barren, desolated wild,  
Where more was rocky surface than of plain,  
His mind so freed from all terrestrial sights,  
Turned inly to the spiritual of thought;  
To contemplation of His Father's will,  
Ensheathed in scabbard of a perfect love.  
"Shall my life's work make manifest such will?  
Shall all who may believe on Thee thro' me,  
Our unity of will completely know?  
Or will the love inclosure fail to see?  
My Father, of Thy perfect will and love,  
Such attestation make, our sacrifice  
Shall not have been in vain." So passed the days  
And nights in rapt communion interchange  
Of thought, till dominance the spirit gave  
To need of crying flesh, as hours in length

Of forty days knew no sustaining food.  
The gnawings of insistent hunger-pangs,  
The body's craving for its sustenance,  
The lassitude of muscles spent and lax,  
The spirit too depressed in close accord,  
To fierce assault left Him susceptible.  
While thus alive to nature's clamorous call,  
Lo! one ethereal as a dream, to touch  
Evanishing, in light celestial rayed,  
Draws nigh to tempting ask,—“Why hungerest  
Thou?

Why faintest for the stay of life? Command  
Thy sovereign power; but use it for Thy need:  
So these rough stones shall be delicious fare.”  
He deaf to all entreaties saith,—“Man doth  
Not live by bread alone, but by the word  
Of God.” Dissolving from His present view,  
To reappear more luminous than before.  
“Now come with me to Temple-dome; the view  
Surpasses aught below; the roseal light  
Of dawn is lingering still; come, come away,  
Ere it be gone.” They hither haste to see  
Afar, the hills enwrapped in sapphire glow;  
Anear, the smiling vale in emerald dressed,  
The purling stream meandering through the  
mead;  
With grace of word in sweetness more of tone:  
“Come, show me now Thy power; cast down  
Thyself  
From this high dome; for is it not thus writ:

‘He shall His angels give concerning Thee  
A charge to bear Thee up, lest Thou shouldst dash  
At any time Thy foot against a stone.’ ”  
He word for word replies ; “Nor shalt thou tempt  
The Lord thy God.” Then vanished it again.  
The trying day now waneth to a close,  
The amethyst is paling to the gray,  
When as before it comes in glow of white  
Resplendent light : “Come, come with me to yon  
High mount the view transcendeth all before.”  
They higher mount to find it truly so.  
“Dost see the eagle’s ensign over all  
The subject nations near and far ? Dost see  
Her glory in the pride of arms the spoils  
Of war, the monuments of art ? All these  
I’ll give to Thee, if Thou wilt worship me.”  
He straight repelling saith,—“Get, get thee hence,  
Satan, for it is writ,—‘Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, Him only shalt thou  
serve.’ ”  
List ! list ! the whirr of countless wings astir !  
Lo ! white-robed angels set the spreading board,  
With luscious fruits of every nation clime ;  
With fresh legumes to vary all the feast,  
With nectareous drinks to full allay the thirst.  
Each vie with each in ministry of cheer ;  
While all in swelling strain the anthem sing :

“Praise, praise the Lord anointed,  
The Father’s only Son ;

The spotless Lamb appointed,  
For sinners every one.

“He suffering encountered,  
The wiles of our great foe,  
Who in the fight reëncountered  
His match in every blow.”

### The Mission

#### IV

The flagging hours have slowly measured time,  
In lengthening minutes of oppressive heat,  
Ere simmering off to coolness of the eve,  
That wafts the breeze from Jordan’s rippling  
wave;

Refreshing to the little group anear,  
As John with followers two were talking o’er  
The happenings of momentous days before ;  
The great event, the first on each man’s tongue,  
The coming of the Christ to be baptized ;  
The attestation to His sonship in  
The spoken word and outward manifest :  
His disappearance strange for many days.  
“Hath aught been seen or heard of Him since  
then ?”

They question John ; while he far-seeing saith :  
“Behold the Lamb of God !” They turning see  
The Christ, and follow Him, to gently hear :  
“What seek ye ?” “Rabbi, where dwellest Thou ?”

Saith Jesus,—“Come and see.” So spent with  
Him

That happy day, the first such happiness  
To see ; an auspice of like days to come,  
In which like love time took no notice heed :  
As wingèd steeds flew past the fleeing hours.  
As joy if shared but multiplies the more,  
Andrew his brother finds ; then Philip, who  
Hath heard the—“Follow me”—Nathanael calls ;  
Who with all doubts removed, slow saith to  
Christ,  
“Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God, the king  
Of Israel.” “Ah,” Jesus saith, “because  
I saw thee 'neath the tree, believest thou ?  
Thou shalt see greater things ; hereafter shall  
Ye see the heavens ope, the angels too  
Descend, ascend upon the Son of man.”

The little town safe sheltered by the hills,  
Soft nestling in the quiet of their strength,  
Is all astir with pleasure o'er the fête,  
That full ingratiates the day for good ;  
That blazons her upon the scroll of fame,  
That lends undying luster to her lanes :  
To which the high and low are equal guests.  
The shades of early eve were falling all,  
When maidens fair with gallants gay and all  
The older folk, assemble in the hall  
Ancestral, of the sweet expectant bride ;  
To see the old, old rite e'er freshly new,

When complement of heart is complement  
In name. Tho' interest centers in the bride  
Elect, of more attraction are the guests,  
Who with distinction grace the festal board.  
Lo! one of sweet endearing presence charms  
The eye with gracious dignity of mien!  
All wait upon her word for the behest,  
All look for her direction of the feast;  
Friend of the bride, assumes the mother-place.  
While in the seat of honor, is the guest  
Who lends it most distinctive grace; who, with  
Disciples few immortalizes this  
Affair; who, by His mother now is thus  
Addressed: "My son, the feast is wanting  
wine."

He saith,—"Woman, what matters it to me?  
Mine hour is not yet come." She ne'ertheless  
To servants saith: "Whate'er He bids you, do!"  
Behold, to servants waiting word, He saith:  
"Fill all the water-pots to brim and bear  
To governor of the feast." Lo! as they draw,  
A look of awe replaces former look.  
They slowly to the ruler bear in great  
Amaze. He all unconscious of the deed  
Just wrought, the bridegroom calls to praise the  
wine,  
Its quality, its taste: to say,—"Ye kept  
The best till last." "A prophet truly in  
Our midst, although we knew it not:" some say.  
But His disciples few,—"He is the Christ."

How blithe the morn with cheer of bird and flower  
Returning to their vernal hymn of praise!  
Thought they, the few devout of companies all,  
Who too return to raise the jubilate  
Of praise in God's appointed place: to keep  
The feast memorial of His love and care,  
In hallowed Temple reared for praise and prayer.  
What sight for eye and thought of heart devout!  
What profanation of His outer court!  
What noise unhallowed for offended ear!  
How pained, indignant, wrathful is the look  
Of One, who deems it all His Father's house!  
How keenly feels the sacrilegious scene!  
The lowing of the cattle in the court,  
The bleating of the several flocks of sheep;  
Behold, He fashions whip of many cords!  
Forth flee the frightened cattle from their Lord;  
O'erturned the tables of the changers' till:  
The scattering coin seek all the chinks and holes.  
To some a-selling doves for gain He saith:  
"Take these things hence; put not my Father's house  
To such a use." So purged the Temple He  
Of all its profane herd. Lo! stilly peace  
Broods o'er the hallowed place. Straight comes  
to mind  
Of His disciples few, the prophet's word,  
"The zeal of all Thine house hath eat me up."

The Jews quick gathering round straight question Him :

“What Thine insignia, power for such a work?”

“Destroy this temple all, in three days’ time

I’ll raise it up.” “Full forty years and six,

This Temple took to build, wilt Thou in three

Rear up?” Nor wot He spake of body His;

Nor could forget, forgive this word of Christ,

But lastly used it in condemning Him :

While to His followers final faith was proof.

Lo, as they enter in to keep the feast,

The people of the village, hamlet, town,

Not all can boast or wear the bloom of health ;

The poor unfortunates from wasting ills,

Disease : the lame, the halt, the blind from birth.

He seeth all with deep compassion love,

To use His healing power for misery’s help,

To see them loosed from cords and stings of sin ;

So to the many was their day of feast,

A day of perfect health unknown before :

Wherein they firstly saw the sent of God,

The spotless Lamb for sacrificial sin.

While one full high in council of the Jews,

Impressed with all the happenings of the day,

But waits the cover of the friendly night,

To secret seek Christ out in his own way ;

To satisfy the queries of his thought :

To straight address Him thus,—“Rabbi, we know

Thou art a teacher come from God for none

Such miracles can do, except God be

With him." Then Jesus saith: "I truly say  
To thee except a man be born again,  
He can God's kingdom never see." "But how,"  
Saith Nicodemus sore perplexed, "can one  
Be thus reborn?" "I truly say, except  
A man be of the water, Spirit born,  
He can God's kingdom enter not. That which  
Is fleshly born is flesh; so too, that which  
Is Spirit born is Spirit. Marvel not  
I said to thee, ye must be born again,  
The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou  
Hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell  
Whence it cometh and whither it goeth:  
So everyone that is of Spirit born."  
But Nicodemus slow to see the truth,  
Thus straightway saith,—"How can all these  
things be?"

"Art thou a master of Israel," saith  
Jesus, "and knoweth not these things? I say  
Most truly unto thee, we speak that we  
Do know and testify that we have seen,  
And ye receive our witness not. If ye  
Believe not thus my word of earthly things,  
How shall of heavenly things ye e'er believe  
My word? As Moses truly lifted up  
The serpent in the wilderness even  
So must the Son of man be lifted up;  
That whosoe'er believes in Him should not  
Perish, but have eternal life. For God  
So loved the world, He gave His only son,

That whosoe'er believes in Him should not  
Perish, but have e'erlasting life." So closed  
The day of feast made memorable for man.

Footsore, aweary with days of toilsome pace,  
Hungered, afaint from hours of abstinence,  
Athirst from waxing heat of morn's fierce ray,  
He findeth shelter, rest 'neath cooling shade,  
Within the shadow of the sacred mount,  
On Jacob's well without the little town,  
Between the blessing and the cursing mounts.  
While His disciples few in Sychar near,  
Refreshment seek for need of their dear Lord.  
Nor wot they of the meat He hath to eat,  
For more than meat or drink His Father's will.  
He haply thinks of those repentant ones,  
Who in Judea's parts were just baptized ;  
The turning of the life to all the good.  
His thought therefore a praiseful prayer to God,  
For all, from darkness turning unto light,  
For all believing ones embracing love :  
Such rest, refreshing doth He fully know.  
Behold, a woman of the town draws near,  
To now refill her pitcher to the brim !  
She looks surprised to see Him sitting there,  
To hear Him straightway say,—"Give me to  
drink."  
For by His speech perceives He is a Jew,  
As Jews, Samaritans of each ask naught.  
"The well is deep full many many yards ;

Thou nothing hast to draw, how giv'st me drink?"  
She saith, when living water He would give,  
That solely satisfies the soul athirst.  
"Could He be greater than the one who gave  
The well and drank thereof with cattle herd?"  
But Jesus saith: "Whoso this water drinks  
Shall thirst again; but whosoe'er shall drink  
The water I shall give, shall never thirst:  
A springing well to endless life shall be."  
She thought,—"If I this water but obtain,  
No more shall I this daily burden know,  
No more the sultry heat each day endure,  
The weary weary weight upbear no more.  
Sir, give me now this water pray so thirst  
I not, nor hither come to draw." He then  
To her great wonderment, amaze, recounts  
The social history of her life. She saith:  
"Sir, I perceive that Thou a prophet art.  
Our fathers in this mount have worshiped oft;  
And yet ye say the only place for men  
To worship pray is in Jerusalem."  
But Jesus saith: "The hour fast hastes,  
When in this mount, nor in Jerusalem,  
Shall ye the Father pray, for ye know not  
The worship true: as God a spirit is,  
And seeketh such to truly worship Him."  
"I know Messiah is to come; when He  
Shall come, we'll all things know:" the woman  
saith.  
"I, that speak unto thee am He:" saith Christ.

O favored one of all the human race !  
To firstly hear such blessedèd blessedèd truth ;  
Withheld a time from e'en His followers all,  
Until the suffering hour be fully come :  
To hear the gracious word from lips divine,  
Thou only hast to ask, to full receive  
The living water in the Spirit given ;  
Which so refreshes all the soul with health,  
Which reinvigorates with quickening life.  
Well may'st thou publish it to all thy friends,  
Well may'st thou say : "I saw this happy day,  
A man who told me all about my life :  
Is not this He, our great Messiah Christ ?"

The days returning now restore to thee,  
The jewel in the setting of thy crown ;  
The star in all the galaxy of stars,  
That lit with immortality thy fête.  
Well comes thy great and small to homage pay,  
As He, with His disciples few anew  
Revisits thee, O Cana, truly blest !  
No stranger now for questioning smile or greet,  
His mighty works all Palestine hath famed.  
A prophet of Elijah's fame well known,  
Tho' haply not Messiah of thy thought.  
Lo ! one in near Capernaum hath heard  
The workings of His healing power ; a man  
Of noble birth with son the portal nigh.  
He cometh now to importune His power :  
"I pray Thee, Rabbi, help us in our sore

Distress ; my only son is nigh death's door.  
Come, I beseech Thee, come." Rebuking him  
For feeble faith, Christ saith : "Go on thy way ;  
Thy son now lives." Tho' he and his believed,  
'Twas disappointing to the Lord of faith,  
Who from past working of the power divine,  
Looked for its stronger manifest. Why, why,  
Hath fallen man such modicum of faith,  
Such plenitude of doubt, tho' wonders signs,  
Be wanting not ? What but the heart of sin.

No morn of Paradise with halcyon blue  
Unruffled by the ripple of a cloud,  
Unmoved by semblance of the passing sigh,  
Is more serene, or fair, surpassing fair,  
Than this the morn of morns of all the week,  
When He who smiles all nature into calm,  
Or frowns her into fury of the storm,  
Returns to city of His childish days :  
Returns to lend perfectness to the day,  
To sanction its observance in the house  
Apart for prayer, and reading of the Word.  
He comes not as of yore with mother loved,  
As listener, learner of the sacred lore,  
Unnoticed by the rabbis learnèd wise,  
But as well known for works beneficent,  
For miracles of healing numerous great :  
Who now is given the sacred scroll to read,  
Writ by the prophet, who foretold His life  
From its inception to the dolorous close ;

Who pictured in such clearly graphic phase,  
His passion in its details sorrowful.  
Behold all eyes intently fix on Him,  
As He the portion reads assigned for day !  
Although they wot it not His life it told  
In this : "The Lord hath me anoint to preach  
The gospel to the poor ; the broken heart  
To heal ; the blind restore to sight ; to set  
The bruised free. His year accept to preach."  
With scroll returned, to all He gracious saith :  
"This day the Scripture is fulfilled to you."  
Whilst inly wondering how this might be true,  
If He were Joseph's son, Christ further saith,—  
"No prophet in his country is accept,  
Else I might work such works as in Capernaum.  
Tho' in Elias' time were widows many,  
He was to none save to Sarepta sent ;  
Tho' lepers many were in Israel,  
Naaman the Syrian was solely cleansed."  
Then all within the hearing of His voice,  
Uprose en masse, in indignation wrath,  
And thrust Him out from synagogue from town,  
And would have hurled Him from the steep  
hill's brow,  
If He had not passed by upon His way.  
O Nazareth ! what hath thy fury wrought !  
How sorely hast thou hurt the tender heart,  
That yearned o'er thee with such a mighty love ;  
That would thy sickness bear diseases heal,  
That would make manifest His works in thee ;

But thou wouldest not: a marvel is thy doubt!  
Tho' thou shouldst want Him sore He cometh not  
To thee e'er more: thy day of grace is past.

Slow lifts the darkling shadow from the hills,  
To lend the mirroring surface of the deep,  
Morn's lucent beam ablush with roseal light.  
Fair, no fairer thou, O Galilee!  
Than this blest morn when thine illumining Light  
Appears to breathe thy freshening air anew;  
To note the signs of life upon thy breast,  
The fishers of the deep, the sail, the net;  
Who hath been calling into His clear light,  
The shadowed souls within the darksome night;  
To thine now calleth He: "Come, follow me;  
Of men I'll make you fishers all." So John  
And James, with Peter, Andrew heard the call,  
To His disciples be to life's last close.  
As erst His wont He frequents now the house  
Of prayer to use anew His cleansing power.  
Lo! one He finds tormented sore at times  
With unclean thoughts, the devil's potent seed,  
That harvest greatest crop of evil deeds;  
Whose presence brooks no holy power: whose  
voice  
Proclaims,—"Thou, Jesus of Nazareth, let us  
Alone; we nothing have with Thee the One,  
The holy One of God." Straightway rebuked  
By Jesus' power he leaves his former throne.  
The people in amaze straight question each:

“What man is this, with power of word to cast  
 Such devils out? Is He a prophet not?”  
 Forthwith His fame spread through the country  
 round.

His feeling heart afreshly stirred o'er news  
 Of Peter's tale, He straight to his abode  
 Repairs, to lay His healing hand upon  
 The throbbing brow, the fever to rebuke.  
 Lo! now to minister she rises up.  
 So when this day beneficent drew nigh  
 The close, all brought their feeble sick diseased,  
 E'en those with devils dire to Peter's door:  
 To be repaid with health of body soul.  
 O healing Hand of power, how great Thy sway!  
 O sympathetic Heart, how blest to man!  
 Thou art, Thou art the Saviour of his soul!

The heavenly lights diffuse a halo o'er  
 The hallowed spot whereon He prays apart  
 From all the world, the thronging press of day  
 And night, to hold communion with His  
 Other self, the Fatherhood of God:  
 “I pray Thee, grant them Thy clear light to see  
 Their need of Thee, to sense Thy patient love,  
 Longsuffering, mercy, constant care: to know  
 Thee as my life and works shall clear reveal.”  
 So prayed He, till the mists of dawn arose  
 To usher in the ministry of cheer;  
 The cheer of truth for every hearing ear;  
 The cheer of health for countless suffering ones,

In synagogues and towns of Galilee ;  
Till all the restless, longing souls from near,  
And far unconscious of their deepest need,  
Await the coming of the helpful feet,  
The heart compassionate for every woe :  
To hear from mount the life-enfolding law.  
In thought sublime, in simple tongue adapt  
To them, the love-interpret of the law.  
The spirit, import of its higher sense,  
In all relation to their social lives :  
The keeping, teaching of its mandates all,  
The nine conditions of the happy life,  
The shining life which glorifies the Lord.  
The word of truth, the simple yea and nay,  
The good for ill, the prayer of love for curse,  
That so the life as God's might perfect be.  
Enjoined the secret alms, the closet prayer,  
For honesty of heart, for grace of gift.  
And lest they weary God with multiplex  
Of word, a short incomparable prayer He gives,  
In praise, ascription to the Father God :  
Inclusive all in scope of human needs.  
He bids them treasure lay where it would last :  
To serve their God with single heart and eye ;  
To seek His kingdom first of all so all  
Things needed for this life might added be,  
Without unrest or wearing anxious thought :  
To judge no man lest they too be adjudged.  
He them exhorts to all things ask of God,  
As He no good from suppliant withholds :

Then gives the rule imparadising earth.  
He further bids them strive to enter in  
The gate that leads alone to endless life.  
To full beware of prophets false with lives  
And words not in accord, as only those  
Who do God's will shall e'er be known of Him.  
A poor unfortunate from wasting ill,  
From dire disease the dread and scourge of man,  
Alone, from all the multitude apart,  
Yet in the hearing range of this wise voice,  
In sight of heart the most commiserate,  
Takes heart of hope from His descent of mount,  
To cry,—“Lord, if Thou wilt canst make me  
clean.”

Lo! straight Christ honors faith with healing  
touch,  
And voice: “I will; be clean; but tell it not.  
Go on thy way to priest as saith the law.”  
But he too full of joy to heed command,  
Proclaims the cleansing Power to all he sees,  
Till Christ henceforth no rest, retirement knows,  
Save from the haunts of men, remote; to pray  
With all the Spirit's intercessory power:  
“My Father, let the word of truth prevail  
In hearts and lives of people so benight;  
Its teachings in the purer nobler life;  
Its spirit in the higher sense of right;  
Its power in the ability to keep:  
So all this flock without a shepherd long,  
May guided be to shores of Thy great peace.”

Softly the light ethereal trails o'er thee,  
Transforming to a fairy scene thy waves,  
Thy murmurous waves to stilly tranquil calm ;  
Beguiling fishers all to ply thy deep :  
But vainly all their toil, the nets are limp  
At dawn as early eve ; the flapping sails  
Sway idly in the breeze ; till One draws near,  
Whose voice perforce the fish obey and lo,  
The nets o'erdraw with multitudinous load.  
Impulsive Peter penitent exclaims :  
"Depart from me, O Lord, I humbly pray ;  
As I but sinful am in Thy pure sight."  
"Fear not," He gracious saith, "thou shalt henceforth  
Catch men." And seeing such in multitudes  
About, breaks new to them the bread of life,  
In exhortation to repentant faith.  
With stiffening breeze the sails full set to waft  
Them to the farther shore, to city His ;  
For respite brief from all the thronging press,  
As morn sees greater 'bout His household door.  
The Pharisees, the doctors of the law,  
Who wait to cavil, question word of truth ;  
While one in misery's clutch, in gift of faith,  
Upborne by four, of access to the Christ  
In search, but finds it through the parted roof  
At His blest feet ; to hear sweet cheer of sins  
Forgiven ; to feel the vigor of full life :  
To glorify anew the godly power.  
Forth faring thence Christ, Matthew calls to find

Enmassed along the shore the folk that haunt  
His footsteps e'er in hope of better store ;  
To gain full health of body, soul and mind,  
In words man's wisdom never spake. So day  
To night was linked in helpful ministry  
Of act and thought, in joy uplift of soul.  
The morrow's turn beholds Him at the feast  
Of love in honor His, at Matthew's board ;  
With Pharisees, publicans, scribes ; ill met  
For some exalting self to hold aloof :  
Who by themselves the Holy One adjudged.  
But He,—“I came to call the sinners all,  
Not righteous to repent. The sick alone  
Physician need.” O Thou, great heart of hearts !  
Exemplar of the heart ! Thou bend'st to us ;  
Thou shrinkest not from our uncleanness :  
Thou look'st in pity to redeem to save,  
Tho' high exalted by Thy sinlessness !

Faint, still fainter wanes the paling hue,  
That lingering leaves the pulse of Mercy's breast ;  
So softly quiet in her slumberous fold,  
Till tremulous with whirr of snowy wings,  
Distilling healing balm in rippling wave,  
For impotent folk in touch of heavenly wake.  
But one aweary waits the helping hand,  
Year after year full thirty long and eight ;  
Till this blest hour sees heart to pity hand  
To save in word,—“Wilt thou be whole ? Thy  
bed

Take up and walk." Lo! life is felt in full:  
Nor Saviour knows till Temple so reveals.  
But this, the day too sacred to the Jew  
For aught of work beneficent to man,  
Or beast; e'en for its Maker's healing hand:  
So seek to slay the author of the deed.

"While He but works the Father's work in all  
He sees to do; so by the Father loved  
Is shown still greater works to work: the dead  
To quicken into life; to Him commits  
The judging men that honor to the Son  
Accrue as Father too; that whoso hears  
Christ's word to Him believe is passed to life;  
For hastes the hour when dead with ears to hear  
Christ's voice shall live, as He the gift of life  
From Father hath; For He the Son of man,  
Whose voice the dead but hear; the good alone  
To resurrected life. The Father's will  
But seeketh sole in all He hears to judge.  
Tho' John a lucent light, great witness bore,  
Christ's works still greater witness bear as sent  
Of God, tho' word be wanting not: 'This my  
Beloved Son who pleaseth me.' The word  
Of Holy Writ too testifies tho' not  
Believed. Tho' He from man no honor knows,  
From Father such in full receives." O ye,  
Who fail to keep the spirit of the law,  
How cavil ye? How question Him who keeps  
The whole, tho' His disciples pluck the ear  
To break their fast? Did not your David eat

When hungered, faint, of showbread blessed  
yet ye  
Condemn him not? The Sabbath morn removed  
From this by seven suns, by journey's day  
Remote to city His, is spent in house  
Of prayer to work His Father's healing work,  
For one of withered hand to find full joy  
Of life; who questions not the deed tho' some  
Its lawfulness e'en ask, and straight commune  
With each: "What's best with Christ to do as He  
Subverts our teachings all to His belief?"  
But He unmindful of their wicked snares,  
Retires at evenfall to rest, to pray  
In quiet of the mount throughout the night.  
Behold! behold! He prays for sinful man,  
For those with hatred, murder in the heart!  
A spectacle for all the heavenly host:  
"Forgive, O Father mine, these children Thine!  
Tho' erring, sinful they may be. Let light,  
Thy light illumine their darkened souls to see  
The truth, so they may walk with Thee and me."

Slow lifts the mellow haze o'er vale and mount;  
Revealing morn's fair flushing face in full  
Relief, ere Christ descends from mount to greet  
His followers new with,—"Peace be unto you:"  
To ordinate the twelve for work of life,  
To full inbreathe His healing helpful power,  
To give direction to their daily course,  
To bid them seek but lost of Israel,

And solely preach,—“The kingdom’s nigh at hand:”

To naught provide of scrip and bread save staff,  
As workman is full worthy of his hire.

Then to disciples all with multitudes  
Awaiting His approach, reiterates

His former teaching from the mount’s discourse:

“Blessed be ye poor for yours the kingdom is.

Blessed ye that hunger now ye shall be filled.

Blessed ye that weep for ye shall laugh.

Blessed ye if men shall hate you for my sake;

Reproach to evil cast upon your name,

As great your joy in largess of reward.

But woe to rich, who consolation have.

Woe to you full, who yet shall hunger know.

Woe to the mirthful, that shall mourn and weep.

Woe unto you if all men speak you well.

Give measure full to all as you’d receive.

Nor yet thy brother’s mote behold with beam  
In eye; but good proceedeth from the good.

Why call me, ‘Lord,’ to disobey my word?

But he that hears to do builds on the rock.”

Thence faring ’way to city His within

The gates, encounters Jewish elders sent

By centurion forth, His presence’ power

For servant’s health to beg; whom they bespeak

For worthy deeds their nation ever loves.

Within few paces of the house come friends

To bid Christ trouble not to enter in,

To speak but all-sufficient word.

Commending such great faith in Israel  
Unlike, straight honors with the fullest health.

A morn, an eve, a morn have blushed and paled,  
Ere Christ with His disciples and a few  
Devoted folk stroll o'er the flowery mead  
To distant Nain ; to Allah, Allah hear  
Slow wailing o'er and o'er ; the mourner chief  
To see in childless widow grief o'erbowed.  
So sore bereft the day of her sole stay,  
The only scion of a headless house :  
Thus night of sorrow veils the light of day.  
Look up ! look up ! tried heart, the dawn is here :  
The sun is bidding night, good cheer, good cheer !  
"Weep not :" He saith, and touches bier to bid  
Thy son arise, and lo ! he's thine to love.  
The mighty deed soon noised about brought two  
Disciples straight of John to question Him,  
"If He were Christ?" For answer Jesus heals  
The lepers, maimed and blind and bids them tell  
What they have seen and heard. Saith Christ  
to His  
Disciples own, to multitudes around,  
"Tho' prophet never rose so great as John,  
The least in kingdom mine is greater still.  
Ye might if would see 'Lias come in him,  
But ye as children heed not what ye hear.  
Ye say he devil hath when Nazarite  
From womb ; the Son of man who eats and  
drinks,

A devotee of life: of sinners friend.  
Woe, woe to thee Chorazin, woe! woe, woe  
To thee, Bethsaida, woe! if mighty works  
Wrought now in thee, in Sidon, Tyre were  
wrought,  
Would long ago in sackcloth ashes sore  
Repent; so shall of mercy more receive  
At judgment day. Thou, thou Capernaum,  
So heaven-exalt shall down to hell be brought;  
For Sodom would remain this day if works  
Like thine in her were wrought: she shall  
receive  
At judgment day of mercy more than thou.”  
Then lifting up His thought in silent prayer:  
“I thank Thee, Father, Lord, that Thou to babes  
Revealdest what from prudent wise is hid:  
As so it seemeth good to Thee.” To people more:  
“All things my Father delegates to me;  
Whom no man save the Father knows: nor  
knows  
The Father any man save Son and he  
Whom Son reveals. Come, come to me, ye souls,  
Ye weary laden souls, and I will give  
You rest. Upon you take my yoke and learn  
Of me, for I am lowly meek of heart;  
So shall your souls find rest. For easy is  
My yoke, my burden light.” O heart to feel  
Another’s woe, to sympathize with mind  
O’erweight with trial, care, Thou only hast  
The perfect rest the weary long to know!

The Pharisee o'ergrateful for the gift  
Of health, to him returning joy of life,  
The social life of kith and kin prepares  
In honor of his Lord, a feast; invites  
His dearest friends to gracious homage pay;  
The learnèd rabbis, doctors of the law:  
But illy brooks the uninvited one,  
Who too would shower His person dear with  
wealth  
Of grateful love in costly perfume on  
His head; tho' she incur indignant speech  
From all; e'en the disciples question deed,  
Who wot not for His burial was anoint.  
But Christ with love to see such love proclaims  
For act her immortality of name:  
Who with recipients more of healing's help,  
Accompany Christ thro' towns of Galilee,  
To list the tidings glad of word to all:  
"The kingdom nigh is come." Till people far  
And near Him follow to Capernaum:  
To view anew His work of power for one  
Possessed of devil blind and dumb; to say  
To each: "Is He not David's son?" Not so  
The Pharisee straight judging by himself.  
But Jesus reading thought, affirms the truth,  
"That strength in union is; that evil casts  
Not evil out; that whoso to all Good  
All ill ascribes commits the unpardonable sin."  
While teachings grave as these inculcating,  
Behold His kinsfolk send with Him to speak!

But more alive to interests spiritual  
Than secular straight saith,—“Behold my kin  
In all that do my Father’s will!” Ere dusk  
Of eve drew nigh to pall day’s brighter hue,  
For weary strain and stress, from freshening sea,  
Christ new refreshment seeks, to see a crowd  
Too great to speak from shore save from a ship,  
Where He discourses truth in parables  
Alone, for want of seeing eyes and ears  
To hear and hearts to understand the word.  
But to the open mind and heart such as  
Disciples have, the meaning clear unfolds.  
So spake He till the fold of night to all  
Unfolded need of rest for stress of day;  
Which He in aft of ship as fully finds  
Upon the bosom of the placid deep  
Afar from shore. But list! the cordage creaks,  
The sails full set; the waves swift lashed to foam,  
Break o’er the bow in power tumultuous,  
Till ship is nigh to sink. “O Master hear!  
Will ye we perish so?” cried out in fright  
Disciples all. But He rebuking wind  
And wave with,—“Peace be still!” reproves their  
lack  
Of faith: so safely reach Gadara’s shore:  
To exercise fresh reach of power for one  
Tormented long with devils many fierce;  
A dweller of the tombs hard by all cut  
And slashed with wounds a score or more; to be  
Addressed: “Thou, Jesus, Son of God, torment

Us not to send away : these numerous herds  
Let us inhabit them." But all the swine  
By thousands ran directly to the sea.  
And Lo ! to reason's realm restored now begs  
To follow Christ : in impartation of  
The good but finds the way till all  
The townsfolk fearful and affright at work  
Of such great power, straight Christ beseech to  
leave

Their parts. O foolish folk, how dim thy light !  
How sore benight art thou to not behold  
In Him thy Saviour true ! or dost thou choose  
In hold, in Satan's hold to dwell alway ?

Grieved to the heart with people too obtuse  
To see the love that would imparadise  
The life, He with disciples true straight ships  
To farther shore to meet in city His  
New claimants for His healing power ; to hear  
From ruler's heart the grief o'ermastering doubt.  
But while Christ lists, behold of thronging press  
One touch alone is felt, the touch to free  
His power ! Lo ! one with faith is newly whole,  
To straight depart to life of peace and joy.  
Forth comes the sorrowing word,—"The child  
is dead ;  
The Master trouble not." But Jesus saith :  
"Give place to faith if thou wouldest see her  
whole."  
So straight repairs to her abode to wipe

The tear with word of cheer,—“She sleeps but now:”

To waken with,—“O maid, arise!” His word To justify. As forth He fares away two men Shut in to inner sight close follow Him To door; oft crying o'er,—“Thou David's son, Have mercy on us now!” to hear for faith, “So be it unto you.” As they forth leave To spread His healing fame abroad one more Unfortunate possessed with devil dumb, Is brought to Christ to live his life anew.

The people marvel o'er such manifest Of power, tho' sightless to the greater love. Commiserate to such, He newly sends By twos disciples forth with healing touch To unclean cleanse, to sick to health restore. Till Herod hears, bethinks the dead arisen, As he had kept in durance long and vile, His life's accuser; and for unworthy oath Beheaded him, a martyr for his God.

As Christ from His disciples learns the news Of this untoward event, He bids them come Awhile to desert place apart to rest In prayerful meditation of his life.

But brief the rest, as from the cities all, The people come as to physician great, For sick diseased to feel the joy of life. With pity more for soul foregoes His rest, To full disclose its ulcerous state the need, The remedy of cure; till dusk o'erveils

The day. The weary people thirsty faint,  
Bespeak the need of food. But what are five  
Small loaves and fishes two for such a host?  
As this their store. Ah! 'tis far more than need  
With Christly blessing added to as e'en  
The fragments of the feast a multiple  
Of store. So He returning sends them cheered,  
Refreshed with all the body's health while He  
For rest, repose of spirit, seeks the mount,  
To newly pray for people in the vale  
And shade of sin: "I llume their darksome souls  
With all the Holy Spirit's light to see  
Their state as Thou, my Father, seest it;  
So they may turn to Thee for health of soul."  
Thus in His love He rests in prayer until  
The watch of four, when He perceives far out  
At sea a ship sore buffeted by wind  
And wave, with His disciples in affright.  
He walks the wave for their relief to be  
For spirit straight mistook; but reassures  
With word,—"Be of good cheer; 'tis I; be not  
Afraid." "If it be Thou, Lord," saith Peter,  
"Bid me come on the water unto Thee."  
But overcome by roughness of the way,  
Begins to sink and cry,—"O save me, Lord!"  
"Thou hast too little faith to doubt remove,"  
Saith Christ, in stretching out the helping hand.  
So safe with Him the ship is straight in port.  
Awaiting His approach, the sick diseased,  
The poor deformed, to feel in touch of faith

The thrill of health. With sorrowing look perceives

The greater part unconscious of the ill,  
Albeit He in probing to the quick  
Discloses hurt. "Ye do but follow me  
For worldly betterment, not for the bread  
Of life, the manna sent of God to you.  
Ye will not see the bread that giveth life,  
The water that e'er quencheth thirst in me.  
But he hath endless life that sole believes  
In me. Except ye eat my flesh and drink  
My blood ye have no life, for flesh of mine  
Is meat, for blood is drink: so shall ye live.  
Know ye the flesh shall nothing profit you:  
But spirit quickeneth into life." E'en some  
Disciples stumbled o'er the word to grieve  
The tender heart by base desertion too.  
"Will ye too go away, my chosen ones?"  
But Peter with the warmth of love straight saith:  
"O Lord, to whom shall we then go? Thou hast  
The words of endless life: we sure believe  
Thou art the Christ, Son of the living God."

Removed with His disciples from the crowd,  
Christ breaks the fast of day to be accost  
By Pharisee and scribe: "Why eat with hands  
Unwashed disciples Thine, to nullify  
Traditions old?" "O ye, blind leaders of  
The blind, how ye pervert the law to make  
Of none effect! Ye 'fore the spirit put

The letter of the law." To people all,—  
"O hearken unto me, ye with the ear  
To hear; but naught defiles a man save that  
Which cometh out, as from within the heart  
Proceeds the thought of evil deeds." Forth  
thence

Arising fares to distant parts remote,  
To Sidon, Tyre, to seek seclusion there.  
But vainly as His fame He ne'er outruns.  
Behold, one even here hath hope of help!  
Her home long darkened by the shadows grim,  
Is in the blackness of despair bereft  
The light of cheer. With all a mother's love,  
And importuning prayer she seeks it at  
His hand; nor will she be denied the boon,  
As Christ e'er honors faith, such great faith now,  
In giving to her love her daughter new.  
Thou weariest not, O Saviour of the soul!  
Of mercy's kindly work: 'tis Thy delight  
To re-create in health, the body soul.  
Believing ones Thou turnest ne'er away,  
Albeit not of Israel's chosen race.  
Anew Thou mak'st the deaf to hear, the dumb  
To sing, till all the people marvel oft:  
To wondering say,—"How He hath wrought  
for us!  
It is Elias come again." But faint  
From three days' fast a greater work should see.  
The heart respondent to the slightest need,  
Returning sends them nourished new by loaf

And fish o'ermultiplied, lest they fall out  
By way. As to Bethsaida Christ was come,  
One long in darksome night awaits His touch,  
To see thro' test of faith the light of day.  
Thence faring forth to several towns Christ by  
The way straight questions His disciples' faith:  
"Whom do men say I am?" When told Elias,  
John the Baptist, Jeremias, He saith:  
"Whom say ye that I am?" From Peter thus  
To straightway hear,—"Thou art the Christ of  
God."

Unveils the softening mist of yon high mount:  
Revealing all the grandeur of the dome  
In light supernal from the heavenly heights,  
In beatific ray from out the blest,  
In glory strangely new to fallen earth.  
Lo! retransfigured is the Christ in all  
The glory of the disembodied soul!  
The startled air revibrates with the tones  
Of years undimmed by all the storied past.  
The prophets mighty in forecasting things,  
Anew foretell His dolorous decease,  
In trial, suffering, and the shameful form:  
To so repurchase all the souls of men.  
List! list! from pensile cloud is clearly heard:  
"This my beloved Son, who pleaseth me."  
The three disciples list in rapturous awe:  
"Would we might here abide alway!" But nay,  
From mount of blessing to the work below,

The greater privilege and the higher life.  
With multitudes awaiting on the plain,  
A father, with an only son deprived  
Of reason's light, implores on bended knee  
The power of Christ: "Have mercy on my son,  
O Lord, for he is crazy sore; in fire  
And water falleth oft. I, him to Thy  
Disciples brought but they were powerless  
To cure." Rebuking His disciples' lack  
Of faith, rebuked the devil in the child  
To full restore: the mighty power of God  
To show to people's great amaze. He thence  
Departing fares thro' Galilee to speak  
Of His decease and near accomplishment;  
Its manner and the resurrection from:  
But His disciples comprehended not.  
As they to city His were come behold,  
He manifests anew His power to pay  
The temple-tax in bidding Peter take  
It from the fish's mouth, lest they offend  
In keeping not the law. As they could not  
Decide tho' oft disputing by the way,  
Disciples straightly come to question Him:  
"Who in Thy kingdom greatest is?" Christ calls  
A child and setting him in midst straight saith,—  
"Except ye be convert and trusting as  
This child, ye shall not enter in but he  
That is as low, shall greatest be; whoso  
For me receives this child receiveth me:  
But whosoe'er offends would better lose

His life. Offenses needs must come but woe  
To him by whom they come. If thou must part  
With aught to enter life, 'tis better far  
Than whole to enter death. Nor yet despise  
My little ones whose angels see alway  
My Father's face: for I but save the lost.  
Think ye not man would seek the straying sheep,  
Rejoicing more if found than o'er the safe  
In fold? e'en so your Father wills not one  
Be lost. If two of you agree to ask  
My Father aught it shall be done for you:  
For where ye gather in my name tho' but  
In twos and threes, there shall I be with you." Then Peter saith,—"How oft shall I forgive  
My brother's sin to me, till seven times?" Saith Jesus,—"Nay, till seventy times seven:  
Else you would like the heartless servant be,  
Who failed to show the mercy shown to him,  
So met his just desert. Thus shall to you  
My Father do if ye from depth of heart,  
Forgive not all your brother oweth you."

The time celestial waning little past  
The full, so straitly kept by all the Jews  
In celebration of the feast of booths,  
Now calleth them to old Jerusalem;  
The Pharisee, the scribe, the doctors all:  
Who thinking to ensnare the Nazarene  
In letter of the law, straight question,—"Where  
Is He?" to find Him in the Temple-court,

Teaching as no man ever taught unlearned;  
For marveling thus to hear: "My doctrine is  
Not mine but His that sent me unto you.  
Whoso will do His will shall doctrine know,  
Whether it be of God or emanates  
From me: for he his glory only seeks  
Who speaketh of himself; but he that seeks  
God's glory sole, is wholly righteous true.  
Was not your law by Moses given and yet  
Ye keep it not? Why seek ye me to kill?  
At mercy's work in me ye marvel much,  
To cavil more if done on Sabbath day:  
Tho' still to keep the law ye circumcise,  
That day. Why angered so at me who makes  
A man e'en whole? Judge not by what ye see,  
But righteous judgment judge." To doubting  
ones

That question,—"Who is He?" that know Him  
not

As Christ,—"Ye both know me and whence I am.  
Nor come I had I not been sent of Him  
Who's true, whom ye know not, but I. Awhile  
I'm but with you to then return to Him  
Who sent me forth. Ye shall me seek but shall  
Not find for where I am ye cannot come."  
So to confusion of the Jews He spake.  
Upon the last great day, the day of feast,  
He stood in midst of people all and cried:  
"If any of you thirst come unto me  
And drink, for whosoe'er believes in me,

Shall fountain be of living waters pure.”  
Tho’ many so think Him a prophet true,  
E’en some the Christ, still others question doubt,  
To ask,—“Shall Christ come out of Galilee?”  
While some would take to give Him up but could  
Not lay their hands for hurt before His hour.  
O mount of hallowed peace and calm, how blest  
Art thou! How happy all thine olive groves  
To shelter, rest thy Maker’s wearied heart,  
And frame; to fresh exhale of balm thine own  
In infinitude: to breathe returning strength,  
As He thy quiet seeks from stress of day!  
Ere dawn soft bids another day good morn,  
He leaves the restful mount for Temple-court;  
To teach, enlighten all assembling there.  
Behold, the doors wide open to the mob!  
Dragging a sinning woman to the light  
Of day, to see if Christ would judge her by  
Their lore. To their accusings writes but on  
The floor: “None doeth good on earth not one.”  
Then saith,—“He without sin can cast first stone.”  
Then stooping writes,—“Judge not lest ye be  
judged.”  
Lo! all were fled. To woman saith,—“As these  
Condemn thee not, so neither I; but go  
And sin no more.” Returns the Pharisee  
To question, doubt the record of His life;  
His office of divine ambassador:  
When He,—“I am this dark world’s light: but he  
That followeth me shall have the light of life.

Tho' I bear record of myself 'tis true.  
The Father witness bears of me whom ye  
Know not, else Him in me would know: but ye  
Shall know when ye shall lift me up. Of world  
Ye are but I am not; if ye on me  
Will not believe ye in your sins shall die.  
I tell you but the truth yet ye believe  
It not because you're of the evil one,  
And not of God or you would not thus say  
I devil have. I, Father, honor sole,  
And He e'er honors me. Your God ye say  
He is yet Him know not for you His word  
Ne'er keep. Tho' he rejoiced to see my day,  
Before your father Abraham I was."  
Incensed and angered by His word would cast  
At Him the stone but He passed by on way,  
To use the essence of the Holy One,  
For soul in darkness of the day from dawn:  
To ope the inner with the outer sight.  
But works beneficent may not be wrought  
On Sabbath day by Pharisee or scribe,  
Who spirit lose in letter of the law:  
So question the recipient of the deed  
To say,—“God works not on the Sabbath day;  
He's not of God but of the devil sure.”  
As though the evil one could work good works  
E'en on that day or any other day.  
Saith Christ to Pharisees the more: “As by  
The door the shepherd enters in to call  
His sheep by name, to safely lead them out

To pastures green, to life abundant more,  
And not as robber, thief for any hurt,  
So when he putteth forth the sheep he goes  
Before to first prepare the way unknown.  
I am the shepherd good to give his life  
For sheep. To know to be as known of them.  
All others but the thieves to steal destroy,  
And kill. As Father knoweth me e'en so  
I, Father know. E'en down I lay my life  
For all the sheep as I some have of not  
This fold, who too shall hear my voice: therefore  
My Father loveth me as I lay down  
My life to take it new." Thus spake He to  
Their doubt,—"Is He the Christ?" To newly  
hear:  
"I told you so but ye believed it not.  
The works I work in Father's name of me  
A witness bear; but ye do not believe  
As you're not of my sheep who hear my voice  
To follow me. To them I give but life,  
Eternal life, and they shall perish ne'er:  
Nor shall one pluck them out my hand. As He  
Who gave them me is greater than you all,  
So none hath power from out my Father's hand  
To pluck: but He and I are one." When they  
Would stone Him for this word He further  
saith:  
"Say ye I thus blaspheme, whom Father hath  
Anoint, to call myself the Son of God?  
If I work not my Father's work believe

Me not; but if I do tho' ye believe  
Not me believe the works, to know believe,  
Our being's unity." But they, alas!  
To follow Him would not the shepherd know.

In sympathetic hue with day the morn  
Was chill and drear; no rift of light foretold  
The reign of its illuminant; no lute  
Of hope for grieving hearts in home bereft  
Of cheer; the Bethany home, the loved abode  
Of three: the one by its distinguished guest  
Oft blessed. But sickness, death hath entered  
there  
And shorn it of its strength. The sisters two,  
Bethink them of the healing touch and voice.  
"Had He been here our brother had not died.  
Alas! alas! He cometh not to us.  
But list! His step, His voice I surely hear!  
He's come at last! ah me! He's come too late!"  
And Martha hastens to sadly say,—"O Lord,  
Hadst Thou been here our brother had not died!  
But know I now what Thou wilt ask of God,  
Will granted be, for Thou art Christ the Son  
Of God." He saith: "Thy brother shall arise.  
I am the resurrection and the life.  
He that believes in me tho' dead shall live.  
And whoso lives, believes in me shall not  
See death." To full confession of her faith.  
Tho' He shall soon dispel the darkling cloud,  
His feeling heart expresses but in grief,

In perfect sympathy. Behold, He weeps !  
Their faith must know the trial's test,  
As e'en corruption's work four days hath  
wrought.

Lo ! to their great amaze commands the stone  
To be removed and lifts His voice in prayer :  
"I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hearest  
me ;

I know Thou always hearest me but this  
I say that these Thy people may believe."

Then loudly cries,—"Lazarus, come forth!"  
behold,

He rises in the flush of life to love,  
To glory of his Lord anew restored !

While Christ retires to desert parts to rest  
From persecution of the foes that seek  
His life : to send by twos the seventy forth,  
With power to heal the sick ; with cheering  
word,—

"The kingdom nigh is come :" till they return  
With joy to say,—"Lord, e'en to us and through  
Thy name the devils subject are." He saith :  
"I, Satan see as lightning fall from heaven.  
Behold, I give you power to scorpions tread,  
And over all the enemy's power and naught  
Shall do thee hurt : but withal this rejoice  
Not o'er the spirits subject unto you,  
But rather more rejoice, to have your names  
In heaven writ." To lawyer's tempting word,—  
"Master, what shall I do eternal life

To gain?" He saith,—"What's written in the law?

How readest thou? Do this and thou shalt live:  
As the Samaritan who neighbor found  
By way, tho' priest and Levite passed him by  
When wounded, beaten, left for dead." As  
Christ

To holy city fares, He rests by way  
In house of His reviving cheer that holds  
The three so loved by His affectionate heart.  
Martha for His refreshment would prepare  
The meal in haste, so Mary seeks to find  
Her listening to His gracious word. "Lord, bid  
Her help, she lets me serve alone." But  
He,—

"Martha, these little things vex you too much.  
But needful is the one that cannot be  
Taken away, which Mary hath chosen."  
To His disciples by the way He taught  
In parables the truth. The rest of faith,  
By patient importuning prayer. By prayer  
Of faith, the Father's gift. By the rich fool,  
The folly of amassing wealth. By His  
Provision for the raven's food the dress  
Of lily, lesson of the Father's care.  
By fate of fruitless fig, the urgent need  
Of all to full repent. In house of prayer,  
The passing of the days new finds the Christ,  
Breaking the bread of life to people all.  
Behold! a woman bent, o'erbowed to half

Her height for nigh a score, hath slowly  
crawled  
To outer door for crumb of prayer and praise;  
To joyous hear from His commiserate heart,—  
“Woman, thou’rt loosed from thine infirmity!”  
Lo! new erect she glorifies her Lord.  
Tho’ ruler doth accuse Him for this work,  
The people more rejoice o’er such great power.  
“What will ye like God’s kingdom to? To  
what  
Shall I compare but to the mustard seed  
In garden sown that grew to lodge the birds:  
To leaven hid in measures three of meal  
That leavened all.” From Temple Christ repairs  
To dine with chief of Pharisees to come  
In social contact with the high and low.  
Behold, He finds e’en here His work in one  
With dropsy sore afflict, to life new give:  
Tho’ they would Him condemn for mercy’s  
act.  
To guests who sought preëminence of seat,  
In parable of wedding-feast He doth  
Humility’s sweet lesson newly give.  
The consequence of heeding not His call,  
In supper great. The joy of heaven o’er lost  
Returned, in joy o’er silver piece regained.  
In father’s bliss o’er son’s repentant turn,  
The heavenly Father’s joy o’er wanderer  
Reclaimed. In unjust steward’s tale,  
Impossibility of serving two.

In tale of Divès, Lazarus, but here  
Repentance' place. So taught He them His  
truth.

Make way! make way! ye one and all make way!  
Hear, hear ye not, the haunting, broken cry,  
The saddest ever heard from mortal's lips,—  
“Unclean! unclean!” and widely parts the  
crowd,

To see the shrunken frame, disfigured face,  
Enveloped in the tallith o'er and o'er.

Lo! One perceives without the fear of touch.  
Too pure to be contaminate by aught.

He sees to pity, to redeem to save:  
And bids them go to priest to keep the law.  
Lo! one returns to glorify the Lord.

“Were ten not wholly cleansed? Where are  
the nine?”

Alas! but voiceless echo answers where?  
The morrow finds Him teaching as of yore  
Within the holy city's gates to all  
Of hearing ears the blessing but obtained  
In persevering prayer. In high exalt,  
The beauty of humility. Behold,  
One running hastens ere He be gone to ask,—  
“Master, what shall I do eternal life  
To win? From youth I've kept all Thy  
commands.”

With look of love Christ saith: “Yet lackest thou  
One thing; give all thou hast to poor; take up

Thy cross and follow me so thou in heaven  
Shalt treasure have.” Alas! he Master grieved  
In going ‘way. Which Peter seeing saith:  
“Lo! we to follow Thee have left our all.”  
Then by the laborers in the field He taught  
That all engaging in His work for short  
Or longer time should equal wage receive.  
The gift’s increase the measure of reward,  
By parable of pounds. So shut the day  
In lucent words man’s wisdom never spake.  
O treasury of the most enlightened thought!  
That threads the maze of dark and devious ways,  
To open vistas to the wildering sight,  
A star of hope in sin’s all starless night  
Art Thou, to one with ears to hear Thy voice:  
With faith insistent oft to cry aloud,—  
“Thou Jesus, son of David, mercy have  
On me!” and Bartimeus to his Lord  
Forth led receives for faith the boon of sight:  
To follow Him throughout a grateful life.  
“Zaccheus, make haste Zaccheus, to descend,  
I must to-day abide with thee:” saith Christ  
To longing look expectant gaze. And hastens  
Zaccheus joyously to say,—“Lord, half  
My goods I give to poor; if aught I take  
Restore fourfold.” “Salvation to thy house  
Is come:” saith Christ,—“to bless thee all the  
way.”  
To those now giving greet and reverent love  
Within the Bethany home, tho’ they prepare

A feast in honor His, He greater by  
His presence gives in blessing prayer and wise  
Discourse. As they from dining rise in love  
O'erflowing from a grateful heart Mary  
A pound of precious ointment breaks to full  
Anoint His feet, and wipe with flowing tress.  
Lo! all the house is with the perfume filled,  
And all the years with redolence of love!

List! list! attentive air all tremulous  
In tone is vibrant with the melody  
Of lilt; the ministering breeze swift wafts the  
wave,  
To break in tidal power o'er heart and ear;  
To echo through the grave of all the years:  
“Hosanna! hosanna! all praise to Christ  
The king!” Lo! cometh He in royal state  
On love's highway with victory newly strewn!  
At last, at last He cometh to His own!  
“Hosanna! hosanna!” the children how  
They sing! “Hosanna! hosanna!” the naves  
And arches ring. Alas! with prescience clear  
He weeps! He weeps with grief's o'ermastering  
cry:  
“Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how oft  
Would I have gathered thee, e'en as the hen  
Doth gather under wing her brood but ye  
Would not.” As they for gain, the house 'of  
prayer,  
The Father's house do make the den of thieves,

They new incur His anger in reproach;  
In casting all the buyers sellers forth.  
With His disciples at the close of day,  
Retires to Bethany, the home beloved  
Of the immortal three, the restful night  
To spend. In freshness of the morn to teach  
By withered fig the need of faith in prayer:  
Of love forgiving too. So softly drops  
He word and precept by the way to sow  
The fallow heart of unbelief for life.  
Re-entering through the city's gate forthwith  
To Temple fares to answer cavilers there,  
Who question His authority for work  
That pleases not, that sets ill practice by:  
To answer by the question's turn. By tale  
Of father and two sons to illustrate  
Those doing but God's will shall kingdom see  
The first. By wicked husbandmen the truth  
That all rejection of the Son with death  
Eternal shall be visited. By feast  
Of king, that all who enter unprepared,  
Shall be eject with endless punishment.  
By Cæsar's coin for all authority  
Respect. By answer to the lawyer's quiz,  
He taught the law's epitome in two  
Commandments. As He by treasury sat  
Beholding each one's grace of gift beheld  
For all the years the widow's gift of all:  
The measure in excess of sacrifice.  
Then to attention called of people all,

The well known works of scribes and Pharisees  
To reprobate: to woe pronounce upon  
Their heads. As Christ anew for Olivet  
The Temple leaves, they speak disciples His,  
Of its magnificence and size of stones;  
To hear but sad prediction of its fall;  
Conditions to precede the city's close:  
The tribulation, woe of people all.  
And when they would foreknow the day and  
hour,

But answer makes,—“My Father only knows.  
Be ready ye for in the hour ye think  
Not of the Son of man cometh. Who then  
Is faithful found to me shall blessed be:  
Thus shall my kingdom like ten virgins be,  
Who took their lamps to bridegroom meet;  
while five

Took oil to waste replace, the foolish five  
Took none so could not enter in too late.  
Watch therefore ye as knowing not the day  
Nor hour wherein the Son of man shall come.

My kingdom too is like the man traveling  
To country far, who to his servants gave  
His goods; to one the talents five; the two  
To another; to other one; to straight  
His journey take: with lapse of years returns  
To call them to account. He finds the one  
With talent least the unimproved; so gives  
To one with capability of use.  
For unto you that hath shall given be,

But he that hath not, shall be taken away  
E'en that he hath. When comes the Son of man  
In His glory with angels holy then  
Shall He sit on the throne of His glory,  
To separate the nations gathered there.  
As shepherd doth divide the sheep from goats,  
Putting the sheep to right, the goats to left,  
So shall the King then say to those on right,—  
'Come ye, come ye my Father's blessed possess  
The kingdom long prepared for you; for I  
Was hungered and ye gave me meat; thirsty,  
And ye gave me drink; stranger I ye took  
Me in: naked ye clothèd me. I was  
In prison and ye came to me. Although  
Ye saw me not, in doing to the least  
Of these ye did it unto me.' To those  
On left shall say,—'Depart from me ye cursed,  
To endless fire for devil and his host  
Prepared, for ye in doing not the good  
Ye should have done, have done it not to me.' "

The clouds long gathering, spread in darkness  
o'er  
His head as nearer loomed the suffering hour.  
The fury of His foes would be no more  
Restrained. The time full waited for drew nigh.  
Alas! alas! it cometh through His own.  
Thro' one acquaint with all His ways of life,  
His acts beneficent to suffering man,  
His love forgiving toward His bitterest foes.

But haply Christ hath crushed the traitor's hope,  
In not establishing His kingdom here;  
And fain the declaration of His power  
Would force by such an overt act: be as  
It may, to detestation of a world  
'Twas done. The scribes and Pharisees  
Accept the wage of blood and bide their time.  
To His disciples Christ now saith: "Prepare  
The passover for me in upper room,  
Which ye will ready find by following one  
With pitcher in his hand." At evenfall  
They gather in the room e'er sacred more,  
To keep with Christ the hallowed feast of  
love.

The most beloved sits nearest to His heart,  
And Peter nearest side with others ranged  
Around. "With great desire have I desired  
To eat before my suffering hour this feast  
With you, as I no more will eat it here:"  
Saith Christ. Then taking cup gave thanks and  
passed

It with,—"This cup is the new testament  
Of my blood which is shed for you." Likewise  
He took the bread saying,—"This is my body  
which

Is given for you: this do in remembrance  
Of me. Behold the traitor's hand is here!"  
"Lord, is it I?" "Is it I, Lord?" each asks.  
" 'Tis he to whom I give the sop." In grief,  
Amaze they turn to Judas see to hear

Him thus addressed: "Do quickly what thou hast

To do." To Peter,—"Satan hath desired Thee too, but I have prayed thy faith fail not: And when convert thy brethren strengthen too."

"Dear Lord, I'm ready now for prison death With Thee." But Christ replies,—"Before the cock

Shall crow this day thou shalt deny me thrice." Then rising up begirts Himself with towel, And washes wipes the feet of each. "For us, Dear Lord, dost stoop so low, such menial act Perform for us the creatures of Thy hand!

Not, not our feet, dear Lord, but head and hands,

If so Thou seest best, tho' we know not Such reach of love:" so Peter's bursting heart. "Know ye what I have done? If I your Lord, So do ye should the same to each one do, As servant is no greater than his Lord.

Happy are ye to do these things. If ye Shall each one love as I love you then shall Men know ye my disciples are. Grieve not

Nor troubled be; believe in God, believe

Also in me. I go to first prepare

A place for you: to come to you anew.

I go the Comforter to send that He

May guide you into truth, may teach and bring All things to mind what I have said to you.

My peace I leave with you, my peace I give

To you. Let not your heart be troubled so,  
Nor let it be afraid. Tho' ye should have  
In world but tribulation woe be of  
Good cheer; I have the world o'ercome." With  
mien

Of sorrow, downcast look, they slowly leave  
The hallowed room for Olivet. The night  
In sympathetic hue o'erveils with cloud,  
To screen them as they pass the city's gates.  
The sad recurrent thought returns to press  
With untold weight: "His word is come to pass.  
He told us oft but we would hear it not.  
Alas! alas! He goeth out from us!"

What place more hallowed than the quiet mount,  
For this the service first of prayer and praise!  
How near to heaven they as kneeling there,  
They list in awe to Christ's prevailing prayer:  
"Father, the hour is come to glorify  
Thy son, that he may also glorify  
Thee. I have glorified Thee on the earth.  
I have finished the work Thou gavest me  
To do. O Father, glorify Thou me  
With Thine own self with all our first glory.  
I've shown Thy name to all Thou gavest me.  
I've given them Thy word which they have kept.  
I pray for them as they are Thine and Thine  
Are mine and I am glorified in them.  
O holy Father, keep as I have kept,  
That they may be as we are one: that they  
May know our joy. I pray not to take them

From the world but only from the evil  
Keep. Sanctify them through Thy word of  
truth:

For I send them into the world as Thou  
Hast sent me. Nor pray I for these alone,  
But for all who shall believe me thro' their  
Word: that in our glory one may be.  
Father, I will they should my glory see,  
Which Thou hast given me for Thy great love.  
Righteous Father, the world hath not known  
Thee:

But I have known and these that Thou hast sent  
Me forth. I have declared Thy name and will  
Declare that all Thy love to me may be.  
In them and I in them.” They rising sing:

“Eternal God, we Thee adore:  
The glory of Thine august name,  
Thro’ endless ages e’er the same,  
Shall be proclaimed from shore to shore.

“Our Father, God, we Thee extol:  
The measure of the mighty love,  
That brought Thee to us from above,  
Shall to Thy feet draw sinners all.”

### The Mission

#### V

How drear the night with not a star in sight!  
How felt the darkness with its palling weight!

How heavily the answering spirit weighs!  
The shadows lengthen to sepulchral shades.  
Eerie the air with blackness so profound.  
Pregnant with sympathy the dolorous night:  
Veiled in sorrow all his luminosity.  
Mater dolorosa thou, O holy mount!  
Sacred fore'er to every human plaint.  
Thy drooping shade expresses all thou wouldest  
If couldst conceal as thou beholdest Him,  
O'erweight with sorrow's penalty for sin;  
With grief too great for but the three to see;  
The three most near to the all-loving heart,  
That so exud'st with woe for all the sin:  
The sin that crushes in its fold the life.  
O list! He prays the prayer acceptable  
To God: "Father, if it be possible,  
Let this cup pass from me: nevertheless  
Not as I will but as Thou wilt." He thrice  
Returns for sympathy to find it not.  
The three, alas! know not the depth of grief  
That issues but in blood: that angels but  
May minister to. Rouse ye, ye sorrow-slept!  
Watch ye henceforth as knowing not your hour.  
Behold, he is at hand that doth betray!  
List! list! the murmurous voices nearer move!  
Lo! now surrounding the vociferous mob!  
"Hail, Master!" cries the traitor with a kiss.  
"What! come ye out as for a thief with swords  
And staves! I was daily in the Temple  
Yet ye took me not: but this your hour,

The powers of darkness' hour." Lo! all as dead  
Fall back, o'erawed by majesty of mien.

But as they seize to lead Him forth one draws  
The sword and lops a servant's ear. With touch  
To heal Christ saith: "Put sword in sheath;  
shall I

Not drink the cup my Father gives? No power  
Have they o'er me unless my Father wills."  
So by His will is brought to priestly house.

The three nor keeping watch nor ward nor kept  
His pace in trial hour, but frightened fled  
To follow Him afar. What! Peter, he  
Of loudly loyal word, deserter too!  
Yea, verily, as list his speech: "I swear  
I know Him not." So thrice denied with oath,  
To sad recall by Jesus' look His word.  
Deserted by His own is roughly dealt  
With by the mob, who deem no insult as  
Too mean, no foul reproach too vile,  
No gross indignity too great for Him,  
The sovereign of the worlds: but this the time  
And hour for play of all the evil powers,  
As they in person of the priests and scribes,  
In council all so question to condemn.  
Tho' Christ the truth affirms, to but His ill  
They wrest to straight accuse to Pilate's face:  
"We found this fellow perverting our race;  
Forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar,  
Saying sole,—'He was Christ the king.'"

Tho' Pilate questions 'long this line can find  
No fault in faultless of prisoners all.  
But to conciliate the Jews athirst  
For blood, to Herod sends desirous long  
To see the One with supernatural powers.  
As Christ would not to Herod please misuse  
His power, is mocked of him and set at naught  
Of soldiers all and sent in gorgeous robe  
To Pilate back, who calls the rulers all  
To thus address: "Ye brought this man to me  
As one perverting the people but I  
Having examined Him have found no fault  
Touching those things whereof ye Him accuse;  
Nor Herod e'en; lo, naught of death is done  
By Him: I will chastise and Him release."  
But scribes and Pharisees have nursed their  
hate  
Too long; in fury unrestrained it now  
Breaks forth in loud vociferous cries: "Away  
With Him! away with Him! crucify Him!  
Release Barabbas not this man to us."  
Tho' Pilate would of choice as having found  
Him free of fault, yea more his wife to please,  
Prevail for His release, yet durst not thwart  
The wish of mob to work his own o'erthrow:  
So 'gainst his will delivered Christ to their  
Ill will. Know ye, ye purblind folk, all ye  
Have done in calling down His blood on you?  
The vengeance of almighty God. What! shrink  
Ye not from such a curse! Ye shall repay

With fearful cost to you and yours in blood  
As free as water poured; in city left  
A heap: to nigh extinction of your race.

Behold Him ye who now pass by! Behold  
With sorrow in your hearts the saddest sight  
Earth yet hath seen: her Maker in the dust!  
The frail and tortured frame afaint beneath  
The cross! So rudely handled by the mob,  
So jeered, so spit upon, bemocked with crown  
Of thorns. "Weep not for me,—" He saith:  
"but weep

Ye daughters all for you and yours in days  
To come." A spectacle for ages all:  
The soldiers with the malefactors two,  
The suffering Christ supported on each side,  
The scribes and Pharisees, disciples all,  
The people, women children not a few,  
Simon with cross slow moving to the place  
Beyond the city's wall, to Calvary.

Veil, veil your faces from the fearsome sight!  
Look not upon the bruised and suffering form  
Outstretched upon the cross, unless ye see  
The manifest of love for all mankind:  
The crown of love uplifted in your midst.  
Alas! the sorrowing ones about the cross,  
Behold but utter downfall of their hopes:  
The light of day gone down in darkest night.  
Was Christ the Son of God to perish so?

Ah me! the mother-heart beholds in grief  
Too bitter to control: in agony  
She sobs. Which Jesus seeing saith to John,—  
“Behold thy mother now!” to her,—“Behold  
Thy son!” Nor may the heavens behold,  
As they enshroud in sable pall the three  
Long hours of more than mortal woe. The mob  
Behold to jeer, to mock, to rail at what  
They wot not of; the rulers to deride  
His helplessness: the soldiers too to gibe.  
“Father, forgive they know not what they do:”  
The loving sufferer breathes. The penitent thief  
Beholds to cry,—“O Lord, remember me,  
When Thou dost to Thy kingdom come:” to  
hear,—  
“To-day, with me in Paradise shalt be.”  
Veiled too the Father’s face from His loved  
son,  
As He may not behold on Him the weight  
Of sin now crushing in its fold the heart:  
The heart so breaking for a sinning world.  
“My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken  
me?”  
This, this the blow to break the loving heart!  
“ ’Tis finished: Father, into Thy hands I  
Commend my spirit.” Lo! rends the veil  
Apart! The fissures wide, the rending rocks,  
The open graves behold to thus protest:  
While the centurion so beholding cries,—  
“So truly was this man the Son of God.”

## The Mission

## VI

Awake, O earth, to jubilate of joy!  
To all thy morning lilt of melody.  
Attune all hearts to symphony of song,  
For sorrow fleeth on the wings of night.  
Lo! risen is He to day's effulgent light!  
In all the glory of the triune God,  
That mortals ne'er behold to live as all  
The keepers but as dead men are. The seal  
Is burst: the open tomb hath angel guard.  
Risen to paralyze the enemy's power;  
Risen to raise the dead to life e'ermore;  
Risen to shatter every shackle off;  
Risen to resurrect the heart to joy;  
Risen to confirm the faith of countless hosts:  
Yea, risen as the angel truly saith,—  
“Fear not, ye women true, He's risen as He  
Told you. Before you into Galilee  
He fares: go quickly His disciples tell.”  
Risen to Mary listening to His speech:  
“Woman, why wepest thou? Whom seekest  
thou?  
Go to my brethren, say I will ascend  
Unto my Father and your Father to  
My God and yours.” Risen to the two as they  
Converse of all the happenings of the days;  
The sorrowed days that shut in darkest night:  
Risen a-breaking bread with them anew.

Risen to th' eleven in,—“Peace be unto you;”  
In manifest of real flesh and blood;  
In new partaking of the eve's repast:  
In opening up the Scriptures new to see  
His life therein foretold, its sufferings death,  
And resurrection from. In bidding them  
Go forth as witnesses to risen power:  
To tarry for its full enduement first.  
Then breathing on them saith: “Receive ye all  
The Holy Ghost; whose sins ye do remit,  
Remitted are: whose sins ye do retain  
Retainèd are.” Risen too to Thomas' doubt,  
Who to believe would feel the nails' imprint:  
But solely seeing,—“My Lord and my God.”  
Risen newly to His own upon the shore  
Immortalized by all His acts and words,  
In sweet familiar converse as of yore:  
To minister to their temporal needs anew.  
Reiterant confession of his love  
To win from Peter new. To many risen  
On mount of Galilee, to bid them go  
All nations to disciple, teach what He  
Had taught baptizing in the triune name:  
As He with them would be alway to end.  
Risen to impress His mission more upon  
The hearts of His disciples all. Risen to  
Ascend to interceding power with God:  
As with the passing days in sweet converse,  
Is come the passing hour, when faring as  
Of yore to Bethany, He new commands

Them tarry in Jerusalem for power:  
 To go as witnesses of His to all  
 The world. Lo! as they list to catch each word,  
 Each tone, inflection of His voice with love  
 His personnel to see, they in amaze  
 Behold His feet uplift, His hands upraise  
 In blessing as He wings His aerial way  
 Beyond their straining ken to His abode.

### The Mission

#### VII

“Hallelujah to our God!  
 His all the glory, praise,  
 That we hallelujahs raise,  
 To the Christ we love to laud.

“Worthy adoration all,  
 Whoso saves a sinning race  
 By the purchase of His grace:  
 Lowly at His feet we fall:”

So rang high heaven with loud acclaim as He  
 In convoy of the archangelic host,  
 Preceded to the great white throne. Crown  
 Him,  
 Crown Him with all the diadem of love!  
 Crown Him the conqueror over sin and death!  
 Crown Him the victor o'er man's mightiest foe!  
 Crown Him the only sufferer for a world!

Crown him, yea crown Him all with love!  
So crowned He now returneth to His own;  
To all the glory of the triune God;  
To fellowship man's sin did interrupt:  
"My well loved Son, who always pleaseth me,  
Most worthy Thou of exaltation praise.  
Yea, exalted Thou o'er principalities  
And powers, o'er all that's named or can be  
named:  
For the sufferings which hath crowned Thee  
with  
Our love. Complete Thy finished work for man.  
Thy blood the full atonement for his guilt.  
Thy purchase hath but intercessory power.  
Thy love exalts Thee high, high over all."  
Anew the heavenly arches ring with praise  
From cherub, seraph, archangelic host:  
"Crown Him the Saviour of the souls of men!  
Crown Him ye saved, with your devotion all!  
Crown Him with trophies of your victories all!  
Crown Him with all your capability  
Of love! Crown Him, ye ages all, with your  
Accumulating praise for He alone  
Is worthy! Crown Him, crown Him Lord of  
all!"

## PORTRAITURES

## I

In heart, in mind of Being infinite,  
A purpose vast in reach of limitless power,  
To bear to endless cycles fruit was first  
Conceived. From out the darkness shadowy  
Of cloud enfolding cloud shone forth the light,  
Giving life from the Presence resplendent:  
Dividing the daylight from darkness dense.  
In midst of wild wastes of water was stretched  
The heavenly firmament, parting them wide  
Asunder. Myriads of stellar worlds  
In ellipses concentric coursing round  
Effulgent orbs of splendor were marshaled  
Into exquisite order of being.  
Earth with her twin illuminants as night  
And day attendants, marking days and years,  
With ever recurring seasons formed part  
Of system wondrous. Earth with fauna  
And flora in multiform variant  
Phases, in hue and coloring matchless.  
Life minute invisible to life visible,  
A symphonic scale of being: attuned  
To melodious praise by harmonic  
Touch of the Master. From winged fowl  
Of air to finny denizen of deep,  
Each fitting and filling the place designed

By their Maker. Stamped with God-like image,  
Endowed with life immortal creation's  
Crowning act was man; a living sentient  
Exponent of the Power divine who breathed  
Commanding thought in word, and lo! 'Twas  
done:

The marvels of creation wrought that all  
Might glorify the Word unveiled to man.

## II

The trackless desert wild, divest of all  
The hues so pleasing to the jaded sight,  
Unbuilt, undwelt by aught of human kind,  
But home of savage beast, of reptile huge,  
Hath still the cooling fount to lave the thirst  
Of bird, beast, bug, or little hopping toad:  
So life hath lease and hope a fresher wing,  
From this e'er living, never failing spring,  
In the wild wilderness desert of Shur.  
The heat of day is rising to the full;  
Anon it waxes, wanes apace ere ebbs  
To cool of day: slowly, wearily o'er  
Long stretches from remote Palestina,  
Lonely sole forlorn, in collapse mental,  
Spiritual, corporeal, cometh one  
Thrust out from heart from home from all that  
life  
Holds dear; stranger in name, in heart in life  
To love: a pitiable outcast she.

While sitting near the fountain's flow in thought  
Depressed, behold! a heavenly visitant  
Draws nigh to lift the spirit's pall to raise  
The drooping heart with words of courage  
cheer:

"Why so far from thy mistress Sarah?  
Return and all shall still go well with thee:  
Thy seed a fruitful bearing vine shall be.  
Thou shalt have son and name him Ishmael,  
God hears. He will be wild, at point of sword  
With kith and kin tho' dwelling with them all."  
Refreshed, revived, encouraged for the right,  
She straight returns to keep in memory's hold,  
This well of life, of joy, of cheer, to shine  
As sparkling stones in setting of the heart.

Time held in joyous leash fled fleet and fast.  
Life's cup love-brimmed o'erflowed with heaven's  
gift.

But finest gold is strengthened by alloy.  
Earth-ties unloose with only trouble's touch,  
To free the soul for upward heavenward flight:  
So new cast out from heart, from home from  
hearth,  
She fares not forth alone as heretofore,  
But 'companied with the promised child departs,  
Equipped with only water-flask and bread.  
Each day returning finds their store but less,  
Each night new weariness, increases adds,  
Till they alas! miss way to wander far

Afield; nor water may they find to quench  
The burning thirst: with all of hope removed,  
Afaint from hunger, with a sinking heart,  
They lay them down to slowly wait release.  
But One with heart of pity sees and calls:  
"What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not, God hath  
Heard the lad's voice. Arise, and lift him up.  
I'll make of him a nation great." Her eyes  
God-oped, behold the well so vainly sought:  
New life is quaffed with each reviving draught.  
She sees the Christ in Angel of the fount:  
The living well of everlasting life.

## III

In snowy Galaad's mount ariseseth,  
A little rivulet, bright sparkling as  
The sun: e'er deepening as it broadens out,  
A swelling tuneful brook. O how it skips,  
And trips along to dash its silver spray!  
Trilling musically, as merry trilling,  
Along its sinuous, tortuous way,  
Until it breathless rests on Jordan's breast.  
The oleander gay profusely blooms,  
To flower its sedgy margins all with pearl  
And roseate tints, while the reed forms emerald  
Setting to water's rhythmic flow. Anear  
This brook of fragrant memory came at close  
Of weary day a penitent who felt  
Sore need to pray. In peril great of soul

And body for the deeds of former day.  
All life's sins rose up before him as 'fore  
The drowning's gaze: o'erreaching and deceit,  
Grim specters of the soul. See! he wrestles  
Fierce and long till the breaking of the dawn,  
With man of angel face and form arrayed  
In dazzling raiment white. List! the angel's  
Saying,—“Let me go for day is breaking.”  
In his felt need of pardoned peace Jacob  
Cries out,—“I must have Thy blessing ere I  
Let Thee go.” The blessing tarried for  
His sense of need as straight he hears,—“Thou  
shalt  
No more be called Jacob, but Israel,  
For as prince hast thou power with God and  
man,  
And hast prevailed.” And lest he joy in strength  
His own, the hollow of his thigh is touched,  
And halting gait is thorn in flesh. He came  
To Jabbok's brook repentant sorrowful;  
He went his way rejoicing: having seen  
The Christ of blessing face to face.

## IV

Encircled with the spreading oak which long  
Defies the chilling blast, the hoar and rime  
Of winter's frost, with fresh virginity  
To bloom; tho' hoary with antiquity,  
And time's benignity, a derelict

Of history, is temple for God's praise;  
Whose quiet strength invites repose of soul,  
And true communion sweet: thus Mamre's vale  
Hath leafy setting for an emerald crown.  
In shadow's shade of nature's noblest tree,  
At door of tent 'twixt dewy morn and cool  
Of eve, sits one in pensive mood in thought  
Disturbed o'er man's ill deeds to man: which  
turn  
His paradise of peace to hell's unrest.  
While rapt in troubrous thought, a stranger-  
guest  
To sight appears to claim his kindly care:  
He lowly bows and hastes to show the grace  
Of hospitality tho' unaware  
He entertains thereby angelic guest.  
He fetches water for his feet and kills  
For his regalement fatted calf: he bids  
His wife prepare the accompanying cake.  
While breaking bread together his vision  
Clarifies to see the Christ in stranger-guest:  
Who visits those with welcome in the heart,  
Who keeps not from His faithful one but kind  
Reveals the place and purport of His call.  
The grievous cry of cities twin was heard  
By Him on high: He came to see if ills  
So great were working total wreck. Awhile  
He looked, then marveled much such outside  
fair  
Should cover inside foul. Abram drew near

In supplicating prayer to pardon plead;  
Using the God-lent privilege blessing  
Recipient and suppliant both: "Dear Lord,  
If fifty righteous souls be found wilt Thou  
Not save the town? It ill becomes but dust  
And ashes vile to importune Thee more:  
But Lord, if forty, thirty, ten be found,  
I will not strain Thy mercy more." The Christ  
Of mercy suffering long gave glad assent,  
And went His way communion o'er.

## V

The waves relentless beat a slow retreat,  
In solemn diapason unearthly sweet,  
From emerald plain harmonious in shape:  
Whereon uprising to majestic height,  
An altar-dome for nature's vale of rest.  
O cloud-wreathed mount with glory all illumed,  
So highly favored by thy sovereign Lord,  
As height historic for the law divine,  
Twin tablets writ with finger-pen of God,  
A benison to ages still unborn:  
Resonant with the voice of many waters,  
Quaking with thunder and flashing with fire,  
All hail, thou mount of God, most holy Sinai!  
As day's heat wanes and lengthening shadows  
fall,  
Ere ebon night unfolds his sable pall,  
A shepherd seeking out his straying sheep,

Moves nigh the mount, to straight behold a  
strange  
A startling sight: a burning burnless bush.  
He nearer draws to view the striking show,  
When lo! a voice melodious sweet-keyed  
To heavenly harmony, arrests his steps;  
Without similitude or shape “formless  
Fire” divinity’s symbol, breathes forth his name:  
“Moses, Moses, draw not nigher the bush;  
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet: holy  
The ground thou standest on. I am the God  
Of thy fathers Abram, Isaac, Jacob;  
The holy sinless spotless One: who can  
Not look upon iniquity or sin  
In any form or shape, tho’ sin-bearer  
For a sinning world. I Am that I Am Alpha,  
And Omega, the beginning and end.”

## VI

From icy heart of Ararat’s high mount,  
Where ancient ark refreshing rest first found,  
A clear cold stream meanders merrily,  
O’er pearly pebbly bed, to loudly leap  
With wild delight down sheer descent of rock;  
To seethe, to swirl, to surge with onward rush,  
Thro’ canyon wild and deep defile; to merge  
A gayly glittering swiftly silent stream,  
Bearing on bosom broad, brave stately prows,  
And gallant galleys gay. Coquetting long  
With neighbor stream unites in union blest:

O'erbrimmed with joyous buoyant life to bear  
To hillside vale a richly fertile soil.  
Majestic, noble, swiftly silent stream,  
Which erst through Eden's fragrant bowers  
flowed,  
Forever green thy chaplet crown of fame,  
Thou river of desire, Euphrates you!

A prophet, priest some say soothsayer too,  
The bard of Bosor town, here practiced art  
Divine; futurity foretold by signs  
Occult, by portents grave by augurs wise:  
To wrest from nature hidden lore. His fame  
Went out to all about and spread to far  
Off climes.

The son of Zippor Moab's king,  
Was vexed with trouble sore; so ill content  
With that he hath, he seeks to borrow more.  
The Israel host so numerous grown,  
Might overrun his land. If curses could  
Be called on them he need not fear them more.  
"O happy thought! I'll send this day to bard  
Of Bosor town to curse them up and down.  
Rich gifts must send to bribe him to my wish.  
All Israel shall be cursed the day or I'm  
Not Moab's king;" so mused, so spake Zippor.

By land by sea they hied those couriers swift,  
To do their king's behest. 'Twas dusk of eve,

When Bosor town was reached and bard was sought:

“Peace be to thee and thine, O man so sage!  
Our king gives thee good cheer and wishes thee  
Long life. He seeks to honor thee. His foes  
Cover the face of earth for multitude.

Too near abide for trust security.

Curse him this people, that he may smite them,  
And drive them off his land: for wot we well,  
Whom thou blessest is blessed, whom thou  
cursest

Is cursed.” “Lodge here this night, O noble  
men!

I'll answer you by morning light:” so spake  
The sage. By nightly vision came command,—  
“Go not with them, curse not whom I have  
blessed.”

He sent them back with wish denied tho' sore  
Against his will so loved he wage of ill.

They soon return those princely men to tempt  
Him further still: “Come thou with us we'll  
meet

Thy utmost wish.” Tho' bid again to curse  
Them not, he saddles ass with Balak's men:  
As lure of gain o'erbalanced love of right.  
He went short way when ass turned into field;  
He smites, she crushes foot against the wall:  
He smites again she falls down under him.  
When smitten thrice the dumb ass spoke: “What  
have

I done, that thou shouldst smite me sore?

Did I

Ever so unto thee?" His God-oped eyes  
Behold what ass beheld; a man whose sword  
Barred way; who gave dumb ass indignant  
speech,

To combat unjust wrong; who brooks no ill  
To man or beast so just and right is He:

Whose throne the justice-seat of judgment just,  
Of law. Lo! He speaks sternly to Balaam:

"Why hast thou smit thine ass three times?  
Withstandst

Thou more than she? Thy sinful ways perverse  
To me. Thou hadst been dead if thou wast she.  
Go on thy way, speak but the words I say.

The Christ of justice curses not His blessed."

## VII

The cloud-lit mount the glory of thy praise,  
The chalky cliff of whiteness as the snow,  
The feathery palm a shadow for the heat,  
Encircle thee as all the hills around;  
While silvery fountains and the sweeter stream,  
With fragrance of the flower and spicy balm,  
Make thee alluvial for a city's site:  
Thus locate on a pass of pluvial plain,  
A key strategic to the Jordan's vale,  
To Israel's sovereign right domain first fall.  
Tho' cursed with death for many eons long,

With castle-moat and palace-wall rebuilt,  
To found a school for holy prophets wise.  
Thou wert the scene immortalizing thee,  
Of thy great one's translation by his God:  
Whose mantle fell with spirit's double share,  
To witness of his flaming fiery flight.  
Hallowed by holy feet of King of kings,  
Most beauteous thou, blest city of the palm!

It was yestereve in the long ago,  
All Israel's host passed o'er the Jordan's bed,  
To camp while solemnizing churchly rite:  
While keeping all the sacrificial feast.  
The heavenly bread the angel fare their meat  
And meal-full forty years and long now fell  
No more. Anew they feel the toiling curse  
Of soil to yield them sustenance and food.  
The Canaanitish horde meanwhile were shut  
In city's wall besieged, and none went out,  
And none came in. While pacing back and  
forth,  
At set of sun in thought perplexed and grave,  
Before him Israel's leader saw straightway,  
A man with vesture dyed in blood whose head  
Was crowned with crowns, whose eyes were  
flaming fires,  
Whose name was writ on thigh,—“The King of  
kings,  
And Lord of lords:” whose sword was drawn  
to bar

His way. Approaching Him, he asked,—“art thou  
For us or our adversaries?” “Nay, but  
As Captain of the Lord’s host am I come,  
To give thee victory o’er thy foes: but loose  
Thy shoes from off thy feet, for holy is  
This place. I have given to thee Jericho,  
The king with mighty men of valor all.  
Six days thy men of war shall compass once  
The city. Seven priests bearing the seven  
Trumpets shall go before the Ark and blow  
Them seventh day when compassed seven times.  
At trumpet’s blast and people’s shout the wall  
Will straightway fall and lo! the city’s yours.”

## VIII

Thy wreath of hills bedecked with purpling  
vines,  
Thy sparkling fount with silvery sheen be-  
gemmed,  
Thy stately palms so beauteous of shade,  
Thy balsam bowers so fragrant for repose,  
Make thee, O city, a delightsome place!  
So found a people truly blest of God,  
Who came to pitch the Temple-tent; the blest  
Abode of cherubim and seraphim:  
Who o’er thee hovered with their shadowing  
wings,  
Thy guardian angels through the day and night.

Beneath thy vine and fig tree's shadowed shade,  
Ahijah loved to dwell. So favored thou,  
So highly with the name high over all,  
O city celebrant of Shiloh fame!

O happy folk, God-guided, guarded so!  
The fear and dread of all thy neighboring foes,  
The sheltering wings of peace about thee close,  
Nor plumèd e'er for any further flight,  
Hadst thou been true to Him, who led thee forth  
From darkest night to day's resplendent light.  
But nay, thy heart lift up by prosperous gales,  
Did think to steer thy bark to port alone:  
Nor pilot need with compass of thine own.  
Knowest not thy ship would founder when o'er  
The breakers roll without the guiding hand  
Of Him who knows each treacherous rock and  
shoal?

Unhappy Israel! to so forsake  
Him who would have brought thee to port of  
peace:  
To change to weeping Bochim thy Shiloh!

Call now, O Israel, on mountains' rocks,  
To hide thee from His righteous anger wrath!  
He hath no longer ear to hear thy cry,  
Who brooks no profanation of His court.  
Nor mayst thou hope to stay His wrath when  
sins,  
Most grievous sins have brought it on thy head.

Behold! He comes to call thee to account.  
Arrayed in snowy garb, gold-girt; with hair  
Wool-white, with shining face and fiery eyes  
Aflame; whose word doth pierce and cut like  
sword

Two-edged sharp: "Out of Egypt I brought  
You up, to land of milk and honey blest:  
And swore never to break my covenant  
With you. You were to make no league with its  
Inhabitants, but to throw their altars  
Down. My voice you've not obeyed, why have  
Ye done this? I'll drive them out no more.  
They e'er shall be your thorns: their gods your  
snare."

## IX

No cedar house with gold and gems inwrought,  
With pillared porch of lily-work design,  
Nor even rustic booth rough-hewn of palms,  
Nor simple tent of coarse spun cloth is raised,  
As shelter for the feeble sick infirm.  
But in some mountain burrow deep and dark,  
The lair of lion and his progeny,  
Or in dank den the haunt of robber-band,  
Of hissing snake of coiling cockatrice,  
Is hearth and home for Israel God-forsook;  
Forsooth, forsaken He for godless gods:  
Who breaks no idol-union unbesought.  
Behold the children of the east come up,  
As grasshoppers for multitude to spread

Locust-like o'er the fertile plain and vale!  
To reap the harvest rich by Israel sown,  
To gather grapes from vineyards not their own,  
To claim the olive's oil, the vintage' wine,  
To leave no food for either man or beast,  
To decimate destroy their neighbor's feast.  
Call now, O Israel, on thy godless gods!  
Perchance they sleeping may awake to hear  
Thy cry o'er homeless homes, o'er wasteful  
wastes.

But speechless silence mocks thy deep despair.  
Hast thou so soon forgot the mighty Power,  
Who cut thy chains to give thee freedom's  
dower,  
Who drowned thy foes and let thee go dry-shod,  
Who nourished thee for years with angel-food?  
Nay! nay! thy miseries mend thy memory's  
pace.

Thou well rememberest thy Deliverer strong.  
He who slumbers not nor sleeps one moment,  
Hath heard thy cry and hath His prophet sent,  
To thee remind of broken vows and laws,  
To win thee 'way to thine leal loyalty.

The halo-hue of day is dying down,  
Imprinting his remains on roseal cloud,  
O'ertinting it with beauty ineffable;  
Reflecting faintly the supernal light,  
Inspiring hope in toiler faint of heart,  
Out-threshing corn by stealth, wine press anear,

In Ophrah the hill-town of Manasseh:  
Hope of deliverance from the galling yoke,  
Now Israel hath returned to the true God.  
While feeling so a Being bright as light,  
Shining as sun appeared to startle sight.  
In soft, sweet voice melodious He spake:  
“God is with thee thou man of valorous might.  
Go in His might; fear not, nor be dismayed:  
I have sent thee to rescue my people.  
Thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man.”  
“Grant me, O Lord, Thy favoring grace I pray.  
Show smallest sign to strengthen feeble faith.  
I pray Thee, tarry till I present bring:”  
So saying Gideon hasted to dress kid:  
To bring for humble offering broth and cakes.  
His heavenly guest bidding him put the flesh  
And cakes on rock touched them with staff  
when lo,  
Consuming fire burnt up the offering all,  
Awhile the angel vanished from his view.  
Tho' sore afraid his heart exultant sings:  
“The Lord on me hath lifted up the light  
Of His countenance. He hath visited  
His people with peace. I have seen Him whom  
My soul loveth: He who is to come out  
Of Zion, Christ the deliverer.”

## X

On a spur of the mountain's hoary height,  
With vine and olive enmantling the rock,

Whose echoes awake in the gorges lone,  
The stony heart in its cavernous breast:  
Overlooking the fair Ajalon vale,  
Where night's soft light erst tarried once to  
smile,  
When Ark of God came home to rest awhile,  
Nestles the Danite town of Zorah small.  
Two loving hearts in mystic union blent,  
O happy hearts, to throb as only one!  
Unhappy though o'er God's good gift withheld.  
He wise and good the peer of fellow men,  
She fair the purest pearl of womanhood,  
Came oft to Temple-tent in flowery vale,  
To offer up their pious prayer to Him,  
Who answers every cry of heartfelt need.  
While praying for the hope of Jewish hearts,  
Her eyes beheld a form so finely fair,  
So dazzling bright with majesty of mien,  
As put to fright her timid suppliant soul;  
To whom in sweetest voice, He softly spake:  
"Fear not, thy prayer is heard, will answered be.  
Thou barren soon shalt bear, embrace a son.  
But, O beware, I pray thee, drink no wine,  
Nor strong drink take and eat no unclean thing.  
Let come no razor near his head; for he  
Shall holy be separate unto God:  
A Nazarite set from the womb apart."

As couched the radiant orb of day to rest,  
Emitting fiery rays of hope from cloud

Aflame, to all discouraged fainting souls,  
Her flying feet with wingèd hope inspired,  
Hasted to bring the news of cheer to kin  
Of heart. To whom she spake: "While praying  
for  
Our dearest wish and hope, mine eyes beheld  
A man of God unto His angel like;  
With countenance too terrible to see:  
He saith to me,—'Behold! thou shalt have son;  
But drink no wine nor strong drink and eat no  
Unclean thing: he shall be a Nazarite  
To God, from womb to day of death.'" Manoah  
Discerning clear the heavenly vision's sense,  
Entreated God to answer hear his prayer:  
"O Lord, my God, let angel Thine I pray,  
Revisit us again, to teach instruct  
Us what to do with this Thy child and ours."

Bright morn awoke with beams of light on hill  
And dale and fertile vale: to early stroll  
Inviting over fresh and flowery fields,  
The fair, the purest pearl of womanhood.  
She met on way the Angel bright of God,  
And prayed Him wait till she could husband  
bring.

Manoah quickly came and thus addressed  
The holy man of God: "O wisdom's source  
And fount, who spake as never man yet spake,  
Instruct us how to bring him up for Thee,  
Lest leaders blind of blind we fall in ditch.

Our wisdom is but foolishness to Thee:  
Enlighten us with Thy clear light so we  
May see aright. I pray Thee tarry till  
I some refreshment bring. We would honor  
Pay could we know Thy name." The angel thus  
Replied: "Why askest thou after my name,  
Seeing it is called Secret Wonderful,  
Counselor, Prince of Peace. I will not eat  
Thy bread, but as burnt offering I will  
Accept it. Let thy woman beware  
Of all I said instructed her to do."  
Manoah offered up a kid with meat  
Offering upon a rock to the Lord,  
When fire consuming burnt up the offering:  
And lo! the Angel vanished in the flames.

## XI

So highly lifted up thine emerald plain,  
So sweetly framed in fragrant flowery vales,  
So festooned o'er with vine and tree-crowned  
heights,  
A beauteous portrait thou, O city loved!  
Of thy celestial twin a miniature true,  
In glittering dome and shining minaret  
Of Temple bright all glorious within,  
With glory which no man may e'er approach.  
Thou chosen wast from out thy sisters fair,  
For dwelling place of name high over all;  
The blest abode of first in line of priests,

Of holy prophets, teachers great and wise ;  
The yearly place of festivals and feasts ;  
The mecca of the Israelitish host :  
The heart and eye of Palestina all.  
As Salem, Jebus though I knew thee first,  
I know thee best by thy new name of peace.  
O city best beloved ! wert thou but true  
To thine inspirer, author, Prince of Peace,  
Thy streets would not shed blood ; nor dwellings  
thine  
In ashes lay ; nor sacred Temple thine  
Be razed to ground despoiled by spoilers rude ;  
Nor wouldest thou hear the saddest of all sounds,  
The weeping and lament of thy true King :  
“O Jerusalem ! Jerusalem which  
Killest and stonest thy prophets how oft  
Would I have gathered thy children again,  
As a hen doth gather her brood under  
Her wings and ye would not.”

I see on yon  
High mount, fresh clothed with olive’s dress of  
green,  
Thy David, poet, priest, and long-loved king :  
No sweeter singer ever sung thy praise.  
He sees fair fertile fields, and vine-dressed hills,  
Cool crystal lakes and silvery silent streams,  
Uplands ateem with bleating flocks and herds,  
The lowlands fecund in the fruit of vine.  
Lo ! one beside him stands like Prince of light,

But really Prince of darkest night. See! he's  
Whispering in his ear: straightway by might  
Doth David seek to seize his neighbor's land.  
He calls for chief of staff; bids Joab send  
His trusty men thro' length and breadth of land  
To number Israel's host. E'en Joab tries  
To shake the purpose ill of self-willed king,  
But all in vain: he straight must know the  
strength,  
The fighting strength of men of valor all.

O David! what hast thou done, what ill  
Hast wrought by numbering Israel's host?  
Thou hast

Incurred the anger just of most high God,  
By covetous desires. Behold he comes,  
His prophet seer to give thee choice of ills!  
Lo! he speaks: "Thus saith the Lord,—'Choose ye  
'Twixt evils three; three famine years three  
moons

By foes destroyed, or else three suns of plague,  
By hand of Angel of the Lord.' " To whom,  
The king now penitent replies: "I've sinned  
Against God and done foolishly. I am  
Sore distressed that my people should suffer  
For my sin: let me fall into God's hand  
Rather than man's for His mercies are great."

The life of day is dying dying down:  
Diffusing golden beams of mellow light

On circling hill and vale and Temple-dome.  
Unnoticed by the mournful group in garb  
Of sackcloth ashes clad, kneeling prostrate  
In form on Ornan's threshing floor; with hearts  
All rent and torn by Israel's anguish.  
I look—and see the author of their woe;  
His face with suffering drawn, his form bent  
o'er  
By suffering's weight he suffers most of all:  
Each plague-struck home hath struck his heart a  
blow.  
See! see! yon startling sight; poised there 'twixt  
earth  
And light; the angel Christ with sword in  
hand,  
Outstretched o'er all the land and city bright:  
And lo! the thousands lie in death's embrace.

## XII

With wide and watery wastes well-nigh in-  
walled,  
With deserts parched and drear from shadeless  
sun,  
With spicy vales in mountain arms enwrapped,  
The pastoral plain for roaming flocks and herds,  
The mounts divine thy churchly spires of praise,  
The hallowed meet of God with sinful man,  
The burnless bush, the nonconsuming fire,  
Enhance thine interest, O thou plain of plains!

While one whose sufferings wrought perfection's praise  
To reap reward on earth, found thee a home:  
So hallowed by thy scenes divine make thee  
Historic, O thou "Araby the blest!"

Ere ebon night unrolls his somber shade,  
Or all the starry globes diffuse their light,  
A weary wayworn man in flight for life,  
A breathing space now finds in wilderness  
Beneath the juniper tree disheartened  
To death: his sole desire, his only prayer.  
"My work hath been for naught, my life is  
vain:"

He sadly pleads. O man of God so great!  
True prototype of prophet's greater son,  
Why so cast down by impious woman's threat?  
Thou whose inwrought prayers wrought miracles'  
    might,  
Who slew four hundred prophets Baal-led,  
Whose cloudless sky dropped neither shower nor  
    rain  
Distilled for seven half years. When exiled  
    alone  
To Cherith's brook was nourished fed at God's  
Command as birdling by the parent bird.  
Who kept one famine year in oil and meal,  
The widowed one and raised her dead to life.  
Who thrice brought heaven's consuming fire to  
    earth.

Who parentless knowing no beginning  
Nor end, came will leave in chariot  
Cloud-enwrapped, why call this a losing fight?  
Is not thy God mightier than sin's cohorts?

Awake, prophet, rouse ye from slumbers sad!  
Behold a heavenly visitant draws near,  
With water-cruise and baken cake to cheer,  
Console and freshen thee for further work!  
Lo! twice He speaks and touches thee: "Arise  
And eat: else journey be too great for thee.  
Thou yet must go in strength of this day's food,  
Full forty days to Horeb's holy mount."

In darksome cave the haunt of hunted men,  
The erstwhile fearless prophet finds brief place  
To lodge. Where Moses viewed the glory-  
flash,  
God comes again to hearten up His child:  
"What dost thou here, Elijah? Have not  
I watched over protected thee for years?  
Thou dost now fear for naught." To whom  
replies

The prophet sore: "I've zealous been for God,  
The Lord of hosts. Thy people to worship  
Baalim have Thee forsaken. They have  
O'erthrown Thine altars and slain Thy prophets  
With the sword. I true remain alone:  
And now they also seek to take my life."  
"Go forth, my child, stand on this mountain top,

And view my show of power. Behold the strong  
Wind's might on clefted rock and mount: the  
quake

Of earth; the all-devouring fire. Dost hear  
The still small voice?" O sorrowing heart!  
it is

Thy Lord who speaks, the man of sorrows great,  
Acquainted most with grief: who comfort hath  
For sorely stricken hearts. As one whom his  
Mother comforteth, so will He comfort,  
Sustain and raise you up on high. "What dost  
Thou here, Elijah? I yet have work  
For thee to do. Return to Damascus,  
Anoint Hazael to be king o'er Syria;  
Jehu to be king o'er Israel; Elisha  
To be prophet in thy room; he shall slay  
All that Hazael and Jehu leave unslain:  
Yet have I left seven thousand loyal souls,  
Who ne'er have kissed nor bowed the knee to  
Baal."

### XIII

Ere fiery orb of day arose from couch  
Inclined to flood with beams of lucent light,  
The vale and crested mount; or tuneful note  
Of thrilling threnody awoke to full  
Fresh life the folded flower, a motley mass  
Of mobile mixed humanity of high  
And low degree of station rich and poor,  
From age decrepit to sweet babe in arms,

Were wending wearisome way o'er hill and vale,  
On king's highway to city strange—remote  
From city loved: sad captives all to swell  
The train triumphant of Chaldee's king  
Of might. I see the mother pale bent o'er  
Her helpless one in strivings vain to still  
Its wail. The stalwart father strong bearing  
On shoulders broad his weary child. A man  
And maid of grave and gracious mien astride  
White asses ride. He finds a royal robe,  
And high estate await the leal in heart  
To God and man. She wondrous fair the queen  
Of Jewish hearts is crowned proud Persia's  
queen.

Away in van four princes prime outride  
An eyeless prize their helpless hapless king;  
The noble four who face a martyr's fate,  
For fear of doing wrong: so crowned with  
earth's

High honors great in lieu of martyr's crown.

On rich, alluvial flowery plain,  
Uprears a lofty height for foe defense:  
Full broad enough for four-in-hand to fly.  
It lieth square full many numbered miles,  
Transpierced with brazen gates of quaint design,  
Through which the people hie o'er drawbridge  
broad,  
Cross moat-encircled wall. Within the wall  
In fortress square upsoars a portly pile:

In stages seven of spherical hues gold-crowned  
With temple tall. Within a table gold,  
Anear an inlaid couch, where temple-god  
Of Belus' fame oft finds a sweet repose.  
Below this temple Bel another shines,  
All glittering with the gold within without.  
Two sacrificial altars here appease  
The wrath of Jupiter the great. The great,  
The beauteous river parts the best of friends:  
To reunite by span a palace at  
Each end. Across the stream from temple Bel,  
Uprise proud palace piles, ablush with hues,  
Abloom with flowery nooks. Tier after tier  
Of mossy stone to height of city wall,  
Supports sweet shrubs, fine flowers, and portly  
palms:  
The far famed wonder-wold of olden world.  
O city vast and strong, wall-proof from foe!  
With spoil-decked temples bright with shining  
gold,  
With palace-piles the treasure-trove of art,  
With great canal thy vaunted water way,  
With pensile wonder-wold thy sight delight,  
The pride, the boast, the glory great of king,  
Thy mightiest of great, how changed art thou!  
No vestige left of former grandeur great;  
Thy walls in ashes lie; thy palaces  
A heap; thy temples turned to driest dust.  
No more the jocund joy, the wassail bowl;  
The champ of steeds the roll of chariot wheels;

The owl and bittern now thy vigils keep;  
The king of beasts roams o'er thy wasteful  
wastes.  
O Babylon, so great, so grand! thy sins,  
Thy sole, thy mighty foe to lay thee low.

In fortress square a royal palace grand,  
A portly pile of varying heights and hues,  
Uplifts a haughty height; inscribèd o'er  
With titles, name of mighty king; adorned  
Without with bas-reliefs of victories won  
In war: within with gold and silver spoils,  
The treasure-gems of art. For shade from glare  
Of orient sun, soft silken tapestry  
The pillared spaces drape. Colossal bulls  
With human heads and wings outspread enrich  
Its portals grand: while couchant lions fierce,  
Guard-keep its stair approach. In throne room  
great  
And grand, in bronzèd chair of state embossed  
With mythic figures quaint, sits one the king  
Of Chaldee's realm; the mighty monarch mad;  
God's minister of judgment just on land  
And cities great: the great Napoleon of  
His age whose pride of heart and praise of self,  
Low-leveled him in dust. Th' assembled court  
Of courtiers gay and wise men grave await  
In trembling fear his least behest. Behold  
Those men who now crave audience of their  
king!

List to their speech: "O great and gracious king!

Mayest thou live forever in the hearts  
Of loyal subjects thine! but know, O king!  
That the three Jews whom thou hast rulers made  
O'er thy province, have disobeyed thy law,  
In not so worshiping thine image gold,  
Which thou hast raised on Dura's plain." The  
king

Full wroth, forthwith commanded their pres-  
ence;

To whom he spake: "Is the report of these  
Men true, that ye refuse to serve my gods,  
And worship mine image of gold? It shall  
Be well with you if at the music's call,  
Ye fall straight down and worship my image  
Gold: if not ye shall be cast into  
A fiery furnace burning hot and who  
Is your God to deliver you?" "Know well,  
O king, our God is mightier than thou; He  
Who made heaven and earth by breath of mouth,  
Can and will save us from thy hand; but if  
Not we will worship ne'er thy gods: for our  
God is a jealous God and claims our hearts'  
Best love." The king full fiery wroth with Jews  
Who dared disobey his decree turned now  
To captain of his guard, and commanded  
Him to heat seven times the furnace hot:  
To have his men these rebels bind and cast  
Them into the furnace of fire. When bound

In hosen, coats, and caps, and cast into  
 The midst of fiery flames, behold the sight !  
 The flames licked up their captors all while they  
 Fell down unhurt, untouched, unsinged, un-  
 smoked.

What seest thou, O king ! that blanches cheek,  
 And chills thy life-blood cold ? That frights  
 thee so.

Didst thou not cast but three in furnace-fire ?  
 Lo ! four thou se'st in midst of fiery flames,  
 Walking and holding converse sweet with each  
 Other. Thou dost, thou dost behold, O king,  
 The Son of God ! whom they faced fearful  
 death

To serve ; who saves them now most mightily ;  
 Who knows how sore temptation tries the soul ;  
 Who in their affliction was afflicted :  
 Who saves them by His presence' power.

## XIV

The droning day is set to still soft close :  
 The gay of wing hath sipped her fill of sweet,  
 From lily rose and lilac's scented lip.  
 The red-throat's thrilling note hath hymned his  
 praise.  
 The owl's tu-whit tu-who alone is heard,  
 Save sound of lapping wave on low-beached  
 shore.  
 No rustling breeze roughs up unruffled calm,

Of swiftly silent, silvery flowing stream:  
Or wafts the feathery palm to faster pace.  
The mellow roseal hues melt in the blue,  
Aglow with glittering, scintillating lights:  
With crescent orb waxed luminous to full.  
The quiet footfall scarce is heard along  
The pearly pebbly beach, of one anear  
To rounding out to full his orb of years,  
With work well done and victories won:  
Gem-crowned with ring of gold and robe of  
state.

Acquaint with sorrow, grief, and slow-dried  
tears.

From youth a captive exile brave from land,  
From city best-beloved by all his race.  
Too true to God to compromise with ill,  
He twice faced martyr's fate to mar the wrong.  
No idol's feast nor den of fiery beast,  
Swerved him from service due to maker God.  
Brought up in Oriental school was trained  
To culture's highest cult of brawn and brain;  
Yet never more nor less than whole-souled Jew:  
Tho' leal in lore of heart to kingly friends.  
Magician, prophet, dream-interpreter,  
Endowed with wit divine to ravel out  
The tangled warp and woof of high-born lives,  
Still clothed with sweet Humility's rare robe,  
He intercessor stood for all his race.  
O soul so brave and true in trial's hour,  
So leal in loyalty to God and man,

So great in qualities of heart and hand,  
So sorrowed o'er with weight of nation's sin,  
While breathing heart's warm love to kith and  
kin,  
Thou wert, thou art beloved, O kingly soul!  
By God, by fellow soul of every age.

To grove of portly palms that skirts the marge  
Of river great with beauty's charming face,  
Lending to rhythmic ebb and flow rare grace,  
To wearied soul reposeful rest from care,  
Comes one cast down in spirit body mind;  
All garbed in mournful garb of mourning hue;  
Spiritualized by prayer, and fastings dole,  
He moves bent o'er with grave and measured  
pace:

When lo! uplifted vision views One robed  
In form of heavenly grace, aglow with light,  
Like flash of dazzling dart from storm-rift  
cloud:  
Like burning blinding glare from sun's high  
ray.

Trembling with terror wild he falls to earth:  
A reassuring voice in sweetest tone,  
By tenderest touch, bids him arise, saying,—  
"O Daniel, so greatly beloved by God!  
Lend heart, mind, ear, to all the words of mine.  
Fear not; from first the day thy heart was right  
With God, thy prayer was heard, shall answered  
be.

I come thy people's future to unveil  
In latter days tho' many yet to come."

Then Daniel spake when lips were touched  
unsealed

By shining One, who stood before his face:  
"O my Lord! Thy vision troubleth me.

No strength, no breath have I to answer Thee."

When touched and strengthened new by shining  
One,

Who bade him not to fear but to be strong,  
He once more answered thus: "Speak now, my  
Lord,

For Thou hast strengthened me." To whom the  
bright

One spake: "I'll show thee future's veil removed.  
A troublous time shall come to nation land,  
Which none have ever seen. Wars and rumors,  
Shall ye hear. Nation and kingdom shall rise  
Against nation and kingdom; with famines,  
Pestilences and earthquakes: the entrance  
Of sorrows. Ye shall suffer afflictions  
And death; but he that to the end endures,  
Shall savèd be: awake to endless life.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness  
Of firmament: and they that many turn  
To righteousness as the stars forever."

## XV

The orient glare of high noon's glowing orb,  
Bent o'er each stalk and stem of budding flower,

Dried up each slender, fragile rootlet frail,  
Lapped up refreshing dew of early morn,  
Parched up the lips of mother-earth with heat,  
Like crackling lips of dying one athirst.  
O the pitiless glare of sun's fierce ray!  
Sparing naught growing thing in fiery wake,  
Of either fish, flesh, fowl, bird, man or beast.  
O for the cool shelter of some great rock  
In weary land with no refreshing shade!  
Thought one in unison with sufferers-kin;  
Traveling en train to city of bazaars:  
One schooled in scholar's lore of wisdom's  
light,  
In Jewish jurisprudence versèd well  
To logic's thought to reason's ruling realm.  
Imbibing lore from mother-font of birth,  
Aglow with roseate tints of sunrise years.  
In stature small, in sight defective too;  
In speech contemptible, lacking ready flow  
Of orator's silvery speech and fiery glow:  
But skilled in thoughted pen of writer great,  
Intellectual giant, tho' physical dwarf.  
Afire with glowing zeal for cause of God,  
Loyal to faith intolerant to unfaith:  
A typic strait-laced Jew from tip to toe.  
The lowly Nazarene despised by Jew  
Of high-born caste he likewise hated too;  
He could not brook Messiahship in one  
As poor in birth as life, of shameful death:  
'Twas due to God to kill His followers too.

We wonder not to see him standing near  
The funeral pile of martyr first to God;  
To see him hurl with hurtling force huge stone  
From off highway if haply it might kill;  
To keep the cloak as souvenir of skill:  
To go from house to house, from church to  
church,  
To search the Christians out, to cast in jail,  
As wide sown scattered seed would yield rich  
fruit,  
If living germ be not destroyed straightway.  
Equipped with high authority of state,  
We find him on his way to kill or cure.

The brightest beams of midday's lucent orb,  
Pale into pearly tint of misty morn,  
Before brightness of glory refulgent.  
Blinded, enwrapped by heavenly radiance,  
He prostrate falls to earth; when lo! a voice  
Vibrant with sweetest of melodious tones,  
As plaintive strain of *Æolian* harp on ear  
Enrapt, soft speaks: "Saul, Saul, why  
persecutest  
Thou me? When ye hurt one of my little  
Ones ye hurt me." Then spake astonished  
Saul:  
"Who art Thou, Lord?" "I am Jesus, whom  
thou  
Persecutest. Ye are crucifying  
The Son of God afresh." Once more spake sore,

Repentant Saul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have  
me  
To do?" "Arise, go into the city;  
It shall be told thee there what thou must do.  
Ye shall suffer for my sake many things.  
Ye are a chosen vessel unto me,  
To bear my name before Gentiles and kings."  
O great heart of illimitable love!  
So strong to suffer, patient to endure  
Buffetings, stripes, imprisonments, stonings,  
The contumely scorn of friends and foes,  
With inner sight illumed to see the Christ  
Of promises and prophecies fulfilled.  
Thy three days' loss of outer sight but veiled  
The shining of the Spirit's greater light:  
To gleam with glowing love thro' sunset years.  
Thou seest Satan bruised, in death destroyed  
By resurrected power of Christ thy Lord;  
The nations blessed by fruitage of the seed;  
The antitype of prophets great and small;  
The holy birth foretold by prophets old,  
In virgin's child by Holy Spirit's power;  
The tender plant, the root from out dry ground,  
In thoughtful youth brought up to humble  
trade;  
The man of sorrows acquainted with grief,  
In loving patient Galilean sufferer;  
The slaughtered lamb for sins of sinning world,  
In trial farce, and far more shameful death  
Of lowly poor despisèd Nazarene:

Thou clearly seest now to death's dark hour,  
The crucified was truly Christ of God.

## XVI

Roll on, roll on thou rolling restless sea !  
But keep, O keep thy heaven-appointed path :  
Nor e'er engulf the seagirt lonely isle,  
That gems with emerald rare thy mighty main !  
O come caressingly, with kisses kind,  
With love's long-loved and fond embraces sweet,  
To touch this holy, highly favored isle :  
Let not thy waves a sobbing requiem sing,  
But let them play their maddest merriest lay,  
To whisper cheery cheer to exile lone.  
The birds have sung their vesper hymn of praise,  
The bees with nectar drunk, drowned sweet in  
sleep,  
The flowers have folded up their perfumed cups,  
The lingering breeze hath breathed her last long  
sigh,  
And real repose rich nature's natural gift,  
Hath shed a solemn stillness soft o'er isle ;  
While walking weary up yon mountain path,  
I see a soul who's climbed the sunset years,  
In faith, in love and oft with slow-dropped tears,  
Wrung red from anguished heart for Master  
bled :  
Now waxing warmer with the waning years.  
As he ascends the mountain top to muse

And pray, the rolling tide of years rolls back:  
He lives the scenes of memory's pantomime.  
He stands once more by Jordan's silvery stream,  
To hear the sweet sonorous tone of John  
The prophet great: "Behold ye sinners all,  
The Lamb of God who takes your sins away."  
He hastens to join the long-expected One,  
Where sitting daily at His feet cons o'er,  
And o'er the lesson sweet of love to God,  
And fellow man. He walks with weary feet,  
But oft with blest communion sweet the hills  
And vales of Palestina o'er; to see  
His Lord bring life and light to wayworn  
hearts;  
To hear the Father's voice from glory-mount,  
Confirm the ministry of His dear Son:  
"Behold my well-loved Son! give ear to Him."  
To view His glory great in miracles' might:  
The water turned to wine at marriage feast,  
The noble's son upraised from point of death,  
The impotent cured by commanding word,  
The thousands fed by multiple of bread,  
The blind from birth restored to sight by  
touch,  
The four-days' dead recalled to life and love,  
The night-long empty nets with fishes filled.  
He views with clearer vision the erstwhile  
Viewless night; the length, breadth, depth,  
height and might  
Of love, as measured out by suffering life

And death of Christ his Lord. The length of  
love,

Portrayed by washing each disciple's feet;  
The breadth displayed by putting on the robe  
Of flesh; the depth explored in suffering's night  
On Olivet; the height attained on cross;  
The might in incessant intercession.

The birth in flesh—the humble lowly life  
Of sacrifice of self-denial sole,  
The death by broken heart from weight of this  
World's sin—the risen life of hope and cheer,  
Th' ascension life of interceding love,  
All, all portrays in picture's potent phase,  
His all-limitless life of living love.

The tide has turned—is flowing in—he stands  
By memory's moorings still—the exile lone,  
On rocky mountain top of Patmos' isle.

The shadowy shade glides into glint and glow  
Of glory ineffable; diffusing  
A brightness halo-hued, shining as sun,  
As blinding flash from clouds a storm; and lo!  
One stands in light resplendent before him.  
The dazed disciple prostrate falls to earth;  
But a fond familiar voice, calms and soothes  
His fear, as erst it stilled the storm-tossed  
waves  
Of Galilee, saying,—“Arise! fear not;  
I am the first and the last. Yesterday,  
To-day, and forever the same. I am

He that liveth and was dead: and behold,  
I am alive for evermore.” A bright,  
White cloud appears to wing to heaven’s sphere,  
His loving Lord, and lo! He vanisheth  
From view. While as the gates of pearl turn  
wide  
On hinges gold the bright angelic host  
With welcome warm convoy to great white  
throne  
Their Lord. List! list! his ravished ear soft  
hears  
The dulcet strains of Æolian harps,  
Of sweet-stringed lyres, of melodious viols,  
Accompanying the sublime symphony  
Of myriads of voices in choral praise:  
“Hallelujah, hallelujah to Christ!  
All glory honor blessing power be given  
To Him, who hath to God redeemed us by  
His blood from every people kindred tribe,  
Nation. Hallelujah to Lamb of God!”  
As the melody divine died away  
On trancèd air the archangel Michael  
Proclaimed in trumpet tones,—“The marriage  
feast  
Of Lamb is come: the Bride is ready now!”  
Lo! he sees table spread with all manner  
Of delicacies and delicious fruits.  
An innumerable company with room  
For many myriads more are seated round  
This finely festal board enrobed in white,

The Christly robe of righteousness: while fair,  
Pure angels hover near to serve good cheer.  
Abram, Isaac, Jacob, with martyred throng  
Are there, while in their midst is One arrayed  
In robe of red blood-dyed for sinners' sin:  
The Bridegroom of the feast, the Christ of love.  
Once more the angel blows with trumpet-blare,  
Crying mightily with strong sweet voice,—

“Ho, all

That thirst, come ye to waters here: yea, come,  
Buy wine and milk without money or price.  
The Spirit and the Bride say come. Let him  
That heareth say come: and let him that is  
Athirst come. Whosoever will let him  
Take the water of life freely.”

## THE TRIAL OF FAITH

Where, the rills the sweetest music trill,  
Where, the brooks the truest converse hold,  
Where, the plain in richest emerald's dressed,  
Where varying flowers outrival each in hue,  
Where soft-plumed birds outsing the cheerless  
night,

Anear the flow of Hauran's silvery stream,  
Doth Arab pitch his tent to tend the flocks  
And herds, that roam the pastoral plain enriched  
With Esau's blessing full; with long abode  
Of one as blessed of God, for living by  
His Word, which he esteemèd more than food:  
For offering up the daily sacrifice  
For sin. To bless and help the poor his hand  
But oped. He wiped the widow's tear with cheer  
Of heart: to lame was feet, to blind was eye.  
The law of love in lip and act allayed  
The anger of his foe; till all arose,  
The princes nobles men and maidens fair,  
To do him honor in the gates: so passed  
The days in full content with naught of woe.

One day, a fateful day of ill for some  
Poor hapless mortals here was full of woe:  
As heaven's host in serried ranks in might  
O'erpanoplied in God's great audience hall  
Convened. Alas! man's subtlest foe the old

Deceiver of mankind was also there;  
To straight accuse the upright man assail  
His faith and seek to alienate his God:  
Who pleasure hath in him we little know,  
Or even think as theme of angel's praise.  
"Whence comest thou, Satan? Who perfect  
walks

Before me so to thus incur thine ire?  
Thou hast observed my servant Job his pure,  
And upright life, canst pick a flaw in him?"  
The Lord inquires. From Satan thus to hear:  
"I've been about the earth to servants find.  
As for your Job he serves you for reward.  
His wealth in flocks and herds Thou hast  
increased.  
His great high wall protection Thine. Withdraw  
Thy sheltering hand he'll curse Thee to Thy  
face."  
"Behold! he's thine, spare but his life,—" saith  
God.

The time, th' appointed time now draweth near:  
The crucial test to try the faith of Job.  
What strain will it full stand? Will he curse  
God

And die? Behold them nigh at hand at door  
Straightway, the fleet-foot messengers of ill!  
To Job recount their tales of woe in quick  
Succession: "The Sabeans have slain thy

Servants and seized thine oxen and asses ;  
By heaven's fire thy sheep with shepherds killed ;  
Thy servants camels slain by Chaldean bands ;  
A whirlwind fierce hath left thee childless now."  
Sore ills, how swift they come, how multiplied  
To Job ! Each trod upon the other's heel,  
Grim messengers of woe. His heirs his wealth  
Swept 'way by four fell strokes. The crowning  
      woe,

The fiercest blow must surely snap the cord,  
That binds his soul to God. Behold ! behold,  
My soul, the wondrous sight ! he worships  
      prays,

He curses not, faith wings his prayer to God :  
"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away ;  
Blessed be His holy name for evermore."

List ! list ! he newly knocks at heaven's gate ;  
Th' accusing one for power to work more woe,  
To lower Job in estimation sight  
Of God : who straight inquires,—"Whence  
comest thou ?

Hast found thou couldst not shake the faith of  
Job,  
Tho' thou hast tried it sore?" "Oh ! man will  
      part

With all he hath to save his life : his flesh  
Or bone but touch he'll surely curse Thy name :"  
Saith Satan more. "Behold, he's in thy hand  
For all but life :" saith God in His reply.

A day of testing more severe now dawns  
For Job. Behold him stricken head to heel,  
With grievous sores that leave no rest for day  
Nor night, that burden make of life. O now,  
His faith must stagger 'neath this added blow !  
Not so, my soul, he higher level knows.  
He mounts on eagle's wing above thy ken.  
His faith full tried is love's revealer sole ;  
For lo ! the veil uplifts to mortal view !  
Revealed, his soul's Redeemer stands revealed !  
His prescient knowledge views the morn of  
morns.  
List ! list ! my soul, to faith's sublimest strain :  
"Shall we receive but good and none of ill ?  
Although He slay me sore I'll trust in Him."

Thy faith, my soul, to reach perfection's goal,  
Must likewise try affliction's fire ; the dross  
To full consume ; the gold refined to show  
In patience' perfect work. Perfection's height  
Is only scaled by suffering's round. Tho' great  
Thine ills to bear most grievous to the flesh,  
As tonics are to little weakling faith,  
For seasoning, for growth. Rejoice, my soul,  
O'er trials past ! rejoice in those to come !  
Till retort fires reflect the face of thy  
Refiner God. The full, the crowning joy  
Of faith, is fellowship with thy suffering Lord.

## THE COVENANT-PROMISE

It was the solemn hush of early morn:  
Ere mounting ray of day's swift mobile orb,  
O'erflushed the mountain top with lucent light,  
Or haunting trill of the wild bird's note,  
Caroling to his mate from leafy bough,  
Attunèd all to sweetest harmony.  
But yestereve the heavenly windows oped,  
To water and refresh the thirsty earth  
With showers abundant copious soft;  
Till seen in darkling cloud an arch,  
A span of many varied hues the hope,  
The promise bright of God's good will to man:  
A token of His covenant of grace.  
No more should earth a waste of waters know,  
No more her teeming life engulfèd be:  
On man, on man alone the primal curse.

The freshening dew of leaf and flower was still  
All tremulous to touch, when Abram with  
His boy, the promised one, the journey's end  
Drew nigh: to offer on Moriah's mount,  
The sacrifice enjoined of God. So wan,  
So haggard spent with suffering hours o'er-  
passed  
With vexing queries as,—“Have I served God  
So many years for naught to now require  
This at my hand? put love to such a test?

Is He a covenant-keeping God to thus  
Destroy the promise in unfolding bud?"  
But faith triumphant quells such tempting  
doubts;  
God e'en from dead would raise to keep His  
word:  
So Abram far beholds the mount of sight.  
He sees a greater sacrifice foretold.  
The flash-light of obedient faith reveals  
Th' atoning offering for a world's sin:  
Perceives afar faith's justification.  
But Isaac now his musing interrupts:  
"My father, for the burnt offering here's fire,  
And wood, but where's the lamb?" "God will,  
my son,  
Provide Himself with one." With no more  
word,  
Submitting meekly to his father's will,  
He yields his life to be straight bound and laid  
A willing offering on love's altar reared.  
Lo! forth the light supernal breaks from out  
The rifted cloud; a voice angelic stays  
Midway the falling blade: "Lay not thine hand  
Upon the lad nor do him any harm.  
As thou hast not withheld thine only son,  
I'll multiply thy blessings many fold.  
As stars unnumbered so thy seed shall be;  
And countless as the sands upon the shore:  
In seed of thine shall families all of earth  
Be blessed because thou hast obeyed my voice."

Lo! a ram caught in the bush by his horns,  
Was God's provision for the burnt offering.

To manhood's sturdy prime now fully come,  
Isaac unblest with God's good gift to man,  
Is heart and fancy free; no daughter fair  
Of Eve's long line is aught but such to him:  
As custom was his father's choice is his.  
But Abram rich in years is nearing port  
At last; and to fulfill within his line,  
The keeping of the promise sweet straight  
calls

To him his trusty aide, the old-time friend,  
And whilom heir, Eliezer: "Put now  
Thine hand beneath my thigh and swear by all  
Most dear, thou'l never take my son a wife  
From Canaan's daughters fair, but from my  
near

Of kin, of country, and of God. He, who  
Hath blessed my promised seed will clear thy  
way

Before." So taking oath, with camels ten  
And jewels rich and rare, he set out on  
His journey by the Jordan's wilding bank,  
Thro' Hamath's land to river great: forth thence  
To Nahor in Mesopotamia.

The grayish hue of even's gloaming hour,  
Is veiling all when forth the maidens hie,  
From hamlet town to pitchers fill from fount

Without the gates. O'erwearied faint of strength

From journey long, Eliezer now draws near,  
With failing heart as well: "How shall I know  
The fair one whom I seek? Will she incline  
To me, be gracious to my suit?" Then thought  
Ascends to prayer: "Vouchsafe Thy favor,  
Lord,

To give Thy child this sign,—pray let the one  
I seek, say,—'Drink, I'll give thy camels drink.'"  
But e'en the answer came before the call;  
For lo! a damsle as the lily fair,  
Beautiful as the Sharon rose drew nigh,  
To fill her pitcher from the well's deep flow.

On her ascent Eliezer greets her thus:  
"From pitcher thine, I pray thee, give me drink."  
"Yea, drink my lord, I'll draw for camels too."  
The gracious maiden saith. With jeweled gifts  
Presenting he inquires,—"O thou fair one!  
Of all the maidens fair, pray tell me true,  
Whose daughter art thou?" "I'm Rebekah,  
Bethuel's child:" she softly saith. To so  
Direct an answer to his prayer past all  
Belief, his heart o'erfills with praise: "Blessed be  
The God of Abraham, who's with him still  
To mercy show and truth: so will He lead,  
Direct my way to give my suit success."

The cool of eve is sweet refreshing day  
With mellow hue to tone the lustrous tint,

With twilight's hour of meditative calm,  
Enticing Isaac from the stuffy tent,  
To pace, repace in silent musing thought:  
"How is Eliezer prospering in my suit?  
Is it not time for him to straight appear?  
What's that?" A speck on yon horizon looms.  
"Can it the camels be?" He hastens to see,  
And meets them on the way.

Yea, yea in truth,  
Eliezer is returned with full success,  
To praise his God anew: "He honors faith  
As weak as mine to help the trusting heart."  
Perceiving now a man approaching them,  
Rebekah straight inquires—"What man is  
that?"  
"My master :" saith Eliezer. From camel  
She alights draws her veil to meet him half  
The way. 'Twas love at first the sight and  
sound:  
So took her to his heart, his tent his home.

The prophetic promise to Abram's seed,  
Enwrapped for ages long in meaning dim,  
Unfolds to living faith. We have broken  
The covenant-tables in sinning 'gainst  
God's law: without the covenant-promise,  
The seed to bruise the serpent first promised  
At the Fall we suffer Satan's fate.  
Have we a part in the whole burnt offering,

By living obedient faith? Is the Lamb  
Our atoning offering? Has our peace  
With God been made? Let us put our sole  
trust

In Calvary's Lamb, the life the living way,  
So come into covenant relation  
With a merciful and longsuffering God.

## MIRACLES

## I

Yon orient orb sinks silently to rest:  
Lighting anew with trailing roseal hue,  
The torch of Hope in rayless night's dun view.  
So lighted up by most distinguished guest,  
Was Cana's marriage feast, in Christ the blest;  
Who graced repast, with His disciples few:  
As clothed with power to manifest anew  
His glory forth, in water's change to best  
Of wine. The star of Faith then lit in sky  
Of His disciples' night, hath never set.  
It rose with lucent light to lead them nigh  
To Him who keeps them free from all life's fret.  
O may Faith's star, Hope's lighted torch, flame  
high!  
To light the starless night of sin's regret.

## II

The worn-out day hath dragged His weary pace,  
With tolled-off hours of time's slow-tolling bell:  
To watcher lone o'er stricken one, the knell  
Of hope. When lo! at seven's stroke no trace  
Of fever's left. Dread death has lost the race.  
The joyous news, the servants haste to tell  
Their master homeward fared: "Thy child is  
well."

And straightway he and his believed by grace.  
The sought-for boon of health, by Master's  
power,  
Tho' urged with feeble faith by nobly born,  
Brought healing to his son at seventh hour.  
So may we find on resurrection morn,  
When overpast life's threatening clouds that  
lower,  
E'en little faith doth save the soul sin-worn.

## III

The hush of nature's calm o'er brooded all:  
E'en whispering breeze gave o'er her wheezy  
play,  
Of ruffling up grave Galilee that day.  
Noiseless her bosom's rhythmic rise and fall:  
Too tranquil e'en for any sail or yawl.  
At evensong the people met to pray,  
And praise in Jewish fane their wonted way.  
Lo! breaks the Sabbath's peace by unclean's  
call:  
"Let us alone, Thou holy One! Art come  
To us destroy?" From Jesus came the word  
Of power,—"Hold thy peace; come straightway  
out from  
Him." Speak, Lord, so unclean thoughts be  
stirred,  
Cast out. Thus may Thy handiwork become  
The holy shrine, where Satan speaks unheard.

## IV

Majestic orb of infinite brightness !  
Life-giving source of all creation's work !  
Thy radiant beams dispel the clouds that lurk  
And lower o'er spirit's ethereal lightness.  
Thy glory ineffable reflects no less  
A being than Him who hath no murk  
Nor shade to veil His light. Whose heart doth  
irk  
For leprous state of one in sore distress :  
Now crying out in faith,—“Lord, if Thou wilt,  
Canst make me clean.” He, whose will is power,  
Saith,—“I will, be thou clean.” So cleansed his  
guilt.  
Arise, O Sun, arise ! Thy beams to shower  
O'er soul unclean as ours : so grateful lilt  
Shall pæan praise of cleansèd soul for dower.

## V

The roseal morn unveiled by filmy cloud,  
So balmy with the breath of lilled bloom,  
So joyous with the lark of pearly plume,  
Is now o'ercast and draped in darkling shroud,  
To soul in room of dark despair, o'erbowed  
With palsy's weight. When lo ! his prison tomb  
Is turned by master's prayer to healthful room ;  
Who great in faith to Jesus cried aloud :  
And praise and prayer were straight accorded  
him.

Our darksome room of soul-despair doth change  
By faith to one of cheer: where shadows grim  
Dissolve, to give the spirit greater range.  
Increase our faith, dear Lord, nor let it dim:  
No guerdon sought of Thee will then seem  
strange.

## VI

Slowly the day waneth to weary close.  
The footfall soft of ministrant angel,  
Is only heard by one in fever's hell:  
With temperature too high for sleep or doze.  
"Let me refresh thy sight with dewy rose,  
Dearest, and lave thy lips with draught from  
well:  
It will alleviate the fever's fiery spell."  
"Thou art, sweet child, the fairest flower that  
grows."  
With Peter came Physician great, with power  
Of touch to heal the patient, suffering saint:  
Who ministration gave in selfsame hour.  
Impart, O Lord, Thy grace, with no restraint  
Of self in love's sweet ministry. No dower  
Than this can better serve each human plaint.

## VII

Shrouded and veiled from view by somber shade,  
No cheering beams give hail to dewy morn,  
Bereft anew of glow and glory shorn.  
Shine forth, thou Coy, unveil, be not afraid!

Let thy Creator's word be e'er obeyed.  
So freshly sorrowed is the heart forlorn,  
That sadly fares to bury only born  
Outside the gates of Nain. Lo! from yon glade,  
And glen, and flowery mead, forth comes the  
Sun,  
To newly robe this heart with roseate joy,  
By bidding her love rise: who straight doth run  
To her embrace. Such joy knows no alloy.  
Speak, Lord, the word, so life from death be  
won:  
To free the soul from all of sin's annoy.

## VIII

The winging ebon clouds a-fleeing go:  
To flight impelled by infuriate fury,  
Stirring the breast of yon slumberous sea,  
To give the wave-swept ship no saving show.  
"Master! is naught to Thee we perish so?"  
Cried out they all, waking Him from dreamy  
Sleep. Rebuking wind and wave with,—"Peace  
be  
Still!" unruffled calm succeeds to blow.  
When restless seas of trouble round us surge,  
Engulfing powers of body, mind, and will,  
Storm centers for the ceaseless waves converge,  
Helpless, without a modicum of skill,  
If useless fear in faith's outcry we merge,  
He'll turn the storm to calm with,—"Peace be  
still."

## IX

The queen of night all luminous with light,  
Soft rose in raying robe of silvery sheen,  
To weave o'er mirrored lake and sylvan scene,  
A fairy spell ethereal in delight:  
Beguiling men from rest to toil all night  
With hope of filling empty nets too lean.  
Illusive hope! the fish escape unseen.  
"Launch out in deep, Simon; cast net on right  
Of ship :" spake One whose voice the fish obey.  
Lo! straight the net near brake for draught of  
fish.  
"I sinful am, O Lord, depart, I pray!"  
"Fear not, thou shalt catch men if will be wish."  
'Tis vain to toil thro' night to break of day,  
Unhelped by Him who knows the soul's fore-  
wish.

## X

Joyous the morn without a veiling cloud;  
Awake with smiling charm for weak and strong:  
Inspiring souls to ecstasy of song.  
No Sabbath morn by nature more endowed;  
With myriad voices praising her aloud:  
So thought the grave and gay of Jewish throng,  
Now met in sacred fane to praise prolong.  
Yon man with withered hand is none too  
proud,  
To keep from offering praise this holy day:  
And thereby find the blessing of his life.

"Stretch forth thine hand!" saith He, whose power to say,  
And heal are one: and straightway there was strife  
With Jews, who sinned in doing aught but pray.  
Not so taught Christ, whose day with good was rife.

## XI

The day of days that woke to nature's praise,  
Is closing in with feathered minstrel's hymn  
Of more than liquid melody. Yon limb  
Sways to and fro to rhythm of his lays.  
No answering chord is touched in one whose ways  
Take hold on death; whose sight for good is dim:  
Whose heart and lips preserve a silence grim.  
When brought to Him, whom Satan sole obeys,  
His soul is tuned to symphony of song.  
When eyes are shut to seeing aught of good,  
When lips are dumb to right and not to wrong,  
When sinful heart incites to evil mood,  
Cast out from us, O Lord, the unclean throng,  
Then heart, lips, eyes, shall hymn our gratitude.

## XII

Yon elms, fantastic sport of sportive breeze,  
Are stripped and shorn of nature's emerald crown:

Revealing leafless limbs both bare and brown.  
Avaunt, thou Elf! break not the noble trees!  
From out the tomb, as naked, gaunt as these,  
Cometh a wreck with demoniac frown;  
So stout, so strong, no man could throw him  
down:

Crying,—“Put us in swine:” and straight agrees  
The One, whom devils fear, obey. The soul  
Possessed by passions dire, is under sway  
Of Satan’s evil host: in full control,  
To strip it bare of blossom, bud and spray.  
But Christ, can clothe, revitalize the whole,  
By bidding them begone some chosen way.

### XIII

Cheerless the morn o’erhung with murky pall.  
Athwart the leaden blue, no beams of light  
From lucent orb, dispel the clouds of night.  
Lo! straight the norland breeze disperses all.  
So dissipates the gloom of one in thrall  
Of palsy’s weight, by being lowered in sight  
Of Him, who honors faith however slight,  
With words of cheer: “Thy sins shall not en-  
thrall

Thy body more; they are forgiven thee.  
Take up thy bed and walk.” We need not look  
Without for cause of ills, that we may see  
Within, by searching light of Him who took  
Their weight from us, so we might go soul free:  
Their primal cause we may not overlook.

## XIV

Yon silvery birch so stately in its prime,  
With soft umbrageous shade of leafy bough,  
Upturned by storms and Winter's sturdy plow,  
Is lying low, a tattered wreck of time.  
So droops the fading flower in frosty clime,  
With coronal of pain and care on brow ;  
Revived by Spring of faith, she ventures now  
In throng, with throbbing heart as if 'twere  
crime,  
To touch Christ's healing hem : and straight was  
whole.  
Not all who touched His seamless robe by  
stealth,  
Found health, save she, with touch in faith's  
control,  
Alone gained prize of greater worth than  
wealth.  
Without the act of faith to touch His stole,  
We miss the cheer of soul and body's health.

## XV

Se'st thou yon frail, exquisite tinted flower,  
Unfolding fast to beauty's balm and bloom ?  
May no rough zephyr haste to early tomb,  
Ere fine fruition crowns its blossom hour.  
The fairer human flower, by unseen Power,  
Is stricken low : and joy is turned to gloom,  
In house where she lent light to every room.

Stay Death, thine hand! do not this home  
deflower.

To ruler's sorrowing house came Christ with  
cheer:

"She is not dead; she sleeps. Damsel, arise!"  
When pleading prayer of faith falls on Christ's  
ear,

He comes to light the gloom of lowering skies.  
Come, Sorrow, come, so thou bring Him more  
near:

His joy atones for all His will denies.

## XVI

For weeping morn enwrapped in veiling mist,  
From luminous orb awaits no sunny cheer:  
She fareth forth in darkness chill and drear.  
See how she smiles at finding sun in tryst!  
Two shadowed souls so find their light. O list  
Their cry!—"Thou David's son, have mercy,  
hear!"

"Your faith shall measure sight:" falls on the  
ear,

From lips of One, who heals by faith's assist.  
Open our eyes, dear Lord, so we may find  
Faith's way to Thee: lest we thro' gross unfaith,  
Should miss the good we seek. Keep us in mind,  
That spiritual sight is found by prayer of faith:  
Our souls will no more grope nor lag behind,  
But forward fare, as light as any wraith.

## XVII

List to sweet roundelay of yon wee wren!  
 Pouring a pæan divine from praiseful heart:  
 So striking the keynote of highest art,  
 Tuning to cheer the hearts and lives of men.  
 A soul long dumb to praise, shut up in den  
 Of evil thoughts, to gloom is set apart.  
 When brought to Him who heals each hidden  
 smart,  
 "The tongue of dumb is made to sing again."  
 The laughing rills, the murmuring brooks have  
 voice,  
 Our feathered friends delight to hymn their  
 praise,  
 Shall we alone of all creation's choice,  
 Be dumb, refuse to pour forth grateful lays?  
 Let not our soul's worst enemy rejoice,  
 O Lord, o'er silent tongues, o'er thankless days.

## XVIII

The lengthening shades of night creep on apace:  
 Bidding the bygone day a fond adieu,  
 Lending to emerald plain a glory new,  
 Toning the glow and glare of sun's high pace.  
 A motley throng of grave and gay, met face  
 To face, in seeking out their Lord anew:  
 Hungry for spirit-bread more than they knew.  
 Seeking the first both came by His free grace.  
 "Ye need not bid depart; give them to eat:"

Spake He, who multiplies the loaf and fish.  
Why need we feed on husks, a-hungered for  
meat?  
Christ bids us find in Him all we could wish.  
Help us to come, believe, Lord, we entreat:  
So we hunger, thirst not, is Thy forewish.

## XIX

The swash and swirl of foamy waves mount  
high;  
Threatening to overflow the floundering ship,  
Imperiling her life at every dip:  
She crests the wave, in trough to straightway  
lie.  
Behold! One walks the wave—He draweth nigh,  
With courage new His children to equip;  
To quiet fear with reassuring lip:  
“Be not afraid; be of good cheer; ‘tis I.”  
With Christ aboard the ship is straight in port.  
In anxious hour when heart and courage fail,  
When slips the human prop, the stay, support,  
The only resource left of none avail,  
We’ll hear above the roar the clear report,—  
“ ‘Tis I; be of good cheer; let faith prevail.”

## XX

The nipping blast blew chill and cold off coast;  
Lashing to feathery foam the mounting waves:  
Consigning helpless craft to briny graves.

Thou rejoicest, O breeze! loud is thy boast.  
 Tempest-tossed, with no untaken outpost,  
 Driven in to gloom, despair is she, who saves  
 Naught good from wreck: soul, body, mind, the  
 slaves  
 Of sin; the prey of Satan's impious host.  
 "Have mercy, Lord, cast out my daughter's  
 deil!"  
 "I give not children's meat to dogs like you."  
 "Yea, Lord, they leavings take, Thou know'st  
 full weel."  
 "O woman great in faith, thy child's made new."  
 The sorest wounds of sin He'll surely heal,  
 If we in steadfast faith for pardon sue.

## XXI

No ripple stirs the breast of yon smooth lake,  
 Mirroring in mild, ethereal blue,  
 The hoary crown of Hermon fresh, anew:  
 The pearly beach, the pensile feathery brake.  
 The lame, the halt, the blind, their way betake  
 To Him, who heals the many brought to view.  
 One deaf and dumb by groans, by gestures true,  
 Bespeaks Christ's word,—"Be opened new."  
 Forsake

The sin that closes ear to hear His word,  
 That keeps the tongue from ever praising Him,  
 Then springs of joy will bubble up, be stirred  
 To pour unceasing praise when sight grows dim,

When living chord relaxes hold, when heard  
But vibrant tones of hovering seraphim.

## XXII

Long lower the ebon shades of glooming  
night.

No greet of joy awaits the drowsy morn,  
Waking in mist, as all the newly born,  
When fall the first faint beams of glimmering  
light.

A darkened soul long dim to natural sight,  
Is brought to Christ, who heals the one forlorn,  
By touch of twice-laid hand on sight out-  
worn.

Lo! misty view dissolves in vision bright.  
To questioning word of Christ,—“Dost thou see  
aught?”

Is heard,—“I see all men as walking trees.”  
By second touch came sight so keenly sought.  
When spiritual sight is lost in slothful ease,  
When soul with gloom and glower of sins in-  
wrought,

The veiling mist uplifts by Spirit’s breeze.

## XXIII

Yon fulgent orb, night’s ethereal fairy,  
Transmuting darksome shade to silvery hue,  
Is waxing full, illumining starry blue,  
With beauty’s graces, fresh, full-blown, airy.

From out the waiting throng that long tarry  
For the Master, a child is brought to view;  
Who with the varying moon convulses new:  
Battered and bruised, as with thorns briery.  
To Christ's question,—“Hast faith to cure thy  
child?”

The father quick replies,—“Lord, I believe;  
Help Thou mine unbelief.” The devil wild  
Departs forthwith, compelled by Christ to  
leave.

E'en faith, as mustard seed, will render mild,  
Serene, the tempers hot that sorely grieve.

#### XXIV

Joyously winging his ethereal flight,  
To heights beyond my ken, free as the air  
He breathes, without a thought of carking care,  
My feathered friend recalls God's care, fore-  
sight:

For not a sparrow falls beyond His sight.  
Hast ready money, Peter, for thy share  
Of Temple-tax? Thy Master hath to spare  
For Him and thee, dost thou but seek aright.  
When he commands, e'en fish's mouth thy  
need  
Supplies. My Father's care in penciled blade  
Of grass, in fluted flower, in golden weed,  
I clearly see. Why need I be afraid?  
If He so clothe the flora of the mead,  
Will He not cherish child that He has made?

## XXV

O'erbowed with weight of many a wintry storm,  
With gnarled and knotted boughs, the mark of  
time,

The crown of giant elms in softer clime,  
Might haply hold its stately upright form.  
Bent o'er with weight of sin and sin's deform,  
She creeps to Jewish fane at bells' slow chime;  
To solace find in praise and prayer sublime:  
So meets the One who doth her shape transform  
With,—“Woman, thou'rt loosed from thine in-  
firmity.”

Probe to the quick, O Lord, our sins lay bare:  
So halting gait stay not heavenward journey.  
Our soul's continual health Thy constant care,  
Will weather storms tempestuous, wild, wintry:  
When loosed from cords of sin that cut and tear.

## XXVI

The smiling morn, so soft, so balmy, mild,  
Bore little trace of night's fierce howling blast,  
Save wreckage wrought of noble vessel's mast,  
Driven on the rocks by storms tumultuous, wild.  
Stranded on life's lee shore, by sin beguiled,  
Ten human wrecks from kith and kin outcast,  
Unite in mercy's plea to Christ at last:  
Find cheer of health obeying as a child.  
But grateful one returns for health of soul.  
Help us to see, O Lord, faith's way to Thee,

Lies in obedience' path. Attune the whole  
Of being's power to praiseful symphony.  
With all we have and are in Thy control,  
Both soul and body's health we'll surely see.

## XXVII

Day's beauteous orb behind a veiling mist,  
Laments in sympathy's sweet robe for morn,  
Weeping, distract, of shimmering glory shorn.  
Sorrow has come to Bethany home, I wist:  
So loud the weep and wail of mourners, list!  
Sickness, death, and the grave four days have  
worn,  
Before Christ comes to weep with friends  
forlorn:  
To show His glory forth in love's new tryst.  
"Lazarus, come forth!" Obeying voiceful  
power,  
He rose, recalled to life and love. Tho' He  
Delayeth long to test our faith, in hour  
Of need He'll greater bless humanity.  
His voice uplifts the veiling mists that lower,  
So we His glory's brightness newly see.

## XXVIII

The measureless wastes of briny waves,  
That lave the lonely shore with rhythmic beat,  
Depict loved nature's solitary retreat:  
Whispering of God, the way to whom she paves.

A lonely soul of sight bereaved, who craves  
The kinship of his kind, hearing the greet  
To passer-by, doffs cloak, falls at Christ's  
feet,

Uplifting mercy's plea to Him who saves:  
"O Jesus, son of David, hear my cry!"  
So in and outer sight receives by touch.  
We will with Bartimæus straight lay by  
Our cloak of pride, to plead for Christ's re-  
touch;  
That gives to soul and body, sight of eye  
For brother's need: so hear His,—"Inasmuch."

## XXIX

No tinted cloud aglow with roseal gleam,  
Nor wave-washed shore, nor land-loved mount  
or vale,  
Nor fragile flower of rose, or lily pale,  
Unfolds a grace beshorn of sunny beam.  
Birth-blind to nature's broad inspiring theme,  
Living a lapse of years without her grail,  
By touch he sees the light that all men hail,  
Lifting his life above an empty dream.  
Conceived in sin, blinding soul-sight in birth,  
We walk in darkness drear without the Light,  
That 'lumes the lurid pathway of this earth:  
Whose healing touch alone turns dark to  
bright.  
We'll count as dross the ills of little worth,  
When glorified to view the wrong aright.

## XXX

Departing day a passing halo shed;  
Ineffable glow of hue and coloring,  
O'er mount and emerald mead and growing  
thing:

Lifting the thought to God, our living head.  
Hasting from Jewish fane with winged feet sped,  
An angry mob, a prisoner pale now bring  
To brow of hill to thrust with headlong fling.  
Lo! straight He passes through their midst  
instead.

The blinding mist of passions fell, their sight  
Obscures: tho' seeing see Him not. The veil  
Of sin and unbelief beclouds our Light.  
Tho' in our midst to-day, within our hail,  
We see Him not; He passes to our right:  
To grasp the blessing of our soul so fail.

## XXXI

Methinks I hear flutterings of ethereal wings,  
Moving the motionless pool styled, Mercy:  
Inviting withered, halt and blind, to be  
Healed in its fount of healthful eddyings.  
The mobile tide of years no surcease brings  
To soul with none to help his infirmity.  
Hearing,—“Wilt thou be whole? Hast faith  
to see?  
Arise and walk!” to Christ his pæan sings.  
In flowing fount for sin, uncleanness,

Tremulous with the Spirit's vibration,  
We only have to bathe no more, no less,  
To straight become a whole new creation.  
To hear to heed His call in soul's distress,  
Is to receive from sin, full salvation.

## XXXII

The mellow haze of golden day, dissolves  
In mezzo-hue of gloaming night agleam  
With amethystine glow of paling beam:  
Veiling the light that haply it evolves.  
The greater Light round which the soul revolves,  
Seeing a tree full-grown with leaves beteem,  
Seeking the fruit of age alone the cream,  
Findeth naught but leaves. "No more devolves  
On thee the joy of bearing fruit; accursed  
Art thou:" spake He, who with primordial right  
Looks for the fruitful life from last to first,  
In creatures of His care. Refuse the fight,  
Live selfish lives in self-full gain immersed,  
We nothing bear but leaves in God's clear sight.

## XXXIII

Gray dawn in pallid robe awoke the morn,  
In sympathetic hue with garden pale  
On Olivet, o'erlooking Kedron's vale.  
Nature adroop with suffering God, grief-worn.  
Behold tumultuous mob with frenzy torn,  
O'er lopped off ear of fellow servant hale!

“Put sword in sheath; for me 'twill not avail!  
Shall I not drink my Father's cup unshorn?”  
Spake Christ, replacing ear by healing touch.  
Impart, O Lord, Thy love of Father's will,  
That crowned Thee in the suffering hour with  
such  
Transcendent joy and peace to conquer ill.  
The unity of will we need as much:  
His glory in our lives to so fulfill.

## PARABLES

## I

The hoar and hail of winter's rime dissolve  
In melting dews, in mellow showers of spring;  
Awaking earth from rest, to fresh resolve  
To re-create; from old new beauty bring:  
Calling the sower forth to waiting field,  
To scatter grain where'er he finds a way.  
Tho' haply it might fall where thorns full yield,  
Where fluttering fowls of air have fuller play,  
Where sportive breeze lays bare the stony  
ground,  
In deep rich soil alone might only root.  
The quickening words of truth in fruit abound,  
When prayer of faith prepares the heart for  
shoot:  
Green as the olive's fresh fertility,  
In ripe old age will e'en more fruitful be.

## II

The clarion call of feathered minstrel's lay,  
Resounds in rich full tones thro' norland wold,  
Apprising all of spring's approaching day,  
When tiller breaks the fallow ground of old:  
Preparing soil for sowing of the seed.  
Lo! tares akin to wheat are found full nigh.  
Who had the heart to do so ill a deed?

“Thy foe found thee asleep:” came quick reply.  
“Both now must grow anear till harvest comes:  
Lest wheat with tares ye thereby thus destroy.”  
Full oft the ill, the seeming good becomes,  
So none but Christ detects the base alloy.  
They side by side the years of cycle run,  
When only pure in heart shall shine as sun.

## III

Behold the wayside tree so stately grown!  
O’ershot with branching boughs of leafy shade.  
Sweet minstrels of the air orchestral throne,  
Their canopy of state, their restful glade.  
You wonder how it sprung from seed so small,  
How it attained to such proportions high.  
Only a little mustard seed, that’s all,  
That grew and grew to live nor stopped to die.  
The grace of God first planted in the soul,  
Tho’ like in size to smallest of all seeds,  
If nurtured under Spirit’s wise control,  
Will flourish, grow, unchecked by noxious  
weeds.  
Symmetrical in growth as portly palm,  
Exhaling hallowed fragrance sweet as balm.

## IV

The ebbing wave reluctant leaves the shore,  
In cove, in cave with memory moist to cling.  
Returns in high-tide glee to sanded floor,

To flood with yeasty foam the fresh pure  
spring.

Hid deep in measures three of golden meal,  
A little leaven left to work its way,  
Set all the atoms, molecules areel  
With joy at being brought to light of day.  
The leaven of God's word if hid in heart,  
Is like a stream issuing from its source;  
Unseen at first, soon gains in every part,  
Apprising all of rushing mighty force,  
To overturn, to break all barriers down:  
In so removing sin is won the crown.

## V

Deep down in earth's entrails lie hidden gems,  
Awaiting light for scintillating glow,  
Requiring touch to shine in diadems,  
Rewarding search beyond man's power to  
know.

Behold him finding treasure-trove in field,  
Gloating with secret joy full hard to hide,  
Parting with all to paid possession wield,  
Removed from fear of loss to safe confide!

Thou art, O Lord, a mine of richest vein!  
A field of joy to all who find Thee out.

Thy goodness, grace and power, a mighty main  
To hedge around, to compass us about.

Golconda's mines ne'er proved so rich, I wis:  
To give up all for Thee, this, this is bliss.

## VI

Close clinging to the deep sea's resting hold,  
A little suffering one safe refuge finds,  
To cover wound with beauty manifold:  
With iridescent glow the opening binds.  
So formed for beauty's use is nature's pearl,  
That merchant seeks to gain at any cost:  
Tho' haply it involves his all in whirl,  
He wins in value more than he has lost.  
As hies the hunted hare to covert nigh,  
When sorely wounded in the heated chase,  
So flees the stricken soul to God most high,  
Who closes gaping wound with healing grace:  
So cicatrice o'er grievous suffering formed,  
Is into pearl of Christly life transformed.

## VII

Above, below, around, thick walls of wave,  
Form habitat for countless finny folk.  
The wave-fret vaulted dome, the aisleèd nave,  
Of creatures winged, forms rayed in starry  
spoke.  
Brought up in dragnet from the briny deep,  
Want sorting o'er and o'er; the good obtains:  
Discarded bad is cast on refuse heap,  
Where famished fire devours the last remains.  
The militant host oft tread His sacred court,  
From motives intermixed 'twixt wrong and  
right.

Some bow in suppliance sweet for faith's support,  
Some thank the Lord for outer semblance white:  
While only He who reads intent of heart,  
Sees Satan masked in angel's saintly part.

## VIII

The worn-out trunk is tottering to its fall:  
Creation's beauty once, her ruin now.  
When clothed with verdurous vine and branching pall,  
Its primal use and grace fulfilled enow.  
New wine in bottles old will but o'erflow:  
When new ferments the olden skin is rent.  
Likewise new cloth in old we cannot sew,  
Lest unshrunk new tear out the old bespent.  
Give o'er the furbishing old forms with new:  
Mourn not the passing rites of days gone by,  
Tho' vested once with beauty's graces true.  
The old would better serve the new to die,  
As phoenix-like the bloom of budding flower  
Can only spring from seed in dying hour.

## IX

Behold yon prostrate form abjectly bowed!  
Crouching in servile fear before his lord.  
The orbs dilate, the whole demeanor cowed,  
Implead for mercy more than words accord.

What hath he done? why should he show such  
fear?  
He owes much more than he can ever pay:  
Yet lenient lord forgives with right good cheer.  
Tho' brought to mercy's school forgot her way,  
In throttling one she taught him to forgive:  
So forfeits all he sought, or failed to show.  
As face for face the answering streamlets give,  
As flowers from flower first germinate and  
grow,  
So surely he who closes mercy's eyes,  
Will equal measure meet beyond the skies.

## X

Soft scintillating glows in stellar space,  
Gleam through the darkness of the vaulted  
dome:  
Lending to lucent orb of night, the place  
She holds of lighting up terrestrial home.  
As God hath set His astral lamps in sky,  
To shimmer, shine with white, effulgent glow,  
So man will place his lighted candle high,  
Where it may luminate with freer show.  
All, all is light! there is no night with Thee:  
Thy presence pierces gloom of dark despair.  
Refulgent Orb! shine in our hearts, so we  
May more and more Thy radiant image bear.  
Reflecting thus in godly life and work,  
Thy glory bright undimmed by shade or murk.

## XI

The shifting, shunting sands unstable lie;  
The passing play of breeze off sea and shore:  
Lending the fisher's hut to flood-wave high,  
An easy prey, a memory, nothing more.  
The firm unyielding rocks eternal rest,  
From age to age thro' countless eons long:  
Where only wise securely builds his nest,  
Finding an anchor-hold, foundation strong.  
The curious soul in quest of some new truth,  
Eager to hear but never to obey,  
Is like an hourglass in life's gripe and ruth.  
While he who hears and understands Christ's  
way,  
Living the truth in lowly service, prayer,  
Hath hold secure when storm clouds burst in air.

## XII

See you yon man, prone, prostrate in the dust?  
He moves nor hand nor foot; he seems nigh  
gone.  
"What's happened him? He'll soon revive, I  
trust."  
Alas! he met with thieves at early dawn.  
Here comes a priest ordained of God to save.  
He'll surely aid. No? he passes by.  
Behold a Levite nears! the wounds he'll lave.  
He only turns to look and leaves him lie.  
He'll die, poor soul, for want of succor, cheer.

Rejoice! he neighbor finds in love's great heart.  
So Thou dost teach us, Lord, our neighbor near,  
Is one in need of all we might impart.  
How can we love Thee truly as we ought,  
When we no neighbor see in heart grief-  
wrought!

## XIII

"What's that! Is some one rapping at my door?  
I'm dreaming sure; 'tis striking midnight's hour.  
O list! my name is echoing o'er and o'er.  
Nay, 'tis the sighing wind in leafy bower."  
Now full awake, he hears insistent voice:  
"A friend from far hath found my larder bare.  
Three loaves our need will meet, our heart rejoice.  
I pray thee help me out, if thou can spare."  
At last he rises not for need but rest.  
The thought's inception first, the dawning wish,  
Thou knowest, Lord, nor needest our request.  
So we know rest of faith is Thy forewishes,  
When Thou delayest long to answer prayer:  
For waiting answer is beyond compare.

## XIV

The favoring gales a fairy spell have wrought,  
By softening, genial showers on crusty earth;  
Which yields as surly child when so besought,

Producing more in pay for former dearth:  
So causing reaper really live concern,  
To find sufficient store for rich increase.  
In lieu of placing where it could not burn,  
He built anew to wanton with long lease.  
Lo! straight the summons came to close account.  
All we possess is from Thy plenteous hand.  
Thy favoring factors we can ne'er discount:  
Shouldst Thou want all 'twould be Thy just  
demand.  
Thou only wishest, Lord, what we can spare,  
So in Thy joy of giving we may share.

## XV

“My store of bread and wine is ready now.  
Go forth; bid all the guests to my repast!”  
Lo! none will come: all make excuse somehow.  
“Go bid the hungry poor who long do fast!  
The highways, hedge will straight supply the  
need:”  
So spake a lord who sought to share his feast.  
Too busy, Lord, to give Thy call a heed.  
No time to feast on Thee; no, not the least.  
How much we miss we may not ever know,  
Till we too late shall seek to be Thy guest.  
Why do we spurn Thy largess, bounty so?  
Why grieve Thee by the sordid, selfly  
quest?  
We need to hunger, thirst for living bread,  
Ere we partake of feast so costly spread.

## XVI

Far away from the fold o'er moor and hill,  
To velvet vales where tranquil waters lie,  
The flock are led with never-failing skill:  
Some follow close to keep the shepherd nigh,  
Some wander far afield beyond his call.  
Lo! straying one is lost upon the wold.  
Ere ebon shades of night untimely fall,  
The ninety-nine securely in the fold,  
He seeks the lost oft calling o'er his name:  
Rejoicing more o'er stray than all the rest.  
We bleat like poor lost sheep foot-sore and lame,  
When lures of sin have lost their former zest:  
We're lost unless we hear the shepherd's voice,  
Who seeks to save so all may well rejoice.

## XVII

“Woe, woe is me! so ill betides the day.  
My heart is well-nigh broke! I am undone!  
I ne'er can raise my head! What will folks say!  
My love will cast me off as one to shun,  
Unless I silver find from necklace lost.”  
So straight she sweeps the house till piece is  
found.  
With joyous cry her neighbors doth accost:  
“Rejoice! rejoice! my virtue hath no wound.”  
Take, take, dear Lord, this noisome, unclean  
heart:  
The corners dark for Thy most thorough work.

If haply Thou may'st find in hidden part,  
Thy shining image sheer of mire or murk,  
So more rejoicing Thee o'er lost in me,  
Than I can joy in being found of Thee.

## XVIII

Yon goodly tree so stout, so strong of limb,  
So fair to see, so favored as to site,  
Doth it fulfill the use designed by him,  
Who set it out? Will fruit his toil requite?  
"Vain hope! it bore no figs these three years  
past."

Then cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?  
"Let me enrich some more; 'twill yield re-  
past,—"

The dresser pleads: "I'll surely bring it round."  
Thou grantest, Lord, conditions right for  
growth.

The genial, melting shower; the favoring gale.  
Thou sparest naught: Thou wisely givest both.  
Why should we disappoint Thee so? Why  
fail

To give the fruit, Thou rightly lookest for?  
Bear with us, Lord, we'll yield Thee all the more.

## XIX

"The swineherd's husk is all my earthly store:  
His hated task my loathing soul detests.  
How great the contrast to my life before!

Why stay where famine, want have built their nests?

I will arise to find my father's love;  
Implore his pardon on my bended knee:  
Tho' I have tried him sore, as heaven's above,  
He'll hear my cry. His face I straight must see."

So son, who portion spent in living fast.  
Restored by want to full forgiveness find.  
Thou waitest, Lord, to so forgive the past,  
Yearning with father-love our wounds to bind.  
We lowly bow to plead for pardon sweet,  
Lo! straight Thou raisest us with joyous greet.

## XX

The purpling vines low droop with luscious fruit:  
Ripening in autumn's haze to roseate hue.  
From tender, trailing branch to green offshoot,  
Each bears an Eshcol bunch; the old with new.  
Behold he goeth forth at early dawn,  
To call the idlers from the open mart!  
Contracting full day's wage for each man's brawn;  
At several hours engaging more as smart:  
Giving to last-hour men the same as first.  
Why stand we idle here from morn till eve?  
When suffering souls are parched with hunger,  
thirst,  
Calling us oft to succor, save relieve.

Thy smile, O Lord, th' affluent, equal wage,  
Of all, who last to first Thy work engage.

## XXI

O see! right yonder, there by Dives' gate!  
A sight to soften, melt a heart of stone.  
Tho' man show pity scant, the curs in wait  
Show more, in plying healing art alone,  
For suffering soul in travail, hunger, dirt;  
Sharing the crumbs from rich man's costly fare;  
Who lolls in luxury's ease: a dear desert,  
To expiate in hell for soul's impair.  
While he so earthly poor, yet heavenly rich,  
Is borne on angel's wing to Paradise.  
We only pray Thee, Lord, our souls enrich  
With faith's increase; with love that satisfies:  
Not with the bauble of mere worldly joys,  
That shatters, ruins soul it so decoys.

## XXII

Turning it o'er, crumbling the earthy crust,  
Refining rough, hard soil for nature's use,  
God's little tillers true, worms of the dust,  
Deserve from man much more than mere abuse.  
Dropping the seed in ready soil, 'tis left  
To germinate, to grow he knows not how.  
First springs the blade; the stalk with ear is  
cleft  
When fully ripe, for greater use somehow.

So know we not how God's good seed is grown,  
When dropped in heart first fertilized by grace.  
The blade of hope, the stalk of faith is shown,  
By fruitful ear of love in one embrace.  
Thou'rt ripening us for larger service, Lord:  
For trinity of faith, hope, love in word.

## XXIII

Behold the pompous strut! the prideful look!  
The self-conceited smirk! the hateful air!  
Of one in holy Temple's hallowed nook,  
Praying in vain his loud, self-righteous prayer:  
"I thank Thee, Lord, for all I do and give;  
That I no sinner am, like yonder man."  
Who kneeling low is pleading,—"God, forgive;  
Be merciful, I pray, if so Thou can."  
Thou seest, Lord, the humble, contrite heart;  
For such shows need of Thy forgiving love;  
Which Thou wilt freely, graciously impart,  
To those who see their sins in light above:  
So clearly teaching us, not works alone,  
But faith can for the sinner's guilt atone.

## XXIV

Dun, dismal, drear, night's funereal pall,  
Envelops all within his somber sphere.  
Without, gay mirthful morn awaits a call,  
To dissipate his gloom with joyous cheer.  
"Prepare the room; make ready for the feast!"

A king invites to marriage of his son.  
All make excuse from greatest unto least:  
Some even slay his servants one by one.  
Lo! highways, hedge now furnish feast with  
guests.  
Alas! one's found without the festal robe.  
"Come one, come all to feast,—" God still re-  
quests:  
"Tho' bred in hovel, palace, hut adobe,  
If clothed in Christly raiment, white as snow,  
I will, I cannot cast you out, O no!"

## XXV

"Occupy, occupy until I come!  
You represent my cause 'fore worldly bar.  
Be loyal, leal; I leave you each a sum."  
So lord, who journeyed to the country far;  
Returning found all faithful save the one,  
Who hid his pound in napkin closely bound:  
So justly lost the gift deserving none.  
While he, who gained the most got one more  
pound.  
What privilege so rare! What rank so  
great!  
To represent the Lord high over all.  
So abject, wretched, poor at best estate,  
Are all His living creatures great or small.  
As Thou hast chosen us to show forth Thee,  
We occupy Thy place in simple fee.

## XXVI

Night's veiling mist, dense, darksome, void of cheer,  
Dissolves as softening dew on parchèd earth,  
When morn's resplendent orb moves nigher,  
near.

Lo! glorious, gladsome day evolves from birth.  
Two sons make like response to father's call:  
"Go forth, work in my vineyard while 'tis day!"  
The one by act, the other's word his all.  
While he who went, made father's will his way.  
Arise, shine forth, Thou lucent Orb of light!  
Dispel the gloom and glower of shady sin:  
So we no more may walk in darkest night,  
Not seeing, knowing our way out or in.  
We hear Thee calling still,—"This way is out;  
Doing the Father's will is face about."

## XXVII

"Master! I hear Thy praise so highly sung,  
I fain would Thy disciple, follower be.  
I've kept all God's commands since I was young:  
What need I more to straight become like Thee?  
What good deed do to gain eternal life?"  
"If thou wouldest follow me, sell all thou hast;  
Give to the poor; their days with cheer make rife:  
So lay thy treasure up where it will last."  
Alas! he Master grieved in going 'way.

Will we so grieve Thee, Lord, if put to test?  
Hold our possessions higher than Thy pay,  
In letting them outweigh eternal rest?  
Prepare our selfish souls to give Thee all,  
So we may hear and heed Thy daily call.

## XXVIII

In stilly watches of the quiet night,  
The charms of nature lapt in lulling fold,  
The astral lamps aglow with twinkling light,  
A cry is heard,—“The bridegroom comes,  
    behold!”  
Ten sleeping virgins wake from drowsy sleep;  
Five trim, refill their lamps to enter in.  
While foolish five seek oil they failed to keep,  
The door is shut with only wise within.  
“Open to us!” they cry: “we wait without.”  
Alas! he heeds them not: they’ve come too late.  
The Spirit’s oil supply need ne’er run out;  
’Tis meant to last thro’ life’s long fitful wait:  
If sought in prayer, if kept with watchful care,  
We’ll enter in the Bridegroom’s joy to share.

## XXIX

Hedged in, around, about from all without,  
Cleared free of rubbish, stones and all debris,  
A central watchtower keeping sharp lookout,  
Lent vineyard’s press complete security.  
A lord his vineyard let to husbandmen,

While he in country far prolonged his stay.  
In fruitage time for fruit he sent his men,  
To have them wounded, beaten, stoned in fray.  
He lastly sent his son for better fare.  
Alas! they killed him too to keep each part.  
In slaying Christ we bear an equal share,  
When we deny His right to rule the heart.  
Will we not justly reap as we have sown,  
When He shall come from heaven to claim His  
own?

## XXX

“Come one, come all, ye servants of my race,  
Partakers of my benefits, my fare:  
As I once more would see you face to face,  
Ere I to country far my way repair.”  
So spake their lord, bestowing gifts on each:  
Talents, five, two and one as best could use.  
Tho’ long away returns to hear their speech.  
Two render gifts twofold with thanks profuse:  
While one reproaches lord for gift untried.  
Thou leavest not one out; Thou giv’st to all,  
O Lord; Thy bounty cannot be denied.  
Our use Thy measure’s gift, tho’ seeming small.  
If we expend one gift in Thine employ,  
How rich is our reward, O Lord, Thy joy!

## XXXI

Grazing anear on hilly slope or plain,  
Cropping the herbage short with relish keen,

Gamboling from sheer delight o'er soft champaign,  
The playful flock depict the pastoral scene.  
Two shepherds having flocks of sheep and goats,  
Have met nearby for sweet, for close converse;  
As intermingling of each charge denotes:  
But part at last to separate, disperse.  
So Christ will separate the good from bad,  
When 'fore His throne we answer for each deed.  
If we dispense to poor, rejoice the sad,  
Visit the sick, the hungry stranger feed,  
We'll hear,—“Come nigh; ye did it unto me.”  
If not,—“Depart! I have no need of thee.”

## XXXII

“What's this I hear! It surely is untrue.  
You would not recreant prove to such a trust.  
There's some mistake. I put such faith in you.  
Bring your account, 'twill falsify distrust.”  
“They truly say, my lord; alas! alas!  
'I cannot dig or beg; what shall I do?  
Ere all is lost I must some more amass.  
I'll make his debtors friends with this in view.' ”  
Increase of life is Thine alone to give.  
Our money, goods and time are also Thine.  
Thou lendest, Lord, the needful breath to live;  
'Twixt Thine and ours we cannot draw the  
line:  
So held in trust shall we for self expend?  
Or shall we render Thee all Thou dost lend?

## XXXIII

The shadowy darkness of the gloom profound,  
Is yielding place to light's low paling beam:  
Impalpable at first to sight or sound,  
To lastly glow with fully glorious gleam.  
From outer darkness shut to inner light,  
With girded loins they wait their lord's return:  
Tho' in the second watch or third of night,  
They'll open to his knock with lights aburn.  
We will not see Thee, Lord, if lights be out;  
We will not hear Thee knock if lulled in sleep:  
Thy coming never will be noised about.  
Thou only bid'st us wait, strict watch to keep,  
So we may hear Thy call to enter in:  
Where we like Thee shall nothing know of sin.

## XXXIV

“That tiresome woman, how she plagues my life!  
From dawn to dusky eve her cry resounds:  
'Give justice, judge, to stay unseemly strife.'  
I fear not God or man; why heal her wounds?  
This widow's tale of woe is naught to me.  
For fear she'll prove my death, I'll grant request.  
I'll suffer so no more; I must be free.”  
So unjust judge, who only wanted rest.  
When we so call, O Lord, wilt Thou not hear?  
We will not weary Thee in coming oft,  
Tho' our continual cry is in Thine ear,  
As *Æolian* strain 'tis sweet as soft.

In mercy's plea, Thou hearest Thy son's voice:  
So causing Thee to evermore rejoice.

## XXXV

"Come gird thy loins anew for service due.  
My urgent need requires thine utmost speed.  
The worn-out hours awearied waiting you.  
I fain would sup; haste, minister to need."  
So lord to one who plows and sows his field:  
Whose right to rule his time he must allow;  
Tho' he to lord will not his pleasure yield,  
His prior right he dare not disavow.  
Our pleasure, service, need is ever first:  
Tho' Thou art Giver great of all we own.  
Of all Thy useless servants we're the worst,  
When we misuse what Thou dost only loan.  
Our service will not add nor take from Thee,  
We only lose in failing so to see.

## XXXVI

"My absent lord remains so long away,  
He'll ne'er return to claim his rightful own.  
I'll take my ease; fill out my little day,  
With pleasure's round: enjoy my will alone."  
So acted, thought the evil servant out.  
Not so the steward wise who loved his lord;  
Expecting his return kept close lookout:  
Found doing master's will reaped rich reward.  
If we should know Thy will and do it not,

Thinking Thy absence long enough excuse,  
For soiling life's fair page with sinful blot,  
Thou'l call us to account for time's abuse.  
May we so love Thy righteous, loving will,  
We will for joy Thy least behest fulfill.

## XXXVII

“What think ye of that infamous affair,  
Which yestereve took place at wedding feast?”  
“What was it pray? I could not well be there.”  
“Two came to blows o'er greatest seat not  
least.”

Each thought himself should be the honored  
guest.

As always happens in so plain a case,  
Neither obtained the highly sought for quest.  
The one in lowly place found master's grace.”  
Thou givest grace to those of humble heart,  
Who nothing think of self for thought of Thee:  
To such Thy gifts most safely can impart,  
As they a brother's right would clearer see.  
Free us, dear Lord, from every thought of self,  
So Thou may'st keep us ever near Thyself.

## XXXVIII

In oriental pose reclined, around  
The festal board, a little company wait;  
While one from love's excess, with tress un-  
bound,

Wipes tear-kissed, fragrant feet of guest of state;

Who answers thought: "Simon, I have somewhat

To say to thee right here." "Master, say on."

"Two debtors to their lord were in same lot:

Tho' one owed ten times more he thereupon

Forgave them both. Which, think ye loved him most?"

We are Thy debtors all; with naught to pay.

Tho' sins loom up as large as armèd host,

Still Thou forgivest, Lord, in Thine own way.

If we know not the soundless deep of sin,

How can we love like those redeemed therein?

### XXXIX

How wondrous fair this beauteous morn of morns,

Dawning in roseal light o'er circling hill!

Exhaling balm for all she so adorns.

What power with joy the senses new to thrill!

A man of family called to country far,

Assigns to member each his special work.

He bids his porter watch; from house debar

Intruders all who thereabout may lurk.

When that blest morn unveils to raptured view,

When we behold our best Beloved's return,

If He shall find us with the faithful few,

How great our joy! What love our hearts will  
burn!  
Come when Thou wilt, Thou canst not come too  
soon,  
Dear Lord, if Thou shalt find our hearts in tune.

## XL

Behold a mystery newly fresh, tho' old  
As the eternal hills; a lifeless branch  
All bare and brown, begins to bud, unfold  
The emerald leaf; presaging summer's launch!  
When fig tree putteth forth her tender leaf,  
We know the winter's past; the summer's nigh:  
So full, set time for garnering in the sheaf,  
Approacheth hour by hour as signs descry.  
We watch, we pray, we wait Thy coming, Lord,  
As storm-tossed sailors look for sight of land.  
Come soon, come late, we trust Thy truthful  
word,  
Thou'l't safely pilot us to shore by hand.  
Unchanging as the seasons in their course,  
Thy word is still our solace, our resource.

## WORDS

## I

See! see! they come thro' Temple's wide-oped  
door!

A motley, swaying mass of surging men:  
Dragging a sinning woman from her den,  
To see if Christ would judge her by their lore.  
He stoops to write with finger on the floor:  
"None doeth good on earth; no, no, not one."  
Then says,—"He without sin can cast first  
stone."

Bowing He writes with finger as before:  
"Judge not lest ye be judged." Lo! all were  
fled.

Thou seest not alone the outward act,  
Thou weighest up the motive whence it sped.  
If both be joined in godly righteous pact,  
From Thy just judgment we have naught to  
fear:  
"Judge not lest ye be judged:" we else shall  
hear.

## II

"Ye are my friend." O gracious word of  
Thine!

Replete with plenitude of potent thought,  
Glowing with imagery of love inwrought.  
Frailty to friendship with the Lord divine!

Thine orb of thought, ideal, purpose mine!  
 My fancy fails for its illumination.  
 Mine to enjoy, hold without limitation,  
 If word of Thine my actions, will, entwine.  
 Thy friend, dear Lord, weak, sinful me, Thy  
 friend!

Finite to company with the Infinite!  
 All, all is Thine, for Thee to use, expend,  
 As Thou best wilt: in ways Thou seest fit.  
 List! list! I hear Thee sweetly saying still:  
 "Ye are my friend if ye shall do my will."

### III

"Lovest thou me?" A searching query, Lord.  
 Have I not truly loved Thee all the while,  
 Since first I caught reflection of Thy smile,  
 Which tuned my heart to Thine in sweet  
 accord,  
 Without untimely break or jarring chord?  
 Wherefore so grieve Thy child with word thrice  
 put:

"Lovest thou me?" Dost find in me no root  
 Of love? No lower depth to be explored?  
 Thy,—"Feed my lambs:" lets in a flood of  
 light.

My love should show the loving, saintly deed,  
 As well as word, to ring real true and right:  
 Not with the hollowness of hollow reed.  
 As Thou hast daily fed and nourished me,  
 So may I feed the lambs far, far from Thee.

## IV

Behold! they jostle, press, jog each around.  
The passer-by but adds one more to throng:  
To hear a voice sound sweeter than a song.  
What is it all about? They list spellbound,  
As if all glued and rooted to the ground.  
Lo! one admirer says,—“Master, to speak  
With Thee, Thy mother, brethren long do seek.”  
Pointing to His disciples standing round,—  
“But those who do God’s will are kin to me.”  
A kinsman near of Christ; with Him coheir;  
The right to,—“Abba, Father:” ours to be;  
The riches of His glory too to share!  
For this most gracious word Thy name we laud:  
“If Spirit-led, ye are the sons of God.”

## V

Around the festal board they muster all;  
The sinner, saint of differing creed and race,  
With highly honored guest to lend it grace:  
Greatly beloved alike by great and small,  
In either humble hut or lordly hall.  
Hear query put with Pharisaic air,—  
“Why eats thy Master with the rabble there?”  
The Master straight replies,—“I came to call  
The sinners all not righteous to repent.”  
No sweeter word e’er fell on mortal ear.  
Toward me God’s kindling anger doth relent:  
Thy loving call so frees me from all fear.

My sins so sore, have hurt, have grieved Thee  
more:  
Take, take them all, blood-wash them o'er and  
o'er.

## VI

Fair with thy fairy form of infantile grace,  
Beauteous with the blush of early morn,  
Ere time's sly theft hath dewy freshness shorn,  
Thou heart's delight, hope, promise of thy race,  
Come in our midst, teach us of older face!  
Tho' small in stature, yet in place how great!  
To such as thee heaven's kingdom stands await.  
"In kingdom of God's grace there's only place,  
For those converted by a childlike faith."  
So spake the Lord to His disciples all.  
The sere and yellow leaf of gross unfaith,  
From grace marks sure our slow, continual fall.  
Return, O Lord, our spring of childlike trust,  
Lest we should fail to enter through distrust.

## VII

"I am so weary, Lord; alone I toil,  
And slave from hush of morn till hue of eve,  
Until I sorely fret and greatly grieve.  
While Mary here cares not how hard I moil,  
She will not lift a finger lest it soil.  
Bid her, dear Lord, show me a sister's heart."  
"Mary hath chosen well the better part;  
The one thing needful to undo care's coil."

Forgive, dear Lord, my want of prayerful  
thought;  
I do not serve alone in serving Thee.  
When wearied unto death o'er labors wrought,  
I'm not with Thee as Thine own child should be.  
Thy presence lifts each burden, lights each  
care,  
So winging spirit breathes ethereal air.

## VIII

“Love thine enemy.” What! love! dost mean to  
love  
The one who wronged as only man can wrong,  
The trusting woman's heart that loved him  
long,  
That nestled in his bosom, as a dove  
O'erwearied with her wandering flight above?  
My woman's dower of love I freely gave,  
Nor aught withheld. He used me like a slave.  
Love's fire long burned to ash leaves naught to  
move.  
Still, still, dear Lord, Thou lovest even me.  
Tho' I have spurned Thy greater love the  
more,  
Thy love is no whit less; 'tis all of Thee:  
The measureless reach of sea without a shore.  
Since Thou so lovest me, pray teach me how.  
Peace troubled heart, thou lov'st thine enemy  
now.

## IX

“Live not by bread alone.” How shall I live,  
 Dear Lord? How else this fluttering life sustain,  
 With oft-recurring needs; with constant strain  
 Of brawn and brain? How sustenance to give  
 The life-blood draining drop by drop heart’s  
 sieve?

“I said, dear child, live not by bread alone,  
 But by my word, so make my life thine own.  
 But life eternal will the old outlive.”  
 Help me to clearly see ere ’tis too late,  
 That hunger of the soul if unappeased,  
 Brings death eternal lying close in wait;  
 That earthly care and toil are only eased,  
 By feasting on the manna of Thy word:  
 Life fuller, freer than I’ve known or heard.

## X

Jesus! Thou name of names most sweet, most  
 dear,  
 Wherefore so dear, delightsome is thy sound?  
 Like old forgotten melody new found,  
 That pulses through the soul from ravished ear:  
 Attuning strings to some diviner sphere.  
 ’Tis not for euphony of letters soft,  
 With smooth alliteration coming oft,  
 ’Tis for the ringing note of joyous cheer:  
 “For He shall save His people from their sin:”  
 Which dries the eye, lends hope a soaring wing,

To mount above this earthly noise and din;  
So teaching me the glad, new song to sing.  
Praise, praise be unto thee most glorious name,  
That saves a soul from sin, a life from shame.

## XI

“Follow thou me.” Where to, dear Lord? I  
fain

Would stay awhile within this restful dell,  
Where murmuring streams sweet madrigals oft  
tell.

Yon mount is strewn with many a brier, cane,  
O'er which my stumbling feet would swell with  
sprain.

How can I follow Thee o'er such a road?  
Is there no other path to Thine abode?

“No, no! who treads my step the goal will gain.  
I left far more than thou canst ever leave.

Trod earth's highway of hardship, pain and  
death.

I suffered more than thou canst ever grieve,  
To give thee endless life for failing breath.  
As I have gone before, so follow me,  
If thou of men would skillful fisher be.”

## XII

“What would ye that I do for you?” For me,  
Dear Lord, the child who hurts and grieves  
Thee oft?

Who will not listen to Thy wooing soft,  
When Thou wouldest fashion, mold her like to  
Thee.

Such love no human lens can clearly see.  
So know I surely now, Thou hast in mind,  
Some precious gift I'm loth to seek and find:  
Some boon of Infinite love. What can it be?  
"Hast thou not heard, my child, hast thou not  
known,  
The guerdon in thy heavenly Father's hand,  
For those who ask? 'Tis by this help alone,  
Thou canst temptation's mighty power with-  
stand.  
The panoply of strength, the Christian's dower,  
Is God's best gift, the Holy Spirit's power."

### XIII

"Thy faith hath made thee whole." Thou sayest  
true,  
Dear Lord, my heart quick throbs with rhythmic  
beat:  
New life's elixir pulses to glow-heat.  
My torn and tattered robe replaced by new,  
No more will hurt, offend Thy purer view,  
That cannot praise, approve sin's soiled array.  
Who took my foul and filthy rags away?  
"Faith, simple faith hath done the work for  
you."  
Thou great Physician of the sin-sick soul,

Alone couldst diagnose my serious case;  
Alone Thou knewest how I was unwhole;  
Of health not e'en a finger spot or space:  
I took Thy sole, Thy sovereign remedy faith,  
Lo! straight was whole of sin as any wraith.

## XIV

“The Lord hath need of me.” The niche I fill,  
So small; unknown, unhonored, oft forgot,  
I sway no other life a single jot.  
Unlike the ripple of yon sparkling rill,  
My life is calm, eventless, tranquil, still.  
Canst Thou make use of one obscure like me?  
What seest Thou in me that might serve Thee?  
“I know, my child, thou’lt do my righteous  
will.  
The poor, despised of earth I oft seek out,  
To further purpose of my sovereign mind.  
With naught of self to boast within, without,  
In me their honor, glory true will find.”  
Sweet as the heavenly harpist’s strain may be,  
Far sweeter is,—“The Lord hath need of me.”

## XV

“Tarry ye here and watch.” The night so drear,  
So long and lone, we were awearied grown.  
Thinking you ne’er would come to claim your  
own,  
We soundly fell asleep a-tarrying here.

“Could ye not watch for glorious dawn’s good cheer,  
Mantling the hill top with a roseal flush,  
Ere coming day affrights her beauteous blush?  
You’ll fail to give me greet when I appear.  
The tempter lies in wait for such as you:  
He’s never off his guard a-keeping watch.  
Could ye not watch and wait while he’s in view,  
Lest he should place on you his ugly blotch?  
Ye will to watch no doubt, but flesh is weak:  
For strength from prayer ye only have to seek.”

## XVI

“Not what I will.” So sweet my will and way,  
I loved it long tho’ oft it led me wrong.  
So flower-bestrewn, alive with mirth and song,  
I joyed to revel in the sunshine gay,  
Nor deemed that aught could hush its merry lay.  
Alas! a cloud too small for naked eye,  
Soon, soon too soon, o’erspread my azure sky.  
Lo! gloom of night o’ershot the cheerful day.  
“My will, dear child, encompasses thy good.  
Life’s passing pleasures cost thee all too dear;  
They ne’er rough storms nor sudden blows  
withstood:  
Only my way illumes when night is near.”  
Help me, dear Lord, to take the way self-spilt:  
So pray,—“Not what I will, but what Thou  
wilt.”

## XVII

“Thy sins are forgiven thee.” Canst Thou  
forgive,  
Forget, condone them all in very truth?  
They’ve given Thee many a heartache, many a  
ruth;  
Nor needest Thou the sum for me to give:  
Their bitter memory I will ne’er outlive.  
The secret sins more grievous in Thy sight,  
Than open ones that stalk in stronger light,  
Dost Thou forgive, so I Thy life may live?  
“I loved thee so, my child, I took on me  
Their weight; nor counted up the heavy cost  
Of losing life, so I might set thee free:  
Lest thou be numbered with unnumbered lost.  
Thou only hast to take, believe my word,  
To know thy sins forgiven, gone, unheard.”

## XVIII

“She hath done what she could.” No wealth  
had I,  
No hall, nor dower, nor even small domain:  
No gifts, nor graces of the heart or brain.  
So lowly poor I was as one passed by.  
Thou straightly camest then so sweetly nigh,  
Companion, friend, yea lover of my soul,  
I found, I truly found in Thee the whole;  
So all my love poured forth in one heart cry:  
What can I give to Thee, my best Beloved,

That will most pleasing be to Thy great heart?  
Love thought,—“The only gift for one so loved,  
Was whole heart love, true love’s sole counter-  
part.”

So giving all I could, not all I would,  
I softly heard,—“She hath done what she could.”

## XIX

“Will ye too go away?” Why should I go?  
Why hurt the heart so sore, so greatly grieved?  
Why sorrow add to one so oft bereaved?  
I would not treat a mortal friend thus so.  
Far less the one to whom I being owe:  
Not only here, but hope of life above,  
Where I shall see the fruit of so much love.  
Where should I go? No love like Thine I know.  
O no! I could not leave so true a friend.  
Ye are my thoughted life, my heart’s pole-star,  
Toward which its strong, its deeper currents  
tend.  
I but exist away from where ye are.  
You’ll doubt, distrust my love no more, I pray:  
Nor sadly ask,—“Will ye too go away?”

## XX

“Be of good cheer.” Thy words are as the dew  
Of morn, refreshing to my drooping heart;  
Oft bent, bowed o'er by trouble’s sting and  
smart,

Oft seared and scarred with sorrows not a few.  
I rise revived to view faith's vista new.  
I thought mere words could ne'er such comfort  
give,  
Till Thine infused fresh courage new to live:  
As Thou ne'er speakest but Thou speakest true.  
The world oftentimes a radiant face would wear,  
Aglint, aglow with jollity's good cheer;  
But so capricious I was in despair:  
So fiercely frowned my heart surcharged with  
fear.  
"Be of good cheer, my child, she'll hurt no more:  
I've overcome the world for evermore."

## XXI

"But I have prayed for thee." In throes of  
doubt,  
Despair, I wrestle with a foe unseen:  
So fierce the onslaught I am spent and lean.  
My waning strength will ne'er put him to rout,  
So badly worsted I must straight give out.  
I struggle oft and sore to do the right,  
But nerve and muscle lax refuse the fight.  
Help, help, he's battering down the last re-  
doubt!  
"But I have prayed for thee, my tempted one,  
That thy frail faith if sore beset, fail not.  
Retake thy shield, nor think thyself undone.  
Faith's thrust he ne'er withstood; he'll fly the  
spot;

Impress her to thine aid, she'll never fail:  
My prayer for thee shall evermore prevail."

## XXII

"I'll come to thee." So Thou, my Lord, wilt come,

I shall be blest beyond my fondest dream.  
With joy seraphic will my full heart stream.  
I'll bid adieu to callers old and glum,  
As they depart, by Thee o'erawed, o'ercome.  
Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to care,  
My spirit mounts to breathe empyreal air:  
No more to troubles grim shall I succumb.  
Beyond a feather's weight they weighed me down,  
Crushing the heavy spirit 'neath the load.  
In lieu of smiles life wore a stable frown,  
As I encountered her along the road.  
Her power to wound is o'er, as Thou to me,  
Dost sweetly, fondly say,—"I'll come to thee."

## XXIII

"I've chosen you." As flow of rippling rill,  
Murmuring in rhythmic cadence tuneful, sweet,  
So are Thy words now rendering love complete:  
As love to love is ever answering still.  
Expressing so the purpose of Thy will,  
They rouse from lethargy the virile power,  
To do the work awaiting this full hour:

As from Thy life my empty one shall fill.  
Hadst Thou not chosen me I should be poor,  
In very truth, but so I'm passing rich:  
As Thou'lt endue for life's uncertain tour,  
Rounding it into Thy most beauteous niche.  
So barren life shall bear, bring forth anew,  
As Thou shalt truly say,—“I've chosen you.”

## XXIV

“My peace I give to you.” Evanescing,  
Unstable as the sea before a storm,  
So is the world's false peace, a hollow form;  
By zephyr's light 'tis oft as quickly rent:  
When wanted most its soothing power is lent.  
Tossed to and fro on waves of doubt, distress,  
From squalls no peace is met but weariness:  
Till mind and will's combative strength is spent.  
“The peace I give to you, my child, is mine.  
Peace sure, abiding, changeless is my peace.  
No gust nor gale e'er shook its calm divine:  
From inner fret and fume a sweet release.  
Only this peace will failing strength renew:  
My perfect peace of mind I give to you.”

## XXV

“Your heart shall still rejoice.” As tuneful  
strain,  
Unearthly sweet in soft melodious roll,  
Reechoes through the inner deep of soul,

May echo so Thy word in hour of pain,  
When sorrow sweeps the heart with falls of  
rain,  
Presaging glorious sunshine after storm,  
As clouds e'er vanish in the sun rays warm:  
So fleet their flight no joy will need to feign.  
May I so softly hear it o'er and o'er,  
My heart shall keep joy-fused in darkest hour,  
Replete with promise of the day in store,  
When cheer replaces gloom thro' its great power.  
So new I'll sing with even joyous voice,  
When Thou shalt say,—“Your heart shall still  
rejoice.”

## XXVI

“I know my sheep.” Thou truly knowest me,  
As I know not myself; the inner spring  
Of action, thought and will, the broken string,  
That rudely jarred the soul's sweet symphony,  
Putting its tuneful chords all out of key.  
Tho' oft I wander long and sometimes far,  
Thou knowest well, Thou seest from afar:  
However changed from what I used to be.  
Thou wilt not keep me off as one unknown,  
Thou'llt press me to Thy loving heart, as dear,  
As Thou dost fondly fold, embrace Thine own.  
From friend so true no coldness need I fear:  
So safe from harm and danger Thou wilt  
keep,  
The straying one Thou knowest as Thy sheep.

## XXVII

“I yet have things to say to you.” I would  
Be listening to them all, nor miss a word,  
Nor leave a letter, syllable unheard.  
Attune my powers to Thine, for fear I should  
Thro’ lack of loving touch, so lose the good  
Thou wouldest impart: the comfort, counsel,  
cheer.

As heart will sole commune with heart anear,  
I fain would keep within Thy neighborhood.  
Prepare my heart for all Thou hast to say;  
Give readiness of mind to do Thy will;  
A disposition firm to prompt obey;  
Unquestioning faith Thine orders to fulfill:  
So clothed I shall the better fitted be,  
To hear the things Thou yet wouldest say to me.

## TO CHRIST

## I

Pure as the lily bloom upon the stem,  
Refreshed with kiss of morn on velvet lip;  
Fair as the new-blown petal at its tip,  
Ere ruthless time o'ercurls the tender hem;  
So fair art Thou, my love, a natural gem,  
Enshrined within my heart of hearts. No chip  
Hath marred Thy faultless form of workman-  
ship,

Thy wondrous dress or costly diadem.  
So fair, divinely fair, I Thee adore.  
I prostrate fall in lowly worship, sweet;  
Would I possessed the power to love Thee more:  
To breathe Thy native air my brightest treat.  
Inspirer of my love, my heart's full lore,  
Thou, Thou alone my soul's beloved retreat.

## II

My best beloved, Thou finest flower of life!  
To what shall I most liken Thee, my love?  
With voice as sweetly soft as cooing dove:  
As gentle, mild, as free from angry strife.  
Thou makest all my days with pleasure rife.  
O red, red rose! thou flower of flowers above  
The rest, tho' thou my love couldst not improve,  
I would compare, as picturing passion-life

In tone synthetic, warm, love's glowing hue.  
Rose of my heart! my one unfading rose,  
The fragrance of Thy redolent life anew  
Distills its perfume, as Thou dost disclose  
More of Thyself to my enraptured view:  
Nor would my heart Thy beauty's charm oppose.

## III

Flower of the dell, thou sweetest of the flowers!  
Lowly in life as modest in thy mien,  
 Emitting thy fragrance on air serene;  
 Loving thy shady nooks and leafy bowers,  
 Thou seekest not to flaunt thy beauty's powers,  
 In open view anear the water's sheen,  
 Thou likest most and best to live unseen.  
Sweet violet, companion of my quiet hours,  
Thou art most like my love, my other self;  
As in His life all tranquil graces shine,  
The inner beauties of the soul itself;  
Revealed most fully in the heart's one shrine:  
Exhaling sweet if sought for like thyself,  
Beloved alike for charms resembling thine.

## IV

Thou sprinkler of the sunny plain and slope,  
Friend of my childhood's care-free, playful days,  
Inspirer of the poet's tuneful lays,  
Pure star-rayed flower symbolical of hope,  
All true love's graces lying in thy scope,

Thou art so like my love in many ways.  
In His true faithful heart love ever stays:  
The one fixed star in shifting horoscope.  
Star of my hope, my one unfailing light,  
My childish love, love of maturer years,  
Arrayed in stainless robe of spotless white,  
Thy purity and truth ne'er in arrears,  
Shine more and more with sheen surpassing  
bright:  
The luminous glow-star of the heavenly spheres.

## V

Awakener of the beauteous floral world,  
Coming with cheery tone thro' frore and  
chill,  
Thy petals closed by calling to all ill,  
Till thou burst forth in loveliness unfurled.  
Thou hast no rival in the gem pure pearled,  
Tho' wrought thro' suffering's mean by nature's  
skill.  
Fair herald of the vernal-flowering hill,  
Thou givest promise of a bloom uncurled:  
So cometh forth my love from this chill  
heart,  
Transmuting death to life, and love's warm  
cheer:  
Bidding it bud and blossom from the start,  
So flower and fruit may in full time appear.  
My messenger of spring, life's counterpart,  
Like thee hath no compeer in any sphere.

## VI

Loveliest of the flowers in tint and hue,  
Enchanting the charm of thy mobile face,  
Illumed with sunlit eyes of soulful grace:  
With smile as sweetly fresh as falling dew.  
A flower-thought to fancy fond and true:  
A true heartease to all who give thee place.  
So like my own heart-flower; naught will efface  
His luminous visage from my inner view:  
Or thoughtful love for me in this fond heart.  
Thought-flower of life, my love's true flower-  
thought,  
Thine own heartease, Thou wilt, Thou dost  
impart,  
To one o'erwearied with hard battles fought.  
Hartease! I love Thee for Thy soothing art:  
The art divine to count all troubles naught.

## VII

For thy petalous hue, yon azure tint,  
Hast thou taken, O little flower blue!  
Finding none other with color so true,  
For love's imperishable, sole imprint.  
Thine ethereal delicacy a hint  
Of beauties wholly kept for favor's view.  
Could I forget thee I should be untrue:  
Of love deserving not a single glint.  
My flower true, no more could I forget  
Thy truth, Thy constancy to our love-troth.

No change in me hath cooled Thine ardor yet;  
Thou changest not tho' oft I'm very loth,  
To make return for all the love I've met:  
If I forget with me Thou may'st be wroth.

## VIII

Robing anew in nature's pleasing dress,  
Entwining thy tendrils in nooks unseen,  
A beauteous covering thine emerald screen,  
For sightless things; for some a love-caress;  
Thyself most sweet revealing more or less:  
So to be loved thou must be wholly seen,  
O little leaf climber, thou ivy green!  
To fully see my love is happiness.  
His loving tendrils twine around the heart,  
Covering unsightliness with verdurous robe;  
A dream of beauty 'bove the highest art:  
Without compare on this or any globe,  
As of Himself it forms the major part.  
He comes! my love now comes to so enrobe.

## IX

O sweet, sweet flower! how delicious thy scent!  
How balmy the breath of thy blooming spike!  
Imparting its fragrance to all alike.  
I dearly love thee for thy sole intent,  
Attuning to sweetness life's sad lament.  
O mignonette, thou little dear! how like  
My love, changing to like the most unlike.

By Him the perfume of my life is lent:  
'Tis scentless else without the power to charm.  
Espoused to His, will sweet and sweeter flower;  
Loving, beloved, will all of ill disarm,  
So I no more need fear the pelting shower:  
Safe sheltered by His everlasting arm,  
O'er me the roughest storm can have no power.

## X

Flower of the spring, how welcome to my heart!  
How spotless the hue of thy trailing bloom!  
Hast caught thy form too from old Winter's  
loom,  
As he scatters the feathery flakes apart?  
Thy starry clusters show his shapely art.  
As thou comest with cheer devoid of gloom,  
Lovely arbutus, for thee there is room:  
Room for the joy thou dost alway impart.  
When comes my love with His spirit of cheer,  
My heart hastes to greet Him with joyous cry:  
Welcome, thrice welcome, I long wait Thee here!  
So lonely without Thee, so dreary was I,  
My winter methought would ne'er disappear:  
I longed for my spring, lo! Thou drewest nigh.

## XI

Sweet blooming flower, a favorite with all;  
Admired the most for dress of royal hue,  
Tho' thou hast others for our wondering view.

More prodigal of self for being small,  
Than thy more showy sisters great and tall.  
Thy charms each year are so refreshing  
new,  
I would not if I could ere bid adieu  
To thee, O lilac sweet! while in thy thrall.  
My love so strongly holds in thraldom sweet,  
This captive heart with love's o'erpowering  
thrill:  
Nor would I wrest Him from His royal seat,  
But yield submission to His sweeter will.  
My liege, my love, I fall at Thy dear feet:  
Thy wholly leal and loyal subject still.

## XII

Bright flower of morn, how so gayly attired?  
Hath the sun enrobed thee with roseate  
tint,  
Or art thou reflecting his glow imprint?  
Thy fresh young life as yet unliv'd, untired,  
With hopeful aspect may I be inspired.  
Giving thyself without reserve or stint,  
How I may too be happy, bright, a hint.  
O glow of morn, thou greatly art desired!  
Not more than I desire my morning-glow:  
For such my love hath ever been to me.  
His life the inspiration sole I know.  
He's all and more than I may hope to be.  
I would for His sweet self all else forego:  
As in my love the glow of morn I see.

## XIII

Thou'rt a feast of delight, a fresh heart-thrill  
To jaded sight, O sunny-hued flower!  
A ray of sunshine in the cloudy hour:  
A cup of cheer for every ache and chill.  
Large-hearted flower, thou dost so fully fill  
Thy rightful place, I own thy sovereign power.  
Whilst thou art by the storms no longer lower;  
My merry-hearted, laughing daffodil!  
A burst of sunshine is my sunny love,  
A cheery cordial for the spirit's gloom:  
To drooping heart joy's one free carrier-dove.  
Flower of delight! my heart is all Thy room;  
There's none like Thee in earth or heaven above:  
Thou most delightsome flower of living bloom!

## XIV

Pearl of the flowers, how golden thy crown!  
How exquisite thy scent of perfume rare!  
Hast thou been inhaling ethereal air?  
'Tis sweeter than any on heath or down.  
So spotlessly pure is thy pearly gown,  
'Tis the same I wis, as the angels wear,  
When they walk at eve in their garden fair:  
Too pure, sweet narcissus, for any town.  
Pure as thou art, my love is still more pure,  
With robe as stainless white as falling snow.  
Pearl of my life! Thou wilt, Thou dost assure  
Me of Thy love in ways I sweetly know.

Tho' mine may fail, Thy love is steadfast, sure:  
I would my heart might truly love Thee so.

## XV

My love hath many varied charms like thee,  
O showy flower of several tint and hue!  
My heart so fondly holds them in review,  
I'm lost to all but love and ecstasy:  
Still, still there's more and more for me to see.  
Thy finely tinted cup but veils from view,  
The more essential parts of being true,  
O tulip gay! E'en so is kept from me,  
My love's whole graces of the spirit, mind:  
To ope, unfold with each succeeding day,  
As only love's insight will surely find.  
My flower of love! Thou art my heart's sole  
    lay;  
The dumb, Thou mak'st to sing; to see, the  
    blind:  
Thou only art my life, my truth, my way.

## XVI

High in the color scale of floral rank,  
As shown by robe of amethystine hue:  
For such elusive charm I love thee new,  
Else why shouldst thou thy kind so far outrank?  
If I possessed thy power, I could not thank  
Enough, O flower as fresh as falling dew!  
As fragrant, sweet, as any ever grew:

For thee, rich hyacinth, life holds no blank.  
Life holds no blank for me with my love nigh:  
So sweetly charm the conscious hours away.  
My flower of highest love, for Thee I sigh;  
Alone Thou makest night the same as day;  
Alone, for Thee alone, I constant cry:  
Thy love with me may have free will and way.

## XVII

All truly prize who fully know thee well;  
As those who seek thee for thyself alone:  
The childlike heart is e'er thy royal throne.  
A spot of sunshine for the emerald dell,  
A sprig of bloom? yea, more than I can tell;  
A multifloret flower from many sown;  
A shower of sunshine by the breezes blown:  
O dandelion! I'm wholly in thy spell:  
As in the spell my love casts over me.  
Nor would I if I could resist His power:  
'Tis bliss enough with Him alone to be.  
Life's richest store can hold no happier hour.  
This longing heart expectant waits to see,  
The joyous presence of my sunny flower.

## XVIII

What is more rosy on mead or on lea?  
What more delightsome for true lover's sight,  
Than by happy chance on this flower to light?  
So welcomed, found, who would not wish to be?  
So modest, sweet, so pretty too to see:

Most winsome is thy charm, O heart delight!  
 Well worth the loving for outlasting night:  
 A pink of flowers thou truly art to me.  
 More perfect is my love than any pink;  
 Of life more faultless than most flawless flower,  
 His changeless love outlasts life's broken link:  
 Breathes of a joy beyond the final hour.  
 My heart's love-pink will bloom for me I think,  
 When earthly sights and sounds have lost their  
 power.

## XIX

How the children love thee, O golden flower!  
 How they treasure thee for thy gown so gay!  
 As they pause to pluck thee oft by the way,  
 Thou givest them many a happy hour.  
 The bestowal of joy thy richest dower,  
 Tho' thou hast so much gold to give away,  
 Thou gildest the meadows and grasses gray.  
 Who would not love thy use of royal power?  
 I would not if I could ere pass Him by.  
 He showers so many precious gifts on me,  
 My heart is knit to His by sweetest tie:  
 I'm happiness itself if Him I see.  
 'Tis always so, love knows no how nor why:  
 I sip her golden cup to blissful be.

## XX

Why art thou drooping so, my pretty flower?  
 Why shyly hide so modest, fair a face?

In lovely lineaments I would likeness trace.  
Art thou fearing some angry storms that lower,  
Or hast thou encountered the heavy shower?  
Look up! look up! they speedily give place;  
Or haply thou art praying, giving grace:  
Whate'er thy posture it befits the hour.  
Thou'rt worth the loving, O my columbine!  
Heart-flower of mine, Thou hast what I have  
not;  
The winsome graces in Thy sweet entwine:  
The inner, hidden life without a spot.  
Thou fully knowest, hast in holy shrine,  
The alphabet of love and I but jot.

## XXI

Scattering thy bloom o'er hillock and plain,  
Thy fragrant breath perfumes the freshening  
air:  
Thy differing hues lend tone to landscape fair.  
Of several charms no lack canst thou complain,  
So many lovers, friends hast thou in train.  
For all, for everyone a feast to spare,  
Thy richest store for one who hath no fare.  
O clover bloom! who would not wear thy chain?  
I proudly wear the chain love forged for me,  
Nor would I wish to sever one sweet link.  
His heart and mine attuned to symphony,  
Will beat in unison beyond death's brink.  
My bloom of love! how sweet to be with Thee!  
Where I would rather be, I cannot think.

## XXII

Sweet flower-bell of the vernal's freshening bloom,  
My love hath tone far richer than thine own:  
So full, unearthly sweet His semitone,  
The melody divine o'erfloods my room.  
Earth, earth recedes; anear the heavens loom:  
Till I am lost to all but love alone.  
Thy pure fresh life is in such sweetness shown  
As lily of the vale, it doth illume.  
His sweeter life still more illumes my life,  
Attuning both to one harmonious strain:  
As free from discord, break or jarring strife,  
As thine, blest flower-bell of the emerald plain.  
His heart with love's rich gifts as fully rife,  
As mine is barren, empty, blank, inane.

## XXIII

Thou e'er art found of those who seek thee out,  
O golden flower of mead and wooded vale!  
To such thou wouldest reveal a wondrous tale,  
Of progress, growth, and how it came about:  
How sportive breeze bore thee along her route.  
First of the roses in the fragrant dale,  
Who could refuse thee loving greet or hail?  
Our primrose pale, who, who would do without?  
Rose of my spring! my first, my vernal rose,  
Bloom in my life with Thine awakening bloom.  
First flower of love! my flower of all that grows,

When shall Thy presence dear my love illume?  
Haply when heavenly breezes blow, who knows?  
Thou'l come to live and flower in my heart-  
room.

## XXIV

My pretty, pretty flower! thou'rt not as smart,  
Or seeming so as I would wish to see.  
Why droops thy spirit so continually?  
Thou art as one by sorrow set apart:  
In gayety and mirth nor lot nor part.  
Hast thou some trouble preying sore on thee,  
Thou seekest so to hide from all, e'en me?  
Soft! soft! pray tell, hast thou a bleeding heart?  
Such heart, dear love, dost Thou for me too wear,  
When I forget, o'erlook, or pass Thee by?  
If so, no longer shalt Thou brook or bear  
Such weak inconstancy. No more I'll try  
Thy love, if Thou wilt now my heart prepare,  
For all its love on Thee to sole rely.

## XXV

O spotless flower of lonely solitude!  
Of dreary waste, of snowy mountain height!  
Thy pure pale bloom illumed by heavenly light,  
With vigorous health and strength full well  
endued,  
Befits the habitat where few intrude.  
Unsullied, stainless as an armor bright,  
So edelweiss thou keep'st thine honor white:

Thy life intact with foes all love-subdued.  
His fleckless life disarms the fiercest foe;  
Transmutes dislike to warm, admiring love,  
As all do truly know who find it so.  
Flower of the heavenly heights! flower from  
above!  
With flawless honor white as speckless snow,  
Thou art as sweetly pure as any dove.

## XXVI

Illuming glory to the marshy mead,  
To wondering sight most wondrous to behold.  
A sunny bloom mid grasses gray and old;  
A flower of flowers! Wilt thou not keep the  
lead  
O'er all about thee? Yes, ah yes, indeed!  
Pray tell me true, for none have ever told,  
How camest thou by petals of pure gold?  
My marigold of heavenly race and breed.  
The purest gold without the least alloy,  
Bright with surpassing sheen, a glory ray  
For gladsome day, a lilt of love and joy,  
A golden flower of love for life's whole way,  
Such is my love, yea, more without a cloy:  
The only flower of life without gainsay.

## XXVII

I welcome thee, O flower of winsome May!  
Thy charming bloom hath found a fluttering  
heart,

To look so sweetly pretty is love's art,  
To make it thine more firmly day by day:  
So it may form no wish to break away.  
So sweet of heart, whoe'er would wish to part  
From thee, O beauty of the spring's fresh  
start!

The heart thou winnest is thine own alway.  
A spring of beauty is my love to view,  
A fresh revealing of the fair unseen:  
A wealth of bloom so roseal, rare of hue,  
Surpassing far the knowable, the seen.  
My heart is taken, kept a captive new,  
By charms of being, lovable, serene.

## XXVIII

My fair, fair love! so like the lily there,  
That gayly blooms and blows in vernal  
field.

To Thy sweet power o'er me I newly yield.  
I joy to freshly breathe Thy balmy air,  
So lost am I to every earthly care.  
O'er me Thy royal scepter e'er shall wield  
The loving right to guard, defend and shield.  
My lily of the field without compare,  
Thy beauteous life is e'er my sole delight;  
A benediction for the darkest day:  
A joyous carol for the longest night.  
As glow of amber lily by the way,  
So Thine illumining life is my glow light,  
A rift of glory by the heavenly ray.

## XXIX

Thou savorest, I wis of the blue, blue sea,  
 So long thou wearest her favorite hue.  
 Too fondly thou lovest to be untrue,  
 Tho' she cause thee to droop and weep maybe;  
 Else, O flower of the sea! why on her lee,  
 Dost choose to live, yea bloom long eons  
 through?

Her breath is thy life as I well know too:  
 So nourished, protected, who would not be?  
 A breath of fresh life is my love to know,  
 A savor as sweet as the salty main,  
 That refreshes the most when rough winds  
 blow.

To dwell with Him for aye, a sweet refrain,  
 When heart is fainting and spirit droops low.  
 My flower of the sea! can such love wane?

## XXX

Borne by the breezes from the far away,  
 Coming to bloom and blow as neighbor nigh,  
 Thou donnest well thy dress of Tyrian dye,  
 Knowing the need of looking always gay,  
 To please, attract admirers by the way.  
 In floral world of rank so very high,  
 Taken as flower to know a nation by.  
 A cure for spirits low some even say:  
 Be as it may, O thistle gay! a cure  
 For all the ills which heart and mind are heir,

Is found but in my love, be very sure:  
I vainly look to find no help elsewhere.  
His life the only nectar to allure:  
His joyous presence but the spirit's fare.

## XXXI

Thou hast thy tendrils twined around my heart,  
O royal-hued flower! I look and look,  
So lost in thee I have all else forsook.  
How can I ever bear from thee to part?  
Thy petalous tint beyond a Raphael's art  
To paint, portray, hath well, I ween, partook  
Of art divine: if I am not mistook.  
Such hue, clematis blue, couldst thou impart?  
Such varied hues of every shade and tint,  
My love imparts, 'tis wondrous fair to see:  
The blended coloring is His own imprint.  
His beauteousness alone can cover me,  
So there is no revealing, not a hint  
Of all I am or used so much to be.

## XXXII

Flower of the spring! most roseal-hued flower,  
How welcome a sight is thy showy bloom!  
Thou puttest so to flight the spirit's gloom.  
An hour with thee is day's most cheery hour;  
Thou hast me so most wholly in thy power:  
As all thy sister flowers who give thee room,  
Saying,—“Wake robin, wake, our way illume!”

This, this thy work in life, thy gift of dower.  
The way is dark without a ray of light,  
Unless my love illumes with His bright cheer :  
While He is sweetly nigh, life knows no night,  
No sullen day with chilly cast most drear.  
Awake, my love, awake ! no morn so bright,  
If Thou, if only Thou dost straight appear.

## XXXIII

For thee, for thee my heart hath loving greet !  
On thee I fain would feast my longing eye :  
This solely my desire, for this I sigh,  
O flower of creamy tint ! so sweet, so sweet !  
Haste, haste the hour when haply we may meet !  
So rare thy charm to love I need not try ;  
Nor can I tell Thee how I love nor why :  
Meadow-sweet ! meadow-sweet ! thy name, I  
weet.

So know I fully well my love's sweet name :  
It hath a charm no other name can wear.  
So of His loving self 'tis one the same,  
It syllables His love, devotion, care.  
I love, have loved so long, it well became  
My synonym for home, for heaven, for prayer.

## XXXIV

To stroll o'er meadows sweet in search of thee,  
A fresh delight, a longed, a hoped-for joy :  
A joy without satiety or cloy.

Thy royal robe so passing fair to see,  
'Tis pleasure pure, unmixed with thee to  
be:  
Else thou wert not a nation's lasting toy,  
A joy perennial with no alloy.  
How loved, how lovely is our fleur-de-lis!  
Tho' not so well beloved as my loved One:  
Who gives a joy transcending all below.  
No happier day e'er sees the light of sun,  
Than one His blissful presence doth bestow.  
I haste with step unwearied now to run,  
To see the One my heart delights to know.

## XXXV

Sweet favorite of the vernal's blooming  
flowers,  
Thy varied hues so charm, so witch the eye,  
I do not wonder thou art loved nor why.  
A day with thee hath only winging hours,  
Thou hast for me so many pleasing powers:  
Nor could I be unhappy with thee nigh,  
Thou wouldest not give me leave to even try.  
O pea so sweet! no shadows shade thy bowers.  
In my love's home no shadows ever lurk:  
As fully bright without as bright within.  
Unlike all other homes it hath no murk:  
Most happy they, who e'er abide therein.  
I only wait His word,—“Put by thy work,  
Sweetheart; come home; 'tis time to enter  
in.”

## XXXVI

My love hath beauty far surpassing thine,  
Tho' thou so beauteous, fair of form to see:  
Unlike thine own 'tis of eternity.  
Thy varied tint is e'en amazing fine;  
Drawn with exceeding skill each contour, line:  
But oh, so fragile, frail it seems to be,  
I pluck to lose my wood-anemone!  
My love will ever keep the charm divine,  
The talisman to fix this wavering heart.  
I could not tell it thee if thou wouldest know,  
The secret He for love will but impart.  
Some day, I only know it may be so,  
When rent the veil 'twixt flesh and soul apart,  
I shall into His wondrous beauty grow.

## XXXVII

Pleasing to see in places waste and old,  
Such prodigality of showy bloom;  
Such happy dispersing of nature's gloom.  
Reveal thine art, I pray, 'tis better told  
Than secret kept; the recipe unfold;  
I'll give it fullest credence, space and room:  
I would all other lives with mine illume.  
Is it the life in bloom? O poppy gold!  
Unless my love shall bloom in this poor heart,  
'Tis but a heavy weight, a dreary waste:  
Without the cheer or power to cheer impart.  
How bright my bloom of life! how sweet to taste!

If He shall live in me nor e'er depart:  
May that blest time with winging speed make  
haste.

## XXXVIII

O joyous flower of all the marshy mead!  
Thy roseal bloom is but thy heart-delight:  
The outward form of inner living light.  
If brightening other lives be thy sole creed,  
'Tis e'en so plain that all who see may read.  
I bless thee, flower, for making life so bright;  
Would I might ever keep thee in my sight:  
So mallow-marsh, I should be blest indeed.  
If I might ever keep my love in view,  
My life nor day nor hour of gloom would know:  
'Twould gleam and glow with morn's translucent  
hue.  
My flower of light! e'en now may it be so:  
May all life's days tho' many or tho' few,  
Illumined be with light from Thy life-glow.

## XXXIX

What is more sweet than thou, most lovely  
flower!  
What of thy kind is more with nectar filled!  
What fragrance too, as rose if fresh distilled!  
Small wonder having so much winsome power,  
Thou hast to visit thee oft in the hour,  
Most beauteous as to wing if longest-billed:  
So all thy tube be but the better tilled.

O honeyed flower! I too would haunt thy bower.

So sweet is He beyond all my compare,  
Tho' oft away, I oftener with Him stay.  
To feast on Him is but my daily fare:  
Nor heart, nor wish have I to keep away.  
No more delicious nectar perfumes air,  
Than hath my love for all who come His way.

#### XL

He's all, yea more than thou art to thy kind:  
Sweetest of sweet, the fairest of the fair.  
His fragrant life as ever-freshening air,  
Is but the emanation of His mind:  
As free as thine of any thought unkind.  
Thy creamy flowers of many clusters rare,  
Bloom with a sweetness void of every care.  
O hawthorn fair! thou art a joy to find:  
As my fair love whom I delight to know.  
Each day unfolds fresh loveliness to view;  
The clear revealing of the living glow;  
The life that maketh all things sweet and new;  
The only one that can such radiance show:  
Of all fair lives the one of fairest hue.

#### XLI

What is more pretty than a sight of thee?  
O winsome flower, cerulean of hue!

Of form so fine but common to a few.  
To thine own heath so seeming well to be,  
What azure sky hath ever been to me.  
Life knows no lonely hour with thee in view:  
Thou givest thought to stimulate anew.  
Wert grown for me? blest bluebell of the lea!  
No hour so lone, unblest, uncheered by Him,  
Who filleth full the life, the heart, the brain,  
With thoughts too sunny for the shadows  
grim,  
With love too deep, too lasting e'er to wane;  
To diminution know as life burns dim:  
Too filled with Him to know the leak, the drain.

## XLII

Hast thou been with the wilding rose, sweet  
flower?  
I breathe her breath in thy delicate scent:  
Or is it all thine own nor only lent?  
Possessing so a most attractive power,  
Thou art, I ween, the favorite of the hour.  
Such dignity and grace are in thee blent,  
All look at thee with heart and eye attent.  
O piony! how charming is thy dower!  
My love hath gifts far, far surpassing thine;  
If I could them recount I ne'er should stop;  
Nor can I paint, portray a single line:  
I only know their charm they ne'er will drop.  
His sweet attractiveness is so benign,  
From none 'tis wanting neither help nor prop.

## XLIII

Tell me, my little flower, nay, keep it not;  
'Tis e'en for very love, I'm asking thee,  
Where thou wast grown, how camest thou to be?  
At home so seeming in the sea foam's grot,  
I only look to find thee in this spot.  
A whiff of sea air is thy breath to me,  
So misty all thy flowers, spray of the sea!  
To be, to look so like, how blest thy lot!  
How blest, supremely blest my lot in life,  
If I might be so like my lovely One!  
The thought, the act, the life with Him as rife;  
Ne'er more my day would know a setting sun,  
A morn of clouds, a noon of heated strife:  
But sweet refreshing of the life begun.

## XLIV

Wert bidding me, good morn, my rosy flower,  
Swaying so softly, swaying to and fro?  
My heart, I know will only have it so,  
As it hath greet for none but thee this hour.  
I fain would see thee in thy favorite bower,  
Where thou may'st tell me all I wish to know:  
Why lookest thou so bright when breezes  
blow?  
If learned, azalea, I would know thy power.  
When winds most roughly blow, He looketh  
bright;  
Reflecting but the spirit's glow within:

That hath no somber shade to dim its light,  
No murky chill to gloom the life therein.  
He only hath the power to banish night,  
To bid the roseal cheer of day begin.

## XLV

Thou hast so quaint a form, O flower most blue !  
I wonder, wonder if it can be so,  
Or is it but a fancy weird? Ah no !  
As hooded knight of eld, thou art as true,  
As leal to thine in all thou hast to do ;  
Else thou this way wouldest ne'er have thought  
to grow :  
A flower-knight as thy blue sepals show.  
O hooded flower ! I fain would be like you.  
A flower-knight to all most loyal, leal,  
No dame of old e'er knew more loving knight,  
Is my sole love, the only true ideal :  
The one exponent of eternal right.  
He jousts for me in all life's tourneys real,  
So I am always victor in the fight.

## XLVI

Art blooming to cheer ? O flower so gay !  
Fulfilling thy mission to such as me,  
Who else methinks would surely downcast be.  
So thou infuse fresh courage for the day,  
How happy I to find thee in the way !  
Thy brilliant hue is thy delight, I see,

Reflecting so the spirit's joyous glee:  
With thee, lobelia, I would be alway.  
As roseal day agleam with glowing light,  
Bespeaks the impress of a joyant hand,  
So when I meet my love the day is bright:  
The undershadows topped with glory's strand,  
By great illumining of the somber night,  
To one who else would long in shadow stand.

## XLVII

Queen of the flowers! a queen in very truth,  
Thou reignest in all hearts, nor mine alone:  
Although my heart would claim thee for its  
own.

The finest of the flowers in sober sooth,  
Thy balmy breath is cure for every ruth.  
So fondly loved wherever thou art known,  
The heart of hearts is but thy royal throne:  
What shall I call thee, but a rose forsooth.  
For me, My love hath e'en a sweeter name:  
I lisp it o'er and o'er as in a dream,  
As one awaking calls for love the same.  
Ne'er will it mean the more nor sweeter seem,  
Than when for love of Him it mine became:  
When time is o'er its deathless fame will gleam.

## XLVIII

Thou hast so sweet a hue, O flower blue!  
I fain would know if it is thine alway,

Or only lent thee for a single day.  
Couldst thou have lined thy cup with such a  
hue,  
If it were not thy life, thy love e'en too?  
Thou knowest if they tell me true, some say,  
Thy hue is ever blue for aye and aye:  
So gentian thou couldst never be untrue.  
His life expresses but His sweeter self;  
From day to day I ope, unfold a part,  
To read, reread, to wholly lose myself,  
To know it fully, as from heart to heart:  
Else I might put it by or on a shelf.  
Its hue like thine is solely love's impart.

## XLIX

Thy feathery bloom, O flower of finest art!  
Was it created for a love-delight,  
A heart's sweet glow in shadow's gloomy  
night?  
If so thou hast illumined all my heart,  
So I shall never lightly from thee part.  
Thy form as fine as snowflake is to sight,  
Is delicate to touch as cobweb light.  
A queen's own lace, thou art as set apart.  
So set apart is He within my thought,  
Enfolded in my very fondest love,  
He's comparable to none in all that's wrought:  
In all that is most fine He's far above.  
So in His loving mesh my heart is caught,  
It hath no wish, desire from Him to move.

## L

Flower of the darksome night, night-blooming flower!  
How fragrant the breath of thy creamy spire!  
How sweet to spend thy life when few admire!  
O flower so rare! if this thy source of power,  
Pray tell it me, if not within the hour,  
Within the day, the week, I ne'er shall tire:  
So sweet 'twill be as strain of angel's lyre.  
O yucca! would I too possessed thy dower!  
When darkest night steals o'er the shattered day,  
With not a ray of cheer to light the gloom,  
He opens up in unexpected way,  
So glorious sunshine floods the living room.  
His life surrendered for a beacon ray,  
O'er my dark life will bright and brighter loom.

## LI

A symphony in bloom for pastures green,  
A tone so rich it sets my heart atune,  
Apraise with joy at finding thee so soon.  
Thou art, O flower, a full delight, I ween!  
Thy golden corymbs shine with glowing sheen;  
Thy shapely leaves so softly o'er thee croon,  
Methinks thy radiant life still in high noon,  
Too true to living law to live unseen;  
So ragwort thou art more, far more than name:  
As my dear love, my life, my true glow-light,

That changes, flickers not, is e'er the same.  
His life a symphony in spotless white,  
Attunes my life to clear, to true acclaim:  
Of all bright flowers I know, the one most  
bright.

## LII

O curious flower! so humanlike in form,  
Grotesque in shape, in color diverse too,  
Withal as fragrant, sweet, as freshly new;  
Art thou too fragile for the wintry storm,  
The chill cold blast that breaks the slender  
corm?

Canst thou but bloom in fields of emerald hue,  
Dressed new with morn's refreshing kindly dew?  
If not quaint orchis, thou wilt me inform.  
The human form divine my love doth take:  
Although so like my own yet how unlike  
In warp, in woof, in texture, color, make.  
Tho' we may breast the roughest storms alike,  
He only bends nor breaks life's fragile stake:  
While I would shrivel, die should they but strike.

## LIII

O sweet, bright flower of sunny mountain  
height!  
Art reflecting the sunset's roseal glow,  
In showy corymbs I so love to know?  
Or art thou expressing a heart-delight,  
Too bright to know the shadow's somber night,

To feel the creeping chill of winter's snow?  
If this be fancy do not tell me so,  
Lest thou bedim the spirit's growing light:  
So laurel would I twine thee round my heart,  
As I entwine the One who's all, yea more  
Than thou to me; a sunburst from the start;  
A brightening of the heart's too mournful lore:  
Illumer of its deeper, darker part,  
So I can see to read it o'er and o'er.

## LIV

Floating so airily, floating along,  
Floating so dreamily all of the way,  
What thou art thinking of tell me, I pray.  
Is life idyllic as pictured in song,  
As heart-free, care-free as thine is of wrong?  
Or is it too short to dream all the day,  
Too freight with treasure to fritter away?  
O pure pond lily! thy life is not long.  
Too short my span of life to idly dream,  
Too filled with love to live for aught but Him,  
Free too of care as thine doth truly seem,  
Too long to let the spirit-light wax dim,  
To flicker, fade, to lose the one bright beam:  
Ah no! life is but lived if full to brim.

## LV

Flower of the lowly, beloved so of all!  
Tell me, pray tell me, yea whisper it low,

I'll keep it so secret no one will know:  
How winnest all hearts in cottage and hall?  
Thy florets so many are still very small,  
As varied thy hues with some white as snow,  
Shapely thy leaves as any ever grow.  
Dost know, geranio, how I'm in thy thrall?  
Beloved so of all, the lowly, the high,  
The heart is His home where'er it may be.  
Friend of the friendless, a helper so nigh,  
A look, e'en a thought will bring Him to me.  
Flower of the lowly, love-flower of my sky,  
Bloom in my life till Thee only I see.

## LVI

A glint of glory for the emerald mead,  
A sunny bloom so pleasing to the eye,  
The heart is captive too without a why,  
Or even thought as to the loving deed,  
Thy radiant charm so answers to the need.  
Hast thou some message from yon azure  
sky,  
Thy glowing wand would have me clear descry?  
If so, thou art a golden rod indeed!  
Wave over me Thy golden wand of love,  
So I may clearly see Thee as Thou art:  
My love, my gleam of glory from above!  
So reign supreme within this loyal heart,  
That greets for Thee if Thou dost far remove,  
That would not for a moment from Thee  
part

## LVII

When over thee the south winds softly blow,  
Forth comes my love to gently, gently woo,  
With voice caressing as the softest coo,  
With love-lit eyes agleam with tender glow.  
If there is fairer flower, I do not know,  
Nor one more filled with sweeter nectar too.  
With thee He greets the morn with love anew,  
Else heart of mine would ne'er return it so,  
Nor overflow with joy whene'er we meet.  
His heart is so responsive to my cry,  
With sympathetic touch, with loving greet,  
I no more know a sorrow nor a sigh.  
A fair, fair flower thou art, a flower, I weet,  
But He, a flower to live for, yea to die.

## LVIII

Delightsome to the eye, to heart as dear,  
As well-beloved as any of thy kind,  
Thy snowy bloom as pleasing too to find,  
Thou dost so sweetly cheer the drooping year,  
With promise of a newer fuller sphere,  
That leaves the old well used far, far behind:  
So thou with cheery thought wouldest me remind,  
If life be drear, life is not always here.  
Chrysanthemum! I thank thee for the thought.  
He doth so greatly glad my drooping heart,  
With thought of all His wondrous love hath  
wrought,

I long with ardent wish to hence depart,  
Where face to face I may be fuller taught,  
To know the things I only know in part.

## LIX

What is thy charm o'er me? O winsome flower!  
'Tis not thy leafy setting far from fine,  
Inciting ardent wish to call thee mine;  
Or dost thou so exert a greater power,  
To live and bloom, in lieu of better dower,  
Mid coarse surroundings so to brighter shine,  
To stand apart from all within thy line?  
Yea, hollyhock, such, such thy charm this hour!  
He lived His life mid such conditions too,  
A life transcending all the lives I know:  
It budded, bloomed a rare, a radiant hue,  
To charm my heart to love with fervent glow.  
Would life uplifted lead to nearer view?  
Would He exert such power were it not so?

## LX

Thou mixest hues with such unrivaled skill,  
No Raphael's art may e'er with thee compare;  
So fine the shading to minutest hair,  
So blended in the harmony of will:  
A purpose so most surely to fulfill.  
Wilt thou not tell me, flower, so I may share  
The secret thought not plainly written there?  
Nasturtium! I will keep it very still.

His purpose, plan He only doth reveal,  
When I thro' love am come so close in touch,  
In mind, in will a harmony to feel:  
So more and more it means to me o'ermuch,  
The sharing of His thought a rich, full meal,  
A throwing way the last remaining crutch.

## LXI

Why! why! where hast thou been, my fragrant flower?  
So tattered, torn is all thy petalous robe,  
Methinks thou hast encircled half the globe,  
To see thee looking so this day and hour.  
Why strayest thou so far from native bower?  
Stay, stay awhile I will no further probe!  
Thou couldst not look more pretty to disrobe:  
As ragged robin thou hast sweeter power.  
Frayed so and worn is all His seamless dress,  
Although entire without a single cut;  
Worn with the weary days and nights of stress,  
Frayed with the journeyings o'er life's jolt and rut:  
So used, I love, admire the more nor less,  
So hued He opes the door securely shut.

## LXII

My little flower blue, whence comest thou?  
Methinks thou hast dropped from yon azure sky,  
To see thee wearing a color so nigh.

If I ne'er loved before, I should e'en now,  
When it seemeth so though I know not how ;  
So modest too withal so sweetly shy,  
To dearly love I have no need to try :  
Thy leaf hath lent thee name, I truly trow.  
From out the bright, bright blue He comes to  
me,  
To bloom in this poor life for aye and aye,  
To show His love in its entirety :  
To have me in His keeping night and day.  
May in return my heart so loyal be,  
His color only will it wear alway.

## LXIII

O wondrous flower ! so showy in thy bloom,  
So beauteous in the shading of thy tint,  
Profuse in giving void of any stint,  
My heart, my heart is evermore thy room !  
To dissipate, disperse the shadowy gloom,  
To ope, unfold thy petal's glow ; to glint  
With rarely roseal hue ; if only hint,  
'Twill give me strength and courage to re-  
sume  
Anew, with thee, my Sharon rose in view.  
A rose is He for life's most dreary hour,  
That blooms with cheer surpassing far thy hue,  
That glows with love transcending all thy  
power :  
No flower can give such heart and life anew,  
Save only He my rose of Sharon flower.

## LXIV

A flower for the day! what more want I?  
A thought uplift, a weary care the less,  
A sweet'ner of the toil, the wearing stress:  
Such is my flower, the flower for which I sigh;  
No cause have I for worry if He's nigh:  
The days and nights are hours of happiness,  
The years are fuller still without a cess.  
A lily of the day that will not die,  
A lilt of love and joy for all the days,  
Tho' many or tho' few, tho' short or long;  
Attuning all the discords unto praise,  
That melt into the melody of song:  
A sweet refreshing flower for all the ways,  
A fuller meed of love for all the wrong.

## LXV

So passing sweet thy breath, my little flower,  
'Tis emanation of the sweeter life,  
Exhaling balm for all the worry, strife;  
Unfolding to my very need this hour,  
I no more wonder at thy wondrous power.  
Thou ne'er couldst use the words that cut like  
knife,  
But only those with softest love most rife.  
O heliotrope! thy life is all thy dower.  
His fragrant life is all His dower to me,  
A gift surpassing all I'll ever know:  
So lost am I in its immensity,

The depths I ne'er shall fathom here below.  
The secret of its power, I clearly see,  
Is love, yea love for me, is it not so?

## LXVI

From coral shading to delicate pink,  
Ranging to sweetest gradation of tone,  
Each flower-bell with beauty all its own,  
Blending the whole in one harmonious link,  
A thought thou hast; what is it? let me think:  
Uniting thy forces in one well known,  
What doth thy life express but love alone!  
O gladiole! from full fount dost thou drink.  
A flowing fount of fullest life is He,  
A running stream that never runneth dry:  
The more I drink the deeper seems to be.  
Whence comes its hidden force? Where doth  
it lie  
But in exhaustless deep of shoreless sea,  
The sea of love I clearly now descry.

## LXVII

Thy balmy breath, how it wafts over me,  
The fragrant memory of the sweet southland,  
With her redolent pines and seashore strand!  
Thy wealth of fair bloom is as dear to see,  
For she comes to mind with a sight of thee.  
The great warm heart within the outstretched  
hand,

Is fully typed in thee, O flower so grand !  
Dost thou, magnolia, not with her agree ?  
The sweet breath of heaven is a sight of Him,  
'Bove portrait to picture or pen to paint ;  
A joy ecstatic o'erflowing the brim,  
Knowing no weariness nor least restraint :  
A heaven of heavens if lights are burning dim,  
A reservoir of love for every plaint.

## LXVIII

Thou lovest best, O flower ! the breezy height,  
The reach of vision for a life's full play,  
The roseal glow to tone the whole of day,  
To stay thee thro' the gloom of darksome night,  
To round the whole to sphere of softest light ;  
So thine unfolding be no feeble ray,  
But glowing life aligned to sweetest lay :  
The fragrant lay of love forever bright.  
Aligned to love is all His action, thought,  
The force to dominate, control ; the will ;  
The center seat where passion-play is wrought ;  
The life expressing all that speaketh still :  
No mightier power might He have found or  
sought,  
His purpose in a life to best fulfill.

## LXIX

Slowly advancing to fullness of flower,  
Unfolding thy life in exquisite bloom,

Thy roseal sphere will only now illume  
The way for all who weary of the hour,  
Who sadly think they have no grace of dower.  
Thy life so sweetly saith,—“There is no room  
For spirits low ; away, away with gloom !”  
Hydrangea ! thou hast reach of royal power.  
His luminous sphere illumed by inner light,  
Increasing with the growth of its full year,  
Hath only power o'er all the gloom of night :  
The reach of power to bring the brightness near,  
The cheer induced by new increase of sight,  
Rounding this life to His most glorious sphere.

## LXX

I breathe thy fragrant breath, O sweet, sweet  
flower !  
Tho' I may see thee not, thou must be near,  
Thy redolent life is all about me here,  
Exhaling sweetness every minute, hour.  
Thou fain wouldest share with me thy finer  
dower ;  
The giving up of self each day of year,  
To find the life in death, the life of cheer.  
Must I so live, sweetbrier, to know thy power ?  
Since such the life He lived it must be so :  
None hath, nor will have greater power o'er me,  
As none so wholly lost to self, I know.  
Its sweet attractiveness must ever be,  
The wondrous flower it never fails to grow :  
The flower of balm for every bitter sea.

## LXXI

Flower of the fall, whence comes thy brilliant  
hue?  
So like the conscious morn's awakening glow,  
Blushing with sweet delight herself to know.  
If it be not thy heart unveiled to view,  
To raise the drooping year with love anew,  
Why doth it all a-flutter, flutter so?  
Tell me I'm right but do not tell me no.  
Why salvia! surely thou art blushing too.  
He shows me more His heart from day to day,  
Unfolding to the slightest call of need:  
Such tenderness and love its depths o'erlay,  
I ne'er exhaust tho' great the drain indeed.  
Why this is so I may not ever say,  
I only know for me it still doth bleed.

## LXXII

What doth thy life express? O sunny flower!  
Doth it reflect a higher, clearer light?  
I fain would read its thought, intent aright,  
To learn the needful lesson of the hour.  
Should all of life suggest a greater power,  
Conform in shape and hue to inner sight,  
To round it to a sphere exceeding bright?  
Flower of the sun! this also is my dower.  
Unless my life reflects the living glow,  
Suggests the color, form of His imprint,  
It hath no gleam to light another's woe,

No tiny spark to flame to glowing tint:  
'Tis dark, opaque as clouds long lying low,  
Of light, unlit by any vestige, glint.

## LXXXIII

Dost love my love? O flower divinely fair!  
Dost know how pure He is, how good, how true?  
Methinks thou lovest well to wear His hue,  
A hue so dazzling white, 'tis all too rare  
For one unused to breathe ethereal air,  
For one who ne'er before such color knew.  
O surely, surely thou must love Him too,  
Else thou His name of pearl wouldest never bear.  
I would such hue my all of life might show,  
As wholly pure, as free of blemish, chaste;  
'Twould be a clearer revelation so,  
Like honeyed flower its sweetness all would  
taste:  
Nor would it any lack of color know,  
Transfigured, changed with all of self effaced.

## LXXXIV

If I but see thee in thy wondrous bloom,  
Transforming all the mead with such a hue,  
So wholly pure 'tis never lost to view,  
I see my love, who only can illume,  
With His supernal light the somber room:  
Transfiguring all of life to love anew,  
To hue translucent, never changing, true.

Thy hue, O flower! wilt thou not too resume?  
The hue of life hath no diviner tint,  
No purer shade, no more illumining glow,  
Than when relit by love to more than glint,  
To radiant beam His loved ones only know:  
To light increasing bright, with never hint  
Of change nor stop in its unceasing flow.

## LXXV

Breathe upon me, most delicious flower!  
Breathe, O breathe thy sweetly fragrant breath!  
So I may fully wake from sleeping death,  
To live thy life of so much winsome power.  
If form and tint be not thy finest dower,  
What doth the more attract to thee? What saith  
My heart? What, what in thee encountereth?  
Doth not thy life make fragrant all the hour,  
The life of trusting love from day to day?  
If so, I fain would con it o'er and o'er,  
So I may ne'er forget nor from Him stray.  
'Tis all of life to learn its greatest lore,  
Its sweetest fragrance, its but one bouquet  
That fadeth not, that bloometh more and more.

## LXXVI

Enthroned for aye within the childish heart,  
Thy loving power is never on the wane,  
It waxeth more and more to greater gain:  
Nor know I why unless it be love's art,

To keep the whole for fear of losing part.  
Thy color true without a spot or stain,  
Bespeaks a love that ne'er will need to  
feign.

Who, larkspur, would not love thee from the  
start?

As I the One, who hath a love for me,  
Too true to ever know the change, unrest,  
Imperfect love must know; too great to be  
Untrue to any kind or sort of test:  
A love too perfect in its entity,  
To ever lose in passion, ardor, zest.

### LXXVII

Soft, soft, so soft, softer than thistle-down,  
More varied in hue than many I ween,  
How lovesome thou art in satiny sheen,  
Exquisite in tone of thy bell-shaped gown!  
A heartsome flower for solely love's renown,  
As to be loved thou only must be seen,  
So winsome thy form, so modest thy mien.  
Petunia! thou art worthy of thy crown.  
For aye my heart hath crowned Him with a  
love,  
Too great in reverence, too complete in  
trust,  
For any power to shake, below, above:  
A love too leal to know a doubt, distrust  
Of One, whose love for me will ne'er remove,  
Tho' I unworthy be of e'en a crust.

## LXXVIII

White, white, so white, as the fresh-falling flake,  
Pure, pure, so pure, as the down-dropping dew,  
Is thy feathery outline, clear as true.  
From thy fair life new thoughts impelling wake:  
How may I live thy life to so partake  
With thee of all its purity anew?  
How blend the colors into thy one hue?  
For this, spiræa, what must I forsake?  
How best to live, His purer life to know?  
For thy white life but symbolizes His;  
A life no mortal ever lives below,  
Unsought, unhelped, alone; a power there is,  
But only one to make it white as snow:  
If not the power of love, I'll no more quiz.

## LXXIX

Only a tuft of bloom, no more, you say,  
But oh! so white, 'tis pure as angel's sight;  
A dewdrop glistening in the lap of night;  
A pearl of truth for every doubting day,  
That opens up and out the loving way  
Of perfect trust, with new increasing light:  
If I but read thy life's one lesson right.  
A tuft of bloom? yea more, a full-blown ray!  
For such is He for life's most darksome hour:  
A lute of love from out the heavenly sphere,  
To waft away, away the clouds that lower,  
Low-lying clouds of doubt, distrust and fear.

A flower of flowers? yea more, the only flower  
Of love to bloom for every falling tear.

## LXXX

Blow not ye winds upon my sweetest flower,  
Unless ye softly blow with kisses kind;  
Unless ye have no other thought in mind,  
For sweet is He exhaling more each hour,  
In fragrant will and deed His loving power.  
So redolent a flower I nowhere find,  
Nor one I could so little leave behind.  
I nohow live unless I haunt His bower,  
The bower of love and prayer along the way,  
The toilsome, weary way, the rugged road,  
That grows more painful with the closing day,  
Unless I frequent pause to ease the load,  
Unless I hear Him oft caressing say,—  
“My dear, dear child, my love is not a goad.”

## LXXXI

Flower of a life that fadeth not away,  
Flower of a bloom that changeth not its hue,  
Thou so art ever sweetly fresh as new,  
Thou so art not the creature of a day,  
Nor night, divest of power to last alway!  
Immortal flower! thou hast a wider view:  
Thou whisperest to my heart of hope anew,  
Hope of a life that will not change, decay,  
Hope of a love that will not fade and die,

Else thy one life could not unending be.  
Thou breathest, breathest but of One most high,  
Who gives such endless life and love to me:  
Who cheers me greatly with His word so nigh,—  
“This life’s but portal to the one you’ll see.”

## LXXXII

Look not, look not upon this bright-hued  
flower,  
Unless ye look with eyes that clearly see,  
Unless ye read the thought for you and me,  
The thought that life is His most precious  
dower:  
The selfless life of solely loving power,  
The warmth of tone that is its entity.  
Else for a life there is not e’en a plea,  
A life of but a second, minute, hour.  
If so this red, red flower be e’en His thought,  
In texture, form, in loveliness of hue,  
His thought of all a life, His life hath wrought,  
Should not mine own conform in color too?  
Should it not strive for all He ever sought,  
The life in death for love’s immortal view?

## LXXXIII

Shall I know thee? O tiny, tiny flower!  
As I know thee in this most happy dream,  
As I see thee as thou dost truly seem,  
Unfolding so much sweetness for the hour,

Thou couldst not have a more attractive power:

So tuneful is thy more than touching theme,  
'Tis more divine than human, I well deem.

Nor would I wake unless within thy bower,  
Where thou wouldst whisper of His love for me;

A love that sweetly grows with every day,  
That is its theme tho' long or short it be,  
Tho' rough or rugged be the weary way.

A theme so melting in its melody,  
'Tis harmony for life's discordant lay.

#### LXXXIV

A foam, a field all tremulous with foam,  
A-swaying here, there with the slightest sigh,  
Tho' I see thee afar, I wish thee nigh;  
O snowy flower! make, make my heart thy home!

Stray not away if breezes lightly roam,  
Lest I should look in vain nor thee espy,  
Lest I should droop to see thee fade or die.  
Thy whitely life, of thought is one full tome,  
To illustrate His purity for me,  
To ever keep it in my range of view,  
Lest I thro' gross insight should fail to see  
Its spotlessness, its clarity of hue.  
If thy pure tone more pearly white could be,  
'Twould but portray His purer color true.

## LXXXV

A drop of snow unfolding in a bloom  
So white, it is the flower of winter's night:  
Delightsome promise of a spring more bright.  
Drop down, blithe flower, into my heart's drear  
room,  
To so unwrap thy cheer, that it may loom  
With ray refracted from thy heavenly light:  
Nor e'er remove, I pray beyond my sight,  
For thine own heart can never harbor gloom.  
As my blest heart if I but bid Him stay,  
If I but ope the door to His loved knock;  
If I but let Him in nor say Him nay,  
His Christly store of cheer He will unlock:  
So flowers the blossom of the blithesome day,  
In which my heart takes great and greater stock.

## LXXXVI

Thy fringing robe, O pretty pale flower!  
Is it suggestive of a prettier thought,  
A subtile meaning in thy mantle wrought?  
For so it seemeth seeing thee this hour,  
In all the wondrous beauty of thy dower.  
I would in thy sweet lore be better taught,  
To learn to live the life I truly ought:  
To know that life is only trusted power;  
To make it beautiful in word and deed;  
To breathe, exhale His thought of love for  
all,

In daily ministering to another's need.  
Else for a life there's not a right to crawl,  
Nor for its continuity to plead,  
Nor for its share of blessings great or small.

## LXXXVII

Star from yon starry sphere, why dost thou  
come  
To ope, unfold thy petal's silvery glow?  
Unless thou wouldst thy life more fully show,  
Unless thou wouldst have me like thee become  
In form, in hue, in all that is thy sum.  
Thou to my heart art truly welcome so,  
As I would know all thou dost fully know:  
Lest I divested be of e'en a crumb.  
So comes He forth from yonder heavenly sphere,  
To let His life unfold its lesson true,  
The lesson little learned, so needed here:  
Exhaling it in every shade and hue,  
Expressing it in form so sweetly dear.  
Ah! who hath known would not e'en learn it too.

## LXXXVIII

Beyond all my compare, so beauteous Thou!  
Beyond belief is Thy exquisite bloom,  
Unless unveiled to view in love's dear room,  
The room of all I mostly frequent now;  
The hallowed room, the only shrine I trow,  
Where health of heart replaces ill of gloom,

Where love like Thine doth all its space illume,  
Where rest of heart and love is found, somehow.  
Flower of the beautiful, beautiful flower!  
Thy life unveiled is love's revealing sole;  
The light of love for every lightless hour,  
The loving life that constitutes the whole.  
Would I compare, 'tis far beyond my power  
Of pen, to paint on any screed or scroll.

## LXXXIX

Se'st thou my flower in all His brilliant hue,  
A flaming hue of one undying shade,  
A shade that shows no sign of change nor fade?  
Ah! then thou se'st Him as I see Him too,  
So fully robed, arrayed for me and you;  
So we might wear His garb of finer grade,  
His spotless hue, for love's sole purchase paid:  
So we might know His purer color true.  
O flaming flower! Thy color is Thy life.  
Thy life surrendered for my worthless own,  
Incarnadined in my great conflict, strife;  
Else but for this wouldest not have worn nor  
known,  
Else not with suffering's hue would be so rife:  
Can I withstand the sight of love so shown?

## XC

Thou art, thou truly art my love's own flower!  
So startling is thy contour, shape, 'tis true;

True to His form of life, His death e'en too.  
I see, I see it all in thee this hour!  
Wert grown to show the tournure of His  
power?

Keep, keep, O flower! forever in my view,  
So I may see His wondrous love anew  
In all the greatness of its matchless dower.  
Flower of the cross! no flower is like to Thee,  
In such unfolding of the bloom of love,  
In such exhaling of its fragrancy.  
Inbreathe Thy life, so I no more remove  
From Thee, in thought, in act, in entity:  
So I assume the shape Thou dost approve.

## XCI

O flower! thou too art like my piercèd flower!  
Thou too exud'st thy life in every stem!  
Hast thou some healing virtue in thy hem?  
If so, thou know'st somewhat His reach of  
power,  
If so, thou hast a blessing for the hour.  
Thy petals' glow is not thy diadem,  
Tho' crusted o'er with many a pearly gem;  
Thy life's free flow is thy most precious dower:  
The only dower that e'er avails for me,  
That changes all my life to thy one hue,  
That gives the blessing of the life to be.  
O piercèd flower! Thy life's full flow, anew  
Prevails. Thy whitely life I know, I see!  
Its hue shall be my life's sole color too.

## XCII

Flower of the heart! my heart's exquisite flower!  
Unfolding more and more the roseate hue,  
Exhaling more and more the fragrance true,  
Thou art a flower, not for the day, the hour,  
But for the life of new increasing power:  
The only power that makes the old as new,  
That broadens out the one of narrow view.  
Heart-flower! Thou art my heart's one dower!  
Nor want, nor need I more in having Thee:  
Thou art the whole in one, the one in whole.  
Unfurl Thy petals all so I but see  
Thee as Thou art, of all the flowers, the sole:  
The only one that breathes the life to be,  
That is of all my heart's desires the goal.

## XCIII

Unrivaled in Thy brilliancy of hue,  
Surpassed by none in scintillating light,  
Thou art, O flower! my heart's one jewel bright.  
Nor know, nor want I one more purely true,  
That glows with such increasing luster too.  
Thou openest up new vistas of delight,  
To one who else would have no inner sight,  
No concept of Thy revelation new.  
Encrusted in the setting of my heart,  
Illuminant of its small, its darkest spot,  
Thou so within my love art set apart  
As one who fully knows what I know not:

As one who will Himself alone impart,  
So I may freely share His higher lot.

## XCIV

So sweet, O flower ! so freshly sweet as thou,  
So like, so truly like thy blushing hue,  
So known, so fully known, yet ever new,  
Is my love-flower, I see so clearly now,  
Who comes so sweetly nigh in thee, somehow,  
Thy breath, perforce His exhalation true :  
Of Him, thy fragrant life the nearer view,  
Before whose shrine, I lowly worship, bow.  
As sight of thee in all thy roseal bloom,  
In all the emanation of thy life,  
In all the varied ways it doth illume,  
So doth a view of Him dispel all strife,  
Disperse the lonely days and nights of gloom,  
With cheer, make every minute, hour so rife.

## XCV

Flower of my love ! Thou flower of delight !  
Exhale Thy rare perfume within my heart,  
So it may breathe of Thee in every part.  
Unfold Thy petals' glow in all their light,  
So it may keep illumed throughout the night.  
Thy daintiness of hue to me impart,  
So I may know the beauty of Thine art.  
Flower of delight ! Thou couldst not be more  
bright,

More pleasing to the eye, the feeling, touch;  
Nor surely couldst Thou less attractive be,  
To one who never loved Thee overmuch,  
Who never knew the love I know for Thee:  
How more delightsome must Thou be to such  
As see Thee, as I now so fondly see.

## XCVI

O flower of mine! my first, my vernal flower!  
Thou whisperest of a time approaching near,  
When spring eternal shall be regnant here:  
When its fair bloom shall far outlast the hour,  
That gave it birth or limited its power.  
Its full unfolding will be for the year,  
That ushers in the brighter life of cheer:  
The life without a cloud to threaten, lower.  
Awake, awake from dormant sleep, this  
heart!  
Impart the vigor of Thy conscious life,  
So it may bud and bloom in every part;  
Exhaling fragrant balm for all the strife,  
Expressing love with all a petal's art:  
Thus with refreshing cheer may it be rife.

## XCVII

O flower of thought! what is more fine than  
Thou?  
Tho' spun by skilled Arachne's subtle art,  
Would no aërial flight to Thee impart,

As Thou, Thy creatures couldst the more endow:  
To think Thy thought would be e'en bliss  
enow.

Ah me! what rapture would enthrill my heart!  
What ecstasy to be with Thee apart!  
Apart from ego of the why and how,  
In purer ether of the thought sublime,  
That is not limited to one small grange,  
Confined to but one sphere of zone and clime,  
But hath the universe for all its range:  
The thought that knows no mark nor sign of  
time,  
That to the highest flight is never strange.

## XCVIII

Hail, hail, all hail! Thou flower of roseal morn!  
I greet Thy beauty with a rare delight;  
A panacea Thou for jaded sight,  
A great relaxing for the heart wayworn,  
Of all its dewy freshness early shorn:  
A new unfolding after every night,  
A fresh revealing with increase of light,  
So sweet a ministrant to one forlorn.  
O morning flower! Thou most refreshing  
flower!  
My heart would know no cheer without Thy  
bloom,  
Would feel no life without Thy quickening  
power  
To rouse it from its state of torpid gloom:

Would be bereft of hope, within the hour  
Thou leavest it for any other room.

## XCIX

O flower! to me, Thou art the twilight flower,  
That most unfolds if I'm with Thee alone;  
That most exhales about the old hearthstone:  
That blooms the fullest in the quiet hour.  
Thou hast o'er me the most persuasive power,  
The power for all my ills to make atone,  
Expressing love for every grief and moan.  
Although I love Thee in Thy native bower,  
I love Thee most if Thou so drawest near,  
I feel Thy conscious presence in my heart;  
If I but hear Thy voice a-speaking here,  
I listen so to all Thou wouldest impart:  
Nor couldst Thou ever be more sweetly dear,  
Nor I unhappy more from Thee apart.

## C

O welcome, welcome, flower of most high noon!  
My heart ne'er felt the greet it feels this hour,  
Ne'er knew the love that is its priceless dower,  
That puts its voiceless keys in sweetest tune,  
That changes all to melody its rune.  
Thy life unfolds in plenitude of power,  
Tho' storms may break or threatening clouds  
    may lower.  
Tho' Thou dost come o'erlate or very soon,

My life but blossoms into flower thro' Thee;  
But fresh exhales a fragrance through Thy  
breath,  
Its full fertility in Thee to see;  
'Tis powerless else to overcome the death,  
The hopeless death of its sterility:  
Could I say more than this, my heart so saith.





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